Jonathan Homebred at the Zoological Gardens.

DASHES

OF

AMERICAN HUMOUR,

BY

HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

WITH A PREFACE BY J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ.

Illustrated by John Leech.

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TO

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS HOEBER,

OF NEW YORK,

THIS COLLECTION OF ESTRAYS AND TRIFLES IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

In the Comedy of Literature the Americans recently have been playing an important part. Every book-stall teems with reprints from transatlantic authors, and go where we will a "Jonathan" claims our consideration with the best possible grace in the world. The Americans are essentially a pushing people, and wherever the English language is spoken we are certain to find a Yankee "notion" slyly showing itself and challenging our admiration in a spirit perfectly undeniable. Of the American books published those of its humour have met with the broadest reception, for the fun of our cousins over the water is *sui generis*—not to be confounded with that of any other nation.

A new literary candidate here presents himself for public favour. Be it my pleasurable task to lead the blushing transatlantic trembler to the front of the curtain. I need scarcely ask you to be indulgent, for the chance-reading public are always that; I therefore leave the young gentleman to tell his own story—or rather stories, for he has quite a budget at his command—feeling assured that he will tell them well.

J. BALDWIN BUCKSTONE.

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YANKEE STORIES.

JONATHAN HOMEBRED.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR MEETS JONATHAN.

"Kin you tell me the way tew the cattle-show, stranger?"

The speaker was—but by way of making matters clear we must first describe our position.

We had but a moment before turned out of the National Gallery, where we had been lingering in a dreamy state of admiration over Titian's exquisite "Bacchus and Ariadne," and Garofalo's "Vision of St. Augustine," and ungloved one hand in order to bestow a gratuity upon a wretched old man, whose pale cheek and care-wrinkled brow told a tale of iron poverty, when we were accosted as above, and in a tone of voice which immediately called up visions of New England, and announced the owner of the aforesaid voice, whoever he might be, as thoroughly and unequivocally American. We turned suddenly about, looked our interlocutor full in the countenance, when, much to our astonishment, who did we recognize but a glorious rustic, homespun friend from the hills of New Hampshire, whose acquaintance we had formed while "taking notes" through the Eastern States several years agone. We could scarcely put faith in the correctness of our vision, when the rough, honest representative of 'tother side of Old Ocean sought its identity. He was the very last man in the world we should have suspected of finding from the sound of the village church-bell—a tortoise rashly and deliberately leaving its all-protecting shell would not have surprised us more.

"Why, Jonathan, what in the name of all that's agricultural are you doing on John Bull's side of the Atlantic," said we, or rather roared we, for albeit

> "'Tis vulgar (as Lord Chesterfield admonished)
> To let folks see us startled or astonished."

If a grand jury of the superior court of good-breeding had been standing by to decide on the fate of our manners, we could not have resisted the open palm stretched towards us. We shook it till we could feel the warm blood mount with a genial flow to our temples. "How are you, my good old friend? Extremely delighted am I to meet you in London."

"Neow," exclaimed Jonathan, his ruby face gleaming with the light of simple benevolence, "tew tell yeou the truth, I can skeercely account

for my comin' to England myself. Yeou must know I got a whim in my head one day that I'd like tew see some Durham cattle, which I've hearn a heap abeout, and taste the English mutton, which they dew say beats all natar. Well, I told this notion around tew some o' the neighbours, among the rest tew Isaac Stairs. Perhaps neow yeou remember Ike when yeou were down tew Barley Creek—him that always wore the red cravat on meetin'-days. Well, Ike got tew runnin me abeout England, and went so far as tew bet a pen'north of shoe-laces aginst a row of pins, with Hester Dykes, that I was *afeered tew cross the sea.* This come tew my ears; and if there's one thing more nur another that rile's me, it's to be called a coward. My Puritan blood riz right up in my shirt, and the next day, when Ike cum to borrow a kettle for his wife to stew some pears in, I taxed him with what he'd said. The mean critter, instid of being well ashamed of himself, snorted out intew a hoss-laugh, and said ef I was'nt afeared of the sea I wuz of the sharks, and so it wuz all the same thing. I up and told him he wuz as mean as dog-pie, though I let him hev the kettle; but I said tew myself, I'll go to England ef it stops my pulse. Well, the wimmin folks coaxed me not tew go sich a long distance from hum; said I'd never git back alive; or I'd git lost in London; and a whole passal of sich stuff. But my mind wuz as firm as a liberty-pole; so crammin' a stockin' with hard cash I sit sail, and naow yeou see me here jist as nateral as when followin' hoss-flesh at Barley Creek!"

"You proved that Yankee grit never flinches," we observed.

"I 'bleve yeow. Come! why, I'd a kim ef I'd had tew take a deck passage over on a raft. I'd kim to the everlastin' conclusion, and when that's done yeou might as well try to stop weeds growin' in a turnip-patch, or keep chickens out of a barn-yard. *I wuz bound to kim!*"

"Bravo for old New Hampshire," said we.

"The day before I went down tew New York tew take the steamship, the na-burs all got tew-gether and had a sort o' prayer-meeting. One of the deacons of our church made a speech abewt tu hours long, and recommended me tew take a tin basin and the book of Job with me, which advice I followed. I looked intew Job several times, but the tin basin I did'nt want more than twice; so arter that I swapped it off with the steward for a pen-knife, havin' dropped mine overboard one day while makin' a tooth-pick."

"Indeed! what did you come over in?"

"The Baltic."

"Pleasant voyage?" said we inquiringly.

"Ye-as, pretty well. Had tu or three sharp blows. This sea-sickness is pesky bad, is'nt it? Talk about yaller janders or meazles, they ain't anywhere alongside of it. There wuz one feller on board—a tall saller chap, with a mess of hair around his mouth, a foriner I reckon—he got so bad one spell he wanted tew be thrown intew the sea. He bellowed dreadful, and declared if he once got alive on dry land, he'd see the sea further 'fore he'd ever come on it agin. I heered some of the passengers say he wuz an Itily Count, and that he had acres of diamonds and jewils on board with him, but I don't know how this wuz.

Talk about hair! If there wuz a half-pound on his face there wuz enough to sit up an upholstery shop and allow you to take an order for half-a-dozen stuffed parlor chairs—*an had 'em soft at that.* Never seed sich a wadge in my life."

Before we disclose any further of the conversation of Jonathan Homebred, it is proper that we should give our reader a better idea of the individual to whom they are listening with such deferential ear. He is a man of the medium height, broad-shouldered, verging on corpulency, with a large red chunky good-natured face, over which run lines beaming with good nature; a pair of small black eyes that twinkle like two little gems set in scarlet; a large frowzy mole on the right hand side of his nose almost as big as a thimble, with long flaxen hair, parted in the middle, falling down carelessly on either shoulder. His dress, at the time we are speaking, consisted of a pair of New England pegged boots, with soles about as thick as seven good sized biffins piled one upon another, trowsers of a chocolate-coloured material, the precise quality of which baffled us, only we are able to say that it was extremely stout, and savoured somewhat of the angelic odour of corduroy, with the slightest amalgamating essence of fustian; coat matching with the trowsers, with metal buttons, and the tails reaching down and meeting at the calf, with a vest so short that it exposed a portion of a very clean coarse shirt, the collar of which fell around his neck, and was slightly girt by a single fold of dingy brown ribbon; his suspenders were apparent whenever he moved, just peeping from below the vest, the little green dots of which seemed to shrink timidly into the material in instinctive fear of the great metropolis to which they had been transported. The picture would not be perfect were we to neglect mentioning a long pair of straps that met the trowsers at about half way up the boot; and his hat was a burly old bell-crown, narrow at the base, and exaggerating as it "upward went," with a rim not broader than a sixpence, the back part of which bent up with long service. Under his arm was a faded old cotton umbrella, minus two of the wires, the handle terminating in a hickory effort at a dog's head, but which from the artist's deficiency of talent for canine delineation, had assumed the caput, to our thinking, of a cross-bred hedgehog, with the ears of possibly a mastiff, but more possibly a porker. He had no jack-knife in his hand, but we will be sworn there was one in his pocket, a fact which by the way developed itself in a very strong manner before we parted company.

As chatting within the mist of the fountains of Trafalgar-square on a cold day is by no means agreeable, though "your friend" be a very dear one indeed, we suggested that Mr. Homebred should accompany us to our lodgings, where we could, in front of a blazing grate, talk over events with the pleasant accompaniments of a Barranco (real brand) and a glass of nutty port. Jonathan at once acquiesced, and as a Hansom was passing at the moment, we hailed the driver.

"Jiminy Cranks! Yew ain't agoin to ride in that thing, are yeow? It looks like a patent coffin!" said our Yankee friend, gazing with an air of curious interest at the cab, and crossing to examine the position of the perch. "What a pesky quare go for the driver to set behind!

There's where these things and cabs arn't alike." Then turning suddenly around to us, said, "I guess we'd better walk, hadn't we?"

"If you positively object to a Hansom, I will with pleasure," we said. But if you've not rode in one I should advise you to do so by all means."

"Well, I guess I will, na-ow I think of it. It's a pity I should not hev a ride in the cussed thing before I leave Eurip. How much, driver?"

"Never mind that," we interrupted.

But Yankee curiosity is a huge hill to get around in one breath, and Jonathan repeated the query.

"Vere to, sir?" enquired cabby, who was a dwarfish, vulgar, slippery specimen, with little pig-tails of hair sneaking down on his cheeks. "It depends hon the distance."

Jonathan looked at us.

"To Oriel Terrace, Bayswater," we said.

"Vy, seein' as how there's two of you, and von's a stranger in Lunun, six shillin's," replied the sneaky cabman.

"Is that abeout right? That's a mighty stiff figure, though, I calkelate, eh?" remarked Jonathan. He then turned to us and said, "I'm told these cab fellars are awful hands to take advantage of yeou, if they git a chance. When I first kim to London, chaw me up ef the man that took my luggage up to the hotel didn't charge me half-a-suverin' for goin' about three-quarters of a mile; and then he up and told me it was lucky I met him, as *some* cabmen was dishonest."

We observed that the cabman was taking the "dimensions and circumference" of our friend's droll figure; and thinking, perhaps, that we were both strangers, and that we were his son, *more modernized* in costume and mien than our parent, he had set his heart on plucking us, to make up for a dull day before. We were silent, however, and merely pulling our friend after us, ensconced ourself behind a miserable hack, and rattled on. Jonathan, still haunted by the query, persisted in enquiring if six shillings was not too much, as he remembered Bayswater was not so very far, having once gone near there to see the Marble Arch. We requested him to be silent on that point, and we would show him our mode of proceeding when cabmen attempted to exact unjust fares. This for a time smouldered his curiosity, and he changed the subject.

"Where did yeou say yeou lived?"

"Bayswater."

"Yaas, I know; but somethin' else. Owe-real something. I forgit the dratted thing."

"Oriel Terrace," said we.

"Tarrace—that's it! Well, naow, aint this the greatest county this side of sundown, for paleyces, tarraces, and villans?"

"Villas you mean," corrected we.

"Yaas, villas I mean—I guess I dew; and some of 'em are 'pizen purty too. If you'll b'l'eve my racket, I seen one this morning, out somewhere about Pinklico, that almost made my mouth water; it kind-a-le was built in the Gothic shape, and most killin' beautiful it

wuz. I wish to Noah's Ark I could git one of 'em over to Connecticut. Wouldn't it make some of them peart carpenters open their eyes! They think their mighty smart some of them fellars; well so they are, but when yeou come to these awful, nice, gay little villins ——."

"Villas," prompted we emendately.

"Villas," repeated he with the utmost *bon homme*, and laying back with his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest. "You're right I s'pose, for I'm a rough old New England tree, and never was any great hand at prown'cing things. Law bless my soul! I should jist like naow to have a villa like that one at Pinklico, right slick on the outskirts of Barley Creek. Wouldn't I lay back and take big chunks of comfert! May be I wouldn't!" and the old fellow, delighted at the mere anticipation of such distant luxury, opened his mouth and gave vent to a series of cachinations which caused the cab to vibrate in every part like a harpsichord.

The dingy driver thrust his mouth to the hole and said,

"I 'opes the gentleman von't shake me hoff my seat."

"Go to Jehu with your impetence," quickly said Jonathan, subduing his mirth, and vainly endeavouring to turn around, in order to see the channel through which the driver had communicated his wish.

"It strikes me, naow, that these men are pesky sassy. I'll git so wrathy some of these days, that, before one of them knows who I am, I'll appear to 'em with my hands curled in an attetude. A little of theyre sa-as goes a great way with me."

Listening to the conversation of our friend, we did not detect that our "whip" was following up an old plan laid down by cabmen from time immemorial to fleece uninformed strangers—by taking a roundabout course to the point of destination. We noticed that, instead of turning to the left at Regent Circus, he drove sharply to the right into Oxford Street, and was threading his way very comfortably among the broughams and curricles that were stopping up the fronts of the mercer shops of that beautiful thoroughfare. As we had a semi-inclination to ascertain what distance the fellow would take us out of our way, and at the same time retaining no positive recollection of ever having been taken for a verdant one before, joined with a desire to inform our compatriot of the modes of defrauding strangers, we resolved, as the boys say, to "see it out," and patiently awaited his next move. We soon gained Tottenham Court Road, through which we were idly dragged to Bedford Square, and, to make a long story short, in the end we found ourselves again at the Regent's Circus, in the proper line for Bayswater. This was such a gross insult, even to our presumed ignorance, that on arriving again at the Circus we ordered a halt.

"How is this, driver?" asked we; "this is twice we've been at this place. This is going it too strong. What do you mean, sirrah?"

"Twice here!" said the sneak, his eyes turned upwards, and affecting to utter a laugh of derision. "Vy, bless your soul, you never vas so mistaken in your life. There's two places just alike, and this is the second von. Vy you *must* be strangers in the city."

Taken aback by this masterstroke of audacity, we once more sank

into the cab, resolved that after we had finished our jaunt we would pay him off in his own coin. In another fifteen minutes the vehicle stood in front of our lodgings.

Descending, Jonathan was diving to the bottom of an old blue stocking which served as a purse, and vainly endeavouring to fish from somewhere in the neighbourhood of the toes the six shillings, demanded, in the first instance, by the driver.

We motioned our friend to put up his stocking, which he did, laying it carefully in his hat.

"Bad place to carry money," said we, apart.

"O no, sir, I'm as keerful as ken be. Ain't as keerful as poor old Betsy Sammons of Piscataqua though; she's never had but one five-dollar gold piece in her life, and she's so afraid somebody 'll take it from her, that she sleeps with it in her mouth."

"Fare, gen'lm'n, please," said the cabman, impatiently. "It's a long way up here, and my stand's down at Woodford, you see."

"Young man," said we, sturdily, "descend from that box."

"Sir?"

"Get down—I want to have a moment's private conversation with you."

"Yes, sir;" and not suspecting what was in store for him, he descended with wonderful alacrity.

"Now, sir," said we.

"Yes, sir!"—with a touch of the hat.

"Do you know what I think of you?"

Suspecting now, from our manner, that all was not right, he assumed that air of insolent defiance, which only cabmen can assume—it being a part and parcel of their avocation—and said:

"I don't care vot you thinks hof me; I vants my fare."

"And what is your fare?"

"Six shillins; but as you seem scrusty I'll take five and tup'ence"—twisting his little sneaking pigtail locks.

"Will you, indeed?"

"Yes, master."

"Your legitimate fare is two shillings, but there's a half-crown;" and we proffered the coin: at which he turned aside and flicked a cork from the curb with his whip.

"Will you take it?"

"I vants five shillings. There now, master, it's a good longish distance," said he, slightly softening his tone, which the dim form of a policeman in the distance we found occasioned.

Then placing a quantity of silver in our hand, and extending it towards him, we remarked, keeping one eye on the functionary in blue and the other on the money—"Take your fare. You know pretty nearly what it ought to be, so help yourself." And glancing aside to ascertain the relative position of the policeman with himself, who by this time was close to his elbow, Cabby drew himself up, and with a contorted smirk of features doggedly picked out two bright shillings, flicked his whip again, and uttering something touching a "shabby do," in a snappish half-suppressed tone, sneaked to his perch and

turned the head of his "steed" cityward grunting anathemas all the while.

"Ha! ha! ha!" fairly roared Jonathan, flouncing his umbrella in the air, and dancing about the pavement; "I'm powerful glad you gave that feller as good as he sent. If I'd been alone he'd a argu'd me out of six shillin's jist as sure as aiggs."

CHAPTER II.

JONATHAN'S ADVENTURE AT REGENT'S-PARK.

As if good fortune had anticipated our wishes, we found a cheerful fire crackling, with its merry torches of grotesque flame; and ere many moments had sped, our Yankee friend and self were *tête-à-tête* before it. The first "demonstration" on his part was to deposit his large bell-crown hat immediately on top of the chiffonier, in doing which he upset an inkstand, and its long black streams running playfully and innocently down upon the carpet, settled into shining little pools, much to our silent horror. This act unconsciously performed, he deposited his feet on the back of the ottoman, resting the major part of his body in an elbow-chair. The next "object of interest" that greeted our bewildered sight was full two yards of pigtail tobacco, which he slowly unwound from a cotton-reel, and then, giving it a gentle shake, proceeded to wind it up again, first diminishing its length by three and a-half inches, the result of a single application to his dentals. We observed him looking wistfully around the apartment for something in the vessel form, and a spittoon soon made him comfortable on this score.

"I forgot to ask you, Mr. Homebred: how long have you been in England?"

"Let me see," replied he, hitching his odoriferous trousers, and gazing at a picture of Carlotta Grisi as "Giselle," over the mantelshelf. "By gravy, that's a smackin' poorty gal! who is she—some creeter of quality?" and, arising, he spelled the label. "Oh, a theatre woman! Them theatre folks are high critters, I'm told. I don't see how on earth they ever git themselves intew sich laces and things. I should bust more muzlin, if I wuz to dress up so, than ud fit up a store." Then, suddenly remembering that we asked him a question, he continued, "Railly I beg your pardon—you wanted to know how long I'd been in England. Over three weeks."

"As long as that?" said we, surprised. "Oh, I thought you had but just arrived. You have been around to see the 'lions,' I suppose?"

"Ya-as, I calculate na-ow I hev a bit. Saw 'em the second day I got here, at the wild-beast show in the Zully-ogical Gardens at Regent's-park. Got a dreadful crowd of beasts thar!"

It was evident that Jonathan was so perseveringly and unaffectedly literal that we would have to shape our observations in accordance with

his conception. He pursued the same subject, and we did not care to interrupt him.

"I never seed sich a lot of tigers and nelephants and highekneez in all my born days. I used to think our travelling caravans were 'considerable vegetables,' but they can't stand up to the ruck with this—no ha-ow! I got intew the monkey-room, and thar I had a dreadful heap of fun with a big ape that I fed with chesnuts. You see, I bought a penn'orth afore I went in to feed the critters with, as I like to take notice of dumb animals. Well, this ape and me got tew bein' dreadful thick, and he kept stuffin' his jaws so full that they bulged out till I thought to Jehu they'd bust! Then he made all kinds of funny motions, and wanted more, so I gave a boy that was standin' near me a half-crown—for I hadn't any smaller change, tew go out an' git me another penn'orth of chesnuts. Well, ef I waited ten minutes, I must hev waited tew hours for that dratted boy; and may I be singed if I ever saw anything since of either boy or half-crown tew this minnit! There was one half-crown gone to nowhere at my expense; but as I got so kind'le interested, somehow nor other, in that ape, I went out myself determined to give him another good feed before I left. I went out through the turn-around kind o' gate, thinkin' the man id remember me; and when I went to go back agin, doged if I didn't have to pay another shillin'.

"Well, back I went, paid the shillin', and soon found my old ape; and if you'll bleve me, when he saw me comin,' he riz rite up on his hind-paws, and fairly laffed like a human bein'. Of course I 'preciated this attachment; and in a few minits I found he was so tame, he'd eat out of my fingers. Some slick-looking chap, with a glass on his eye, come up, and said to me, 'You better be careful what you are about, sir, or it'll nip your fingers.' I turned round and said, 'I'm much obleeged to yeou all the same; but him and me understand each other better than you think for. I been feedin' him these tew hours; and monkeys ar'nt as ungrateful as mankind.' Then he squinted his eye at another gawky-looking chap in soldier' clothes, with whiskers cut like mutton-chops, and, askin' me if I'd sell my hat, they both went off laffin fit to kill themselves. What they saw to laff about me, I can't say, for jist as if there was any harm in feedin' a poor innocent ape.

"Well, as I was a sayin' jist now, Jacko (as I called him) and me got shockin' confidental. I had given him the second pen'orth of chesnuts, and he kept teazin me for more; so I got tew strokin' him on the head and feelin' ov his tail. This I did for a minnit or tew, when I saw him kind a' look at me savagerous, and wink at a baboon; but I thought he was jokin' with me; and jist as I was reachin' over tew git a bit of chesnut which had fallen in the straw, may I go to kingdom come backwards ef he didn't make a dig at me and jerk me by this mole (pointing to his nose), and there held me while he pulled my hair with the other.

"Jehosophat! didn't I scream! I thought I felt my nose and face partin' company; and as for my hair, the cussed brute must have taken enough to make a mustach! My hat dropped off, and lookin' around I saw about fifty people all a-laffin at me as hard as they could, includin'

that slick chap with the glass, and his lobster-lookin' friend with the mutton-chop whiskers. If ever I felt like the little end of nothin' whittled down tew a pint, I did then. I seized my umbrella, and shovin' it through the bars, determined I'd give the ungrateful varmint a poke anyhow. It jerked, twisted, and then jumped from one side of the cage to the other; then it twisted its chain, and squealed like a stuck pig. This roused up a lot of little monkeys that were huddled back in the cage which I didn't notice; and, bouncin' about, they tew all joined in the squall. Talk about the noise of Niagere falls on the Canada side, it's perfect music to the yell them darn'd critters set up. In five minutes' time every monkey in the room—an' thar wuz abeout five hundred, counting quick, and judgin' by the squeals—set up their pipes tew, and then I thought the ceilin' would come down. Jist as I made a dig for the big ape, I happened to turn around to see whether the people were skeert, when, may I never agin see New Hampshire, if the brute didn't jerk the umbrella out of my hand and pull it bang intew the cage! I wish you'd a-heard them snort then; it wuz wus than the squeal of the monkeys. One fat old woman with flounces had to be supported by the slick chap with the glass, and I heard half-a-dozen articles of wearin' apparel crack and snap ef I heard one. It was death to tight trousers.

"Well, as I saw Mr. Ape wuz a gittin the best of the battle, I thought I'd better beat a retreat; but how to git my umbrella I didn't know, and go without it I couldn't. Jist as I wus lookin' about me, a man—I s'pose the keeper of the cage—come up, and told me I wus causin' a great hubbub among the animals. The slick chap stepped up peart-like, and said he'd told me to be keerful, and repeated that I *had* caused an alarmin' sensation among the monkeys. I eyed him from head to foot, and his friend tew in the red, and said in as cuttin' a tone as I could fetch up, 'Ya-as I *have*, and among the jackasses tew." This turned the snigger for a short spell on my sugar-candy friends, and the man having coaxed the ungrateful old ape to give up the umbrella—which it did with a handful of ugly grins—I put it under my arm, and tellin' the crowd I'd hev revenge out of that brute ef it cost me a lawsuit, I went off in the darndest huff I think I ever got intew about a dumb animal."

"Really that was quite an adventure," said we. Our friend's broad unctuous manner was irresistibly droll, and we interrupted his recital by frequent bursts of laughter. The portion of the story relating to the extensive mole on his nose we could readily realize, as the excrescence formed a perfect handle to the Doric formation it surmounted. "You'll never forget the Regent's Park," remarked we, in the utmost solicitude for the safety of an ebony ornament cunningly wrought, which Jonathan had taken from the mantel, and to our horror was searching for his pocket-knife.

"This appears to be all-nation hard wood—beats lignum vitæ hollow," said he, bending his gaze curiously on it. In another moment he was practically illustrating his remark by an application of the knife to the ebony, which it stoutly resisted.

"Good gracious, Mr. Homebred!" cried we, our fears mounting the

shoulders of our politeness; "pray pardon me, but that little memento—"

"I thought it wuz wood."

"It is; and as a keepsake from a valued friend I prize it highly; otherwise you might try your blade on it in welcome."

"Excuse me na-ow, wunt you; but I thought it was a chunk of nigger-lookin' bark. It's keyreous stuff, arn't it? Tarnation good for toothpicks, I reckon."

A considerable weight was removed from our apprehension when Jonathan restored the ornament to its proper place, and again assuming the same easy attitude as when we had opened the conversation, he proceeded to recount another incident of his London experience, to which we felt quite willing to listen.

CHAPTER III.

JONATHAN'S DONKEY-RIDE ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"I allers laugh when I think of it; and if I live tew be as old as Methusalah—and he was so old, they dew say, he couldn't recollect when he was born—I shall never forgit the day I happened to go donkey-ridin' at Hampstead Heath. It's a wicked thing to say, but if I wuz in 'piscopalan meetin', and I should see myself straddlin' that dratted donk, I du b'leve to Jerico I'd hev to snort!

"You see when I kim away from hum, thar wuz a good deal of bellowin' and cryin' 'mong the wimmen-folks abeout my crossin' the sea. Polly Peabody—a half-cousin to my adopted uncle's mother-in-law, who lived at our house, like tew broke her heart. Polly's got a heart as soft as a pullet's egg; and bein' a good hand at doin' little things abeout house, I took a heap of notice of her, and used to buy her spools of yaller cotton and blue ribbuns every spell. As soon as she got wind of my goin', she tied up her head in a red-speckled handkerchief, and went round the farm makin' the tarnalist noises pr'aps you ever heard. She said that I'd git wrecked, she know'd I would, and cast away on some des'late island tew be food for varmints! She dreamt I would, and Polly Peabody's dreams were looked up tu as 'monstrous true things,' no matter what Deacon Helve said tew the contrary. I told her—sez I—'Poll, there's no use of yeour snifflin' abeout and makin' a walkin' mizry of yourself. I'm goin' if it *busts your gall*—thar!' Yeou see I had to be sharp, bekase if I'd ever caved in once, she'd never been satisfied till she'd druv the notion out of my head. Yeou know what women are! When she found that go I would, and could see 'trip' written on my kountenance, she kind o' pulled up the stakes of her sorrow, an' reduced herself to somethin' of a state of settlins. Poor thing! I kin see her ne-ow, goin' abeout the house with her eyes as red as geranums and swelled up so you could jest see the shiny spots set in little flesh hills of misery! Bime-by these went down, and a

day or two before I started she had conkered everything 'cept a cut-glass bottle of smellin' salts that Aaron Crane gave her when she was bridesmaid for Hester Mullet. Thinks I, old Grief isn't a-going to hev a second crop; so I vent'ered to ask her tew take a walk with me in the corn-field, and I'd tell her somethin' she'd p'raps like tew hear. She was all *up at once*—like a milk-weed, thinkin' I might hev changed my notion abeout goin' to England; and not havin' filosophy enough to keep the feelin' dark, her eyes got tew churnin' at once. 'There!' said I, 'There ye-ou go agin! Ne-ow, Polly, what in the name of all that's useful, is the good of goin' on like this? If ye-ow don't stop it, I won't tell you what I wuz a-goin' tew.' You see I had to du it, or she'd a-headed me off! Women are sich key-urious critters! In five minutes her eyes were as dry as wheat-bins agin, and puttin' her arms round my neck, with the feelins of true love gushing threw her very fingers, she said she knew she wuz a p-a-owerful weak creeter, but she meant it all for my good. Thar! What could I say? for though a man may be as hard as a grindstone, when sich talk as that is put tew him he has to crumble like old cheese.

"Well, we took a walk through the corn-field; and I begun to talk around the subject sum'mat, bekase I knew if I come bang tew the pint another shower of tears would set in as sure as thar wuz any eye-water left. At last said I, in jist as keerless manner as I could git together, havin' a passal of corn-leaves in my hand, which I switched around abeout tew keep the flies away, sez I—'Na-ow, Polly, you know I think a pizen sight of yeou, and ef you'll name anything you want in London, *within reason*, I'll fetch it tew you, ef its in the power of money tew git it.'

"This kind o' took her down, and brighten'en up like a May mornin', every cloud rolled off of her face; and I swar to mankind ef she didn't jump up tew my face and kiss me. 'Jonathan!' she roared, 'You're tew good for this wicked world!'

"'I know that,' sez I; 'but what can I dew?' and dog my cats if she didn't kiss me agin.

"'Hold on!' sez I. 'Polly, you're a-goin' it a *leetle* tu strong ef you are a relation, and then she stopped short, and wanted to know what she should have.

"'Anything you like, Polly,' said I.

"'Dear me, what *shall* I hev," said she.

"'Jist whatever your fancy lights on,' said I.

"'Well, I wunt hev a bead reticule,' said she, all in a quiver of gladness. 'Hetty Rose has got one, and I don't want to be like her. I'd like a Poplin frock, but lawkes! you'd git some noisy pattern that would set the naburs all tew talkin'. I'd like a pair of kid gloves. O! cricketty!'

"'Kid gloves I wunt fetch,' sed I. You see I allers had a kind o' contempt for kid gloves; and for a reason as long as from here tew China, which I wunt stop to tell you. 'Kid gloves aint *in reason*, Polly, its *wicked* to wear 'em; so chuse somethin' else.'

"'Well, I tell yeou, then, what to bring me ef you don't git ship-wrecked'—and here a big tear peeped intew her eye.

"'Na-ow, Polly, don't make a—'

"Before I could git through she'd wiped it away.

"'Don't scold me; but bring me a *red silk bonnet with an ostridge feather*, and I'll be the happiest girl in Barley Creek.'

"'It's a go, Polly. I'll git the brightest red in London,' said I; 'and the plume shall be as white as the snow. And before this time five months you shall be the envy of the hull state. Thar!'

"She thanked me ever so much; and the first thing I thought of when I came to London was that red bonnet. I looked in the store windows wherever I went, and though I saw a good many gay bonnets, I couldn't see one red enough. Thinks I, all tew myself, Polly took my leavin' so hard, I'll go the hull figure, and git one that'll be so p-a-owerful red it'll send back a blush ontew whoever looks at it. I looked and peaked abeout, up one street and down another, but I couldn't come across quite what I wanted; so in I goes tew a milliner's store, and struck a bargain with the lady to make me one up tew order. She asked me how red I wanted it.

"Wretched red," said I.

"Red isn't in fashion," said she. "P'r'aps you'd better hev pink."

"No," said I; "pink wont do. I want the fiercest, blazinest red yeou can skeere up in this big teown."

Well, she said she'd make it of watered vermillion silk, or something like that, and we closed terms. The feather and bonnet was tew cost thirteen dollars, Yankee currency, to which I subscribed, and marched off.

Just a week after I called for it, as I 'greed tew do, and the lady of the shop—who wuz a nice sort o' body—wanted tew put it in a box and send it tew the hotel fur me. Never mind, said I; I wont put yeou tew that trouble. Jist dew it up in a paper, and I'll carry it myself. She wrapped it up as neat as a pin in a copy of the *Times*, and payin' her down the "ready," off I started agin as happy as a clam in high-water, bekaase I knew how set-up Poll would be when she could once see herself in the glass with all that *red and feather* on her head.

Somehow or the other, while I was trapesin' along starin' about, I see'd a 'buss go along labelled—HAMPSTEAD, and, hevin' heeard a heap abeout Hampstead Heath, I thought I'd take a ride eout and see it *jist for a flyer*. I stopped Mr. Buss, and got the man that stands on the pee-rch behind tew hold on to the bonnet while I clumb up. Talk abeout mountin' Lombardy poplars for hawk's nests while sich things as 'busses exist! There's nathin' in natur' like 'busses and fire-escapes.

"Fire ahead naow, driver," said I, arter I had squatted, with one leg hangin' over the vehikle and got my bonnet safe on my arm.

"Fire away!" but he didn't take any more notice of me than if I hadn't spoke. I afterwards found out these fellows stand on their dignity, unless you call 'em "coachmen"; but before I'd ha' vialated my republican principle of speakin' the treuth, I'd seen him forty miles t'other side of the North Pole chawin' ice-cickles.

After stoppin' abeout twenty times, I guess, speaking on a mild average—we got eout tew Hampstead Hill, and I walked up tew the

heath. Crab-apple blossoms and salad ile! didn't I look around and enjoy the sights. It was a splendid day; the sun was shinin' like a rory-bore ealis: and, ef I wanted tew be high-flown, I might say I never saw natur' put on a more smilin' face in the hull course of my life. I walked up and down the pathway; jerked off my hat; took a big old chaw o' tabacco, and *laid back like a bird.* There wuz London on one side, with its mob of chemneys and steeples raisin' themselves up like scare-crows from a field of buckwheat; on another side wuz a smooth view of the most garden-lookin' ground I ever laid my two eyes on, with the rows of hedges and hawthorn crossin' each other as rigalar as a copy-book. On t'other side ran the heath, with the furze-tops, as far as the eye could afford tew extend its knowledge; while away in the north, rose Harrow-on-the-hill, seemin' to overlook the scene with as much dignity as a militia major on trainin' day. Awful fine view, naow, or the *subsciber* wouldn't say so!

While I wuz sittin' on the fence, thinkin' what a great county this is, and whether oats had riz in New Hampshire—and, in fact, a *little bit of everything*—a soild lookin' young man, with a stick in his hand, come up to me and said, "Hev a donkey ride, sir? Capital flesh, sir."

Says I, "No; git eout with yeou and yeour donkeys tew. When I condescend to throw my legs over hoss meat, I ginerally prefer somethin' higher from the greound than a donkey."

"Better hev a ride, sir," says he; "wholesome, sir, to ride a day like this."

I thought he was quizzing' of me when he spoke of wholesome, bekaase I flatter myself that, taken as a whole, I enjoy more good health than any three men yeou can start.

Says I, "Git eout will yeou, or I'll appear tew you pugnaciously." But butter me if the slink would move.

"Do hev a ride, sir; it's only sixpence for an hour."

"Go along, I tell yeou."

"You'd better."

"Vam-ose!"

"Fine hanimal, sir—jist suited tew yeour figure, sir. Do take a ride sir."

I couldn't stand this any longer, so, jumpin' down off the fence, I shook the kink out of my neck, curled my eyes for him, and said—"Naow look here, stranger, didn't I tell yeou I didn't want tew ride?"

"Yes; but the hanimal's ha hangel."

"Very well then, ef you don't git away in short order I'll make so free with yeour kountenance that yeour own animals wont know yeou."

"Now then?" shreked he.

"Ya-as, *it is* now then," said I. "I wuz a-setten on the fence as harmless as a catapillar, and yeou must pester me abeout yeour dratted donkeys. I don't want 'em—*thar!*"

"But, look a-here, master; your ha stranger 'ere, and it's a fine of two shillinks, payable tew the Dook of Hampstead, if you don't hencourage the donkeys. I tell you for your hown good."

Yeou see I hadn't thought of anything abeout Dooks or sich

folks, and, not knowin' the laws of the ken'try, I thought I might git intew some sort of a reow ef I didn't ride. Says I,

"Is that the fact?"

"Yes, master, hon my honour," said he, touching his hat.

"Excuse *me*, but yeou needn't call me master; there's no slaves in New Hampshire, nor hue neither, and I don't like it," says I.

"What shall I call you, sir?" said he.

"Well, as he'd been so sa-asy abeout his cussed brutes, I didn't care abeout givin' him pertickler satisfaction, and said,

"My name might be Jeemes Breown."

"O, now then, Mr. Brown, hall hive got to say his, hif the Dook of Hampstead should 'appen to come long, 'e'd fine me for not 'avin' you hon the donkey afore this."

Well, as I thought the chap wuz tellin' the treuth, I went over tew one side of the heath, where there wuz a long string of the velvety-nosed sarpints tied tew a rail, and, castin' my eye along at 'em, I had abeout ten of the tenders tackle me, each one of 'em leadin' an animal.

"Look a-here!" I shouted; "I can't ride but one."

"This is the von for your money," said another feller, hittin' the critter over the back with an ash stick to make him prance. "Wonderful breed—'Finger-j'int,' out of 'Kid-glove;' bred in a clover lot, and vonce howned by the Dook of Dilberry. Wo-a, my man! See how frisky 'e his."

Before I could git a word out edgeways, another lantern-jawed, snaky-looking feller said, openin' the brute's mouth, and showing its teeth,

"This is the one your 'eart bleeds for. Honly five pence a hour—long time."

Another one hollered—

"Here, guv'ner, is the vinner of the last Darby. Sticks 'is toes hin the hearth as if he vas too proud to tread it."

Still another said, leadin' an old, stubby, chuckle-headed, shaggy specimen—so lanky and grey it looked as if it'd fall to pieces if it wuz straddled—

"Don't take any of 'em, but choose the 'Pride of the Harem' as I 'olds in my ands. Show the gentleman 'ow you can throw hup your legs. See that! W-o-a—there! I can't 'old her, she's so firery. This is 'Ladybird,' the Queen's fav'rite. W-o-a!"

There was something so queer about the Pride of the "Harem," for she had on blinkers and head-harness stuck full of ribands, and her tail switched with sich a melancholy motion, that I kim tew the conclusion that if the law compelled me to ride I'd go my "Harem" before all the tothers."

"How often du you curry this critter?" I asked.

"Vonce a year, guv'ner. She's in delicate health, and can't stand it," answered the owner. "Lov'ly hanimal though, for hall that—came intew the vorld vith a cor'net, and 'll be buried with honors."

"Shall I 'old your parcel vile you mount?" said a shabby-looking young man, with one of his eyes in mourning.

I gave him the bonnet, with any quantity of charges tew be keerful, and standin' with my legs stretched, I told the keeper tew lead the donkey rite under me, and in less than you could say John Robinson backward, I wuz mounted, with my feet touchin' the ground.

"Give me the bonnet," said I.

He handed it.

"Git along neow. Gee up!" But the critter was fixed as a knot-hole."

"Here, guv'ner, here's a stick," said the man.

I took it and plied it over her back till the hollow sound went boomin' over the heath, but chaw me if "Harem" would budge an inch.

The rival donkey-tenders stood areound me laffin fit to kill themselves, flipin' the beasts with their whips to make them fierce-like; but all they'd do was tew kick and splunge till everything areound seemed in motion.

"I'll lay a bob to a half-quartern she spills the gen'leman," said one behind me, just loud enough for me tew hear him.

"Vot a rum 'un! She's full of fleas!" said another.

"Fleas! I b'leve you. Wuss than that—she's got the Prince of Vales' fevor, and that's sudden death to whomever mounts 'er," remarked another, in an off-handish tone.

But you see by this time I'd begun to git my eyes open, and were sum'mut posted on these tales, and turnin' round an' telling 'em it was all no good, for I'd picked eout my brute for the day, they lead the donkeys back tew the rail, and so left me in my glory.

"Neow," said I tew myself, "I'll be transmogrified intew a scorched monkey if I don't make this critter go." Git up! Ge long thar! But you might as well a coaxed an Izalite to eat pork-lunch. It wuz no go; an' for once old stubbornness had brought me tew a stand-still.

"Gi'e me tupence I'll lead her, master," said a ragged wiry-lookin' boy, touching his cap, and seizing "Harem" by the rein.

I felt in my treousers pocket, and found I hadn't but three ha'pence in change, and throwin' that at the 'cuss he pulled her head nearly out o' jint, and after pullin', abeout—well, I guess a quarter of an-hour—she had moved two foot and a-half, good measure.

"Go behind and push her," I suggested.

He obeyed me, and in another quarter of an-hour we had made two more foot and a-half. All the time I wuz in a miz'rable state for fear Poll's bonnet would git soiled, and I do 'bleve tew, Peru, if it had'nt been for that, I'd lost my temper, and jist borne down hard on the beast and squashed her tew a jelly.

A half an-hour managed to crawl by, and thar wuz I, sittin' like payshence on a what you call 'em—only I did'nt smile. The blood of New Hampshire begun tew bile in my body, and brandishin' the club abeout in the air, I let it drop on "Harem" till she grunted agin. All at once she changed her mind, and started off.

"Let her go," hollered I to one of the boys who tried to head her off. W-h-e-w!

I drew up my legs, and squeezed her areound the pad; and if any body had a-told me that that runty pinted little beast had so much

strength I would have been apt to have suspected 'em of telling what wuz'nt 'zackly trew. Run! By the great United States—an' that's considerable—if it wuz'nt enormous—*next* tew a telegraph message on the wires I dew b'leve.

I allers gave myself some credit for bein' a strong man till that moment. I pulled and jerked—she kicked an' crashed—on-on-on; and while she wuz goin' as if old John Satan had hold of her tail, to make matters wus, the dratted paper came unpinned, and Poll's bonnet wur flyin' and streamin' like a flag on 'lection day. Where tew put it I had'nt the meanest idea; an' as I could'nt well du better, I clapped it on my head, an' then prepared to fetch my "Harem" tew a stand-still. She seemed to have been granted supernatural strength, for gist as I had laid back until my head wuz on a desperate line with her haunches, an' had konquered sufficient tew get breath, may I be made book-keeper tew a street-sweeping machine, if the ostridge-feather did'nt blow slick over my eyes, and the next minnit I wuz pitched head-foremost intew a clump of sharp furze-bushes.

Je-ru-sa-*lem!* Did'nt I feel cheap! You might ha' purchased me for any moderate sum this side a crooked copper. To be thrown by a little stumpy appleheaded critter like that were enough tew make your eye-lashes frizzle with indignation. I gathered myself up, brushed away the superfluous things that had attached themselves tew me, turned the linty old hussy around head foremost, an' welcomin' her back with a bang as loud as a politican's promise, I fetched her sich a kick as she won't git agin soon, unless New Hampshire pegged boots go out that way. She threw up her heels, piped a dreadful bray, somethin' like the noise of a confused earthquake, an' made for home as if the "warnin' voice" of forty hay-mows had called her.

And Poll's bonnet, I forgot to tell yeou—I suppose you're wonderin' in your mind whether I saved it. I kin tell you I did'nt dew no sich thing.

Mashed! Well, I rather think it wuz. Poor Polly, she'll have tew drink garlic tea tew support her spirits when I tell her of it. *It looked as if an elephant had trod on it*—it was as flat as your hand!

Catch me ridin' donkeys agin on Hampstead Heath, and tell me of it, dew! Dwindled specimens of hoss-flesh have gone down forty per cent. in my esteem, and nothin' short of a gelding or bay mare a bushel of hands' high can ever induce me to make a letter A with my legs agin on this side of the salt-sea.

CALCULATION CUMMINS' LOVE LETTER TO MISS MISERY ANN MERKINS, AND HER REPLY.

Some over-scrupulous people, who prize affairs of the heart as too sacred to be talked of in every-day life, will at once say that it is "a sin and a shame" for these letters—the guileless results of two loving hearts—to be placed in type for the inspection of every passionless coxcomb who may feel inclined to run his dull, cold eyes over them. We fancy we can see a score of tender Lotharios, who have written letters brim-full of sentiment and passion, quaking in their patent-leathers lest their outpourings at some period or the other be brought to light, and similarly blazoned to the public gaze. We have in our mind's eye at this moment the ethereal forms of half-a-dozen dear little creatures—violet-eyed *blondes*—whose little hearts are making the throbbing music of fear, lest their tender whisperings be ignominiously raked up by a ruthless story-teller, and exposed to the gaze of that dreaded creature, Everybody. Again, we can imagine the concern of now well-to-do spinsters, who, before they settled their minds to bohea and maidenhood, and took to pussies and false hair, once traced on lily-white paper the sentiments of their trusting hearts, hoping by such love-fuel to keep alive that fire which time and years have extinguished—we say we can join in their fears lest these delicate documents of Cupid are *still in existence*, and be one day, in a like manner, heartlessly paraded for public scandal. But, Lotharios gay, twirl your chatelaines in beatitude! girls, sob over Byron in security! spinsters, stroke your tabbies with a consciousness of safety! Your secrets are not in danger. Cummins is a type of a class, and Miss Merkins the model of a community. Far be it from our wish to sacrifice on the altar of public tattle the confidential correspondence of the meanest of our *fellows*, male or female either. We should as soon think of asserting that to drive a hearse is good for low spirits, as dare to throw a *tender billet-doux* among the crowd for indiscriminate and miscellaneous perusal. No, no—do not, dear reader, accuse us of anything rash or unkind! so, with our feelings relieved by this guardful "going before," we respectfully submit the "Epistles:"

Number 14 Beat Root Street.—Bangore
Stait of Mane

My deer, deer Miz'ry Ann.

The feelins I hav cum over me as I pik up my pen tu rite battles discripshun. I feel as if a huney suckle vine wuz creepin up the legs ov me chair and a rancbow had somehow or uther got inter my coat pockit O luv is powerfull enny how u fix it. Ever since I gased on your luv-e-lee fase laste, I've felt something knawin' at me hart jist for all the wurld like a kow eatin' thissles in a turnup patch. U rounded your purty red lips xacly like a weddin' ring and I kist them bekause I cudn't help it, for that man who culd koldly look

uppon sich lips and not want to doo as I did, wood quarril with his own shader or set fire to an icebirg with a seegar. Talk about orenge blosums and sweet brier—wen put along side with u're kisses they compare bout as much as a litenen' bug does tu the sun at dinner time. I bean readin' about a gurl in Troy who they saa has sich dimpels in her cheaks that u might uze 'em for koffee kups, and izes blew and ovell like plums, but it woodn't doo, fur I'm gettin' tu find out that all that's poot in the papurs is not trew bi a long shot. It's all verec well tu make young luvers find falts with their *own* sweetharts if tha' ken, but wen I'm perswadid to take my affeckshuns off ov you, the stars will change intew ten cent,peices, and the man in the moon will run fur Presedent of the Younited States of America. No deerest Misry Ann, kingdums may cum and go, famin may stalk abroad and apple saas rise tew cents on the pint, but so long as I can control my mind and curl my own hair I'll be as trew to yew deerest as a nag to his oats or the needle to the poal.

U no I'm no grate hand at puttin mi feelins on papur so I knead not ask u to overlook enny littel faults of spellin' which mite okcur. Jist saa tu u'rself; well, his hart is on the rite side—in the rite place I mean, and that's all I keer about noin'.

How long u r makin' yure visit tew bee sure. When u left Bangore u sed u was onle goin' to bee gone a weak or sow, and now u've been gone over tew, and no sines of u yet. Now sweet Misery Ann I dont want to upbrade u but this is powerful unkind considerin' u promised. I hope u're enjoyin ure'self however, and havin' big hunks of fun with your cozens and ants. I feel very mellancholiky of nites after I go home and since u've bean gone I've takin' to readin' Byrun's poams and wearin' my nek bear like that sellebrayted riter did. I also tried to drink gin but I found it gave me the hart-burn so I tuke wiskey insteed. I rote a vers of potry about u and as I no u r fond of sich things I send u too lines out of wat is called a cantow. I wuz'nt above tew ours writin this bit, so of coarse, I hav'nt had time to pollish it enny.

Luve no one else I never can :—,
My hart's hung up for Miz'ry Ann! ;
Fur her ide dance, fur her ide sing, ; ?
Fur her ide dew most enny thing.,

I don't no weather the punktooashun as they call the dratted piten' is rite, but take the will fur the deed and let it go fur what its wurth. I dont set miself up fur a Shakespier or a Millton or enny other big poat, but i du think that there's moar tallent in the stait of Mane than Urope wood admit if she was axed the questshun.

I went last nite to singin' skule, over tew Deacon Brownlow's and everybody mist your kanary-like voice in the koreesses and hyms. I will saa it, if I never here u opin u're mouth agin but u've got sich a way uv trillin' your voice out fur all the wurld like long bits of silk ribun'—then you kinda'le twist it so purty and tie a knot in it and scatter it about so pesky nice, that it makes a feller feel endurin' good to hear u swell out the psams. Deacon Brownlow sed he wished to

convulsions you was hum so you might jine in Old Hundred. Felicity Disbrow hiked herself up as peart as you please in your place with all them flounces of hern, and tried to grapple the toon. It was too much for her tho' for she pitched her voice so high she had to get the deacon to help her git it down and in doing it she hurt her G flat so bad that it seems to be the gineral 'pinion it'll never be wurth uzin agin. Now I dont saa it out ov malis or to curry favor with u my deerest Miz'ry, but Felicity Disbrow, 'tween u and me, has no more turn for singin' than a cart-wheel, but she's so stuck up and saasy that if Jinny Lind even wuz to tell her she had no voice, du you know I 'bleve she'd turn around and tell her she had. Fur my part I wish she'd bruk her G flat and all her uther flats and then we'd git rid of the 'bominable critter. Maggy Osgood up an' told her before me that your voice was jist like a bell an' she sed, "Yes a cow-bell," and then walked off laffin' thinkin' she'd dun great things, I spose.

Dont u remember last Valentine's day that Felicity told it all around town that she'd had a impetent valentine sent tew her from somebody, an' she'd give every thing to know who did it. I've found it all out. It was Maggy Osgood and I'll tell you how I got it out of her. Maggy and me after singin' skule was done, got talkin' about one thing an' anuther and she ast me ef I had forgot Felicity Dubrow's gettin' a saasy valentine. I snorted out into a hoss laff an' said "not a purpose I havn't," and then I kep on wonderin' what wuz in it to stir up her raathy so. Well, sed she, ef you'll promise me you wun't tell nor nuthin, I'll let you intu the hull sekret. I promised, and then she out with it. I tell *you* sweet Miz'ry, kause I think I ought'er. What du u spose now it wuz—why a pair of rabbit's ears and a fat old bull-frog with these lines written on a peace of yaller papur—

> "The ears are fur your parlur shelf
> The frog's a pickter of yeourself!"

Now the hull things diskivered it's no wunder the gal got her dander up for a bull frog isn't a very prepossesin' beast to look at, Goody nose. The wether's bean butiful since you've bean gone. Talk of Itilly and her sunsets we can beat 'em hollow. As old Mammy Dewberry sez sumware, "American sunsets beats all creashun in the matter o' *dye stuffs*" an' I fur one think she's not far from the truth. That foppy feller that's stoppin' at the "Waggun and Horses" wants to make peeple beleeve, bekase he's travelled a spell in fur'in lands, that America can't shine along side ov Spane and Frans but its a settled pint that he haint got the sense the law allows common men. So he dont hav no moar weight with me, than a chunk of down, wood, flung by a babee at Bunker hill monement.

But mi deer Miz'ry I'm afeared I'm makin' this tew long and so I'll cut it short. Du com hum as soon as you ken if you dont want me to be retched. I havn't slept from thinkin' ov you for three nights—last night, to-night, and to-morrow night, and may be i'll not git a wink for a good menny more tu come. Rite me a good long letter sayin' how you've been, how you've enjoyed yourself and when I ma expect you;

and wishin' you a good hearty adoo from clear down to the bottom of me hart Bleve me to be your

everlastin' friend no matter wot happens
and rdent admirer

CALCULATION B. CUMMINS.

Pee. Ess. I open this agin to say that I send you fifty hearty kisses, and your green garter you lost at Maggy Osgood's party. I'm sure you'll git the garter, but ef the kisses tumbel out take your affidavit on any book that comes to hand, that it isn't mi falt. I'd pin em fast, but there so delikit and slipperee they won't bear handlin' Agin adoo—ad-oo lov-li-est deerest Miz'ry Ann.

Miss Misery Ann Merkin's reply.

Sebec Stat of Mane,
On my ant's farm, Juli 14.

Deer deer C. C.

i've got your letter. Did you ever have a thousand bed bugs run up the spirel ov your back or a cold shower bath when you felt sentemental; well I felt tew feelins' just like these wen your letter kum to hand. I was so nervuz fur a minnit that I thought I shuld have turned intu petrefacshun, but I shook it oph, or it least it shook itself oph, and then I munstered curage to brake the blew wafur and jest as a little burd wisper'd it tew me—it *was* from you. O pound cakes and root beer! I devower'd it as fast as my intelecshual appetight would let me.

Now you go long Calkelashan about my kisses and things. I don't want u tew bee pokin' fun at me all a' time nur I wont hav it. I'd bet an appel if the truth wuz known u've told twenty gals the same thing since I've been gone, fur ant Debby sez the men can't be trusted when ure back's turned. I'm hevin' a splendid time up here, but fur all that i often wish i wuz home. U never told me in ure noat how mammy wuz nur nuthin' and i think its rite unkind ov you. Your memerey's as bad as uncle Josh Jones's an' his is so bad he cant rekollect what day of the munth the 4th of Juli comes on. I went day before yesterday tew see old unkle Josh. He's got the name of bein' the meenest man in the hull state, an' I think on an average he is, for du you know he's so greedy he never has enny thing to fit him—when he buys boots or trowsers he takes the biggest pair he can git for the muney, and his naburs say he gives his children a peny to go without their suppers over night, and then takes it away from 'em agin in the mornin'. I tuk tea there tother evenin' and I declare he had the tea maid so weak it cud'nt git out o' the pot, and the toast turned all colors wen he com to the table. He starves ev'ry thing about him till there so thin they can't speak the trooth. They say that he puts magnifyin' glasses on his pigs to make their food look more. I don't no how true this is, but this I *du* no, and that is, he had an old hoss die last week

and the poor thing was so weak they had to hitch anuther hoss tu him tu help him draw his last breth. This is a dridful stait of things for human beins' to cum tew, and how on earth sich a man cud ever git a wife i cant see, for I woodn't have a crittur like him if he wuz hung all over with gold and dimunds. Wen we sit down tu tea I seed there was no forks on the table, and I sed uncle Josh, why ware's your forks? O sed he, "fingers wur made befour forks; Adam hadn't enny, an' Scripter says he got along purty well considerin'." I up an' told him he was tew mean to die, an' he sed he didn't never intend to dew that for he wuz goin' to dry up an' blow away som dark night. At breakfast he bilt one egg to go round seven of us and then he accused himself of gettin' extravagant in his ole days and hinted company *wuz* expensive. Ant Polly put too lumps of sugar in my koffee. I seed him nudge her for doin' it and don't you think he cum an' took won out and put it back in the bowl. I guess wen I'm ketch'd goin' to see Uncle Josh agin I'll know it. He's as rich as Creas is, an' ought to be ashamed ov himself, the mean ole pig. Ant Polly sez he's jist as selfish as he is mean. He alwez wants the biggest half ov the bed at nites, and takes *his* half rite out o' the middle, so that she has to lay on both sides ef she dont want tu tumble out. *Did* you ever no sich a broot.

The potry you wrote on me is sweet. I've copied it oph on bits of purty papur and shown it round to the gals in the naburhood an' tha say its *so* nice. U say u're melinkoly sum times—well, so am i tew. I've felt all the mornin' as if I'd found a sixpence and lost a shillin', and all day yisterday I wuz abewt as lively as a funeral in a sno' storm and now i ask u wat made me feal so but thinkin ov you.

It's not oftin i keer 'bout crowin' over people but Felicite Disbrow i'm glad to heer is cumin to her level. not becase i'm jelus of her am i glad to here her voice bruk down, but she is such a for'rard sort o' gal that she don't deserv enny kindness. Say, Calkelashun, don't you git tew thick with Maggy Osgood while i'm gone fur tho' I lik Maggy, she's a grate kokett ef she likes. The Valentine news is grand and the bul frog grander yit. I'll send her wun next year that'll mak her hop, or I dunt no how many string beans mak five.

I must tell you 'bout a time i had since ive bean here. U know Moose-head lake is'nt fur frum here, an tho fishin' is purty good in sum plases. Well there is a young man stoppin' at Ant Sarah's hoo thinks he's a great boo, and nuthin' wood do but I must go fishin' with him. so he hired a bote fur a quarter ov a doller, an' we got our tacklings all reddy tu go out. He drest himself up to kill—had on a wite west with brass buttuns, a spotted neckhanjkerchief and kyd gluves lookin' fur all the wurld lik a walkin dahlia in full blume. I had know idee the critter wuz goin' to tak sich panes with himself, and so onle put on a ten cent calico with a sun bonnet. He cum' walkin in as big as u pleze, jist as ef he'd jest cum out o' sum bandbox, and his hare was slicked down on his cheeks as if it had bean iron'd. I bust out a laffin and maid all sorts o' fun, bekause he looked so much better than me, an' he got so xcited he tuk oph his gluves an' wiped his nose with 'em, steed of his handjkerchief. Then ant snorted out agin', and he turned so red in the

fase I thought he'd set his shurt koller on fire. Well, at last we got oph intew the boat, he pullin' one ore and me anuther, and after we got out apiece, we went tew fishin'. Sum how the fish wuld'nt touch his line but I got four nibbles and at last got catchin' pearch rite smart. He went on at a grate rate and wunder'd why the fish wouldn't paternize him, and I told him thay wuz afeared uv his spotted necktie. Then he tuk it oph but they wood'nt bite yit. Now, sez he, i've dun as you tole me—that can't be the reazon, and then sez i, laffin, it must be your wite west—well, he tuk this oph tew, but no luk still—At last sez I, bang out, it *must* be your gluves to a certaintie, an' then by this time as I thought he'd takin off anuff, I didnt say enny more, fur du you know, I bleave he'd stript tew an indelikit extent, ef I had kept on. He got tew tellin me tales wile we fished, and sed mung other things that he'd a fat unkle livin' in Illinoy who is so big around the kaff of the leg that it takes tew men to mezure him, and that once wen he cum to Boston on a visit they had to send three cabs to tak him frum the steemboat to their house, or that one cab had tu go three times to bring him complete, and his baggage wich wuz dun up in a big bundle. After wile the sun got so hot that we had tew stop fishin'—u may no it was warm, when the water begun to smoke, and I thought it was hi time to stop it oph. Well now this is wot I want tew tell you. Comin' home, he put his cheak purty neer to mine an' look'd up in me eyes very lovin'. I did'nt say nuthin tew nobody, but thought I'd see wot the critter wuz trien' tu put threw him. Drekly he done it agin and sed tew me, deer Miz'ry Ann give me a kiss wont u, I looked at him with my tew izes jist as fierce as I cud, and sed, no I wunt. Then sez he I'll take it weather or no. Will u sez I, maybe you will, an I went and sot down at the tail of the boat end he after me. He put his arms quick around me and then we kummensed tusslin'—at it we went ruff and tumble, hed over heels. I skrached and he skweezed. First I made fur his shurt collur an' I kreas'd that so with wun grab u'd never known it agin. Then I skratched his face so it bled, and fallin' down on his wite west it look'd as ef it wuz kivered with red tears. My comb giv way and it fell in the watur lettin my hare to fall over me face like a kaskade of kurls. He stood it purty well, but I found he was gitten mad wen he seed the blud, so jest as he tried to pinch me nek i snorted right out loud, and guv him sich a send for'rard that he landed somewhere 'bout ten yards the other side of the boat, kasouse in the water. He scream'd murder, and sed he culd'nt swim, an as I did'nt want to have the life of a stoopid beetle lik him layin' at mi door, I threw him out an ore, and pulled him in. He was drippin' like a rat, an as he clum over the side of the bote, I sed te him in a ruff tone; now young man, I guess *next time* you wunt try to pinch a female, will you, wen she don't want to be kist. He looked as ef he'd a like to gone clean thro' the bottom of the boat—providen' there had been dry land underneath—and uv all the sheapish, unowned, mizzerable poodles, he looked lik wun. Did'nt I du rite Calkelashun in not lettin' him kiss me—fur if I'd a thought u wood'nt hev kared, I shouldn't ha' been so pertickler.

You want tu no wen I'm komin' hum. I think ile start tu-day weak, for sum of the naburs have promised to send sum things to mammy,

an' I must wate fur 'em. Keap in good spirits and put your faith in Byrun's poams till I cum hum. leav off the wiskey and O mi dear Calkelashun don't git boozy for the wurld. Ant wants me to mind the baby sew I must leave oph. give my respects to all inquiring friends; i got the garter but the other things melted before tha kum. Rede this letter out loud tew yourself but tew nobody else. and now deerest C. C. with the wish that the Amercan eagle will watch over you and that things will go rite, I remain yours till deth

MIZ'RY ANN MERKINS.

IS A "NAPOLEON" WORTH A SOU?

We have a horror of loneliness; or to speak less strongly, we prefer society to solitude, unless it be when the "moon-tints of purple and pearl" are very beautiful indeed; and then, on second thoughts, it would be more agreeable to share the witchery of the view in the companionship of some "loved one," whose spirit-pulses beat in unison with your own. Solitude does very well for philosophers and musty-crusty old cynics of the Diogenes kindred; but there is a charm and sympathy about good society which captivates *our* taste, though "Socialist-Politico" we are none. Give us the merry, free-hearted, unrestrained spirit of domestic interchange any time, to the ashen, sober, buried-alive conventionalism of hermited exclusiveness. Some queer fellow—possibly Beranger's "Gentleman in brown"—has argued that those who do not love to be alone, in order to look into their hearts, have no hearts to look into; but this is the *sophistry of sentiment*, as some of the sincerest, kindest, most agreeable people we have ever met, were those who inclined towards the conviviality of congenial society. Your very retired, closeted people, who inclose themselves from year to year, grow politic, and, as such, are to be feared. That lean-visaged, colourless, squinting man yonder, has not half the sunshine of soul as his neighbour of the ruddy cheek and genial smile, and yet their intellects are equal. One, with selfish heart, moulders in the four walls of his cheerless home; while the other expands his mind by free intercourse with his fellow-man, and, by so doing, benefits not only himself, but others, by the value of his own communicated experience. Next to this selfishness of solitude, we pity a large class of people that seem to be yearly increasing; we mean those externally politic persons who do not make a solitary move in the great game of life, unless it redounds, directly or indirectly, to their own personal advancement. We do not mean to urge that all of what the world calls policy should be discarded and thrown aside. By no means. A certain quantity enters into the elements of prudence; but the more we see of the human family the more numerous we find these strangers to disinterested goodness, who fawn and cringe to power, and neglect, ay insult merit, that has not, by the force of time and experience, yet been able to mount its proper pedestal.

But merely mentioning the fact that we are no friend of solitude, has led us into a train of thought, which, when our fingers clasped the quill, we had no idea of expressing. We are about to relate an anecdote that fell under our notice in Paris, or rather, we should say, an adventure, as we were a party interested. On our first visit to the gay capital of the French we were quite companionless, and the prospect of strolling over the curious city solus, with no friend to share the wild but languidly-pleasing impressions of the strange sights that we everywhere encountered, was anything but cheering. We strolled up and down the Boulevards, admired the shop windows, looked after the flower-girls, listened to the harpists, wondered at the numbers of gend'armes, gazed at the nuns, and visited the hundreds of objects of interest; but yet we experienced the oppressiveness of estrangement from all friends or companions. When we wandered through the elaborate halls of the Louvre, for example, we wanted to say a thousand things about the gorgeous works of art that silently, but magnificently, shone resplendent in artistic beauty from every wall. We went to Père la Chaise, and saw the tombs of Abelard and Heloise, Bellini, David, Marshal Ney, Talma, and a host of others of undying fame and greatness. The serenity and mournful character of this spot were favourable to the quiet thoughtfulness of solitude; and, when we saw piles of massive marble reflecting back the light, over the graves of men whose only claim to notice was *wealth*, while there was scarce a stone to mark the remains of the brave and gallant Ney, an impulse stole over us that led us to exclaim, with Byron,

> "————obscurity and fame
> The glory and the nothing of a name."

As it is our custom, when we travel, to carry a note-book, we found a species of melancholy pleasure in transcribing the inscriptions from various monuments, of men who had distinguished themselves for learning, chivalry, or high attainment in art; and while copying a curious couplet from a quaint, defaced, old-fashioned stone, in a far-off corner of the cemetery, our surprise was considerably awakened by receiving a familiar, and almost *recognizable touch* on the shoulder from some one behind. We were bending on one knee, in order to decypher the singular lines, and could not see who had thus suddenly come upon us, but, raising on foot, discovered, much to our delight, an old (or rather a young) friend and countryman, a brave, merry-hearted, excellent youngster, who, like ourself, we discovered had come to Paris in quest of amusement, and to take back all the information that he could consistently cram into his noddle. Our accidental meeting was as warm as it was casual; and as he had also arrived in the city quite alone, the renewed companionship promised well, and acceptable on either side. We quitted the "city of the dead," and taking an omnibus, soon found ourselves in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, at a restaurant, in which we dined well and deliberately, enjoying *staccato*, an exhilarating chat about our impressions, and other *et cœteras*, which strange objects in a strange country are apt to suggest.

Our lodgment was in a neat retired little dwelling-house, on the Rue Richelieu, just off the Boulevard Italiens, and in the immediate proximity

to the celebrated Hotel de Paris, a prominent locality for young Americans. After the arrival of our friend it was almost our daily habit to drop in at the court-yard of this hotel to see if any friends had left the smoke of London for the more balmy sunshine of Paris; and then the *femme de charge*, who was a little Swiss specimen of feminine plumptitude, had such a bewitching dimple in her chin, and talked English with such an unconsciously fascinating accent, that the Hotel de Paris seemed to possess an interest wholly uncommon. A week had not elapsed, when one day, as we were lounging in the vestibule, where Lolette had been showing us a roll of dainty taffetas and a box of cheap *bijoux* (which an ardent admirer had sent her, accompanied by an intensely sentimental *billet*, the day before), a stylish *coupé* drove into the court-yard, from which descended three young gentlemen, all dressed scrupulously in white, with Ascot caps, and blue ribbons in their vests. We knew them at once. They were medical students from Virginia, living in Paris, but who were temporarily residing, during the warm weather, in the neighbourhood of Chantilly, at a *chaumière*, in the very midst of pinks and corn-roses. They had adopted the uniform costume of white from an eccentric whim of their own creation; and the blue ribbons were emblematic of a triangular friendship they had formed, into the composition of which entered sundry remote medical bearings and masonic allusions which we were not given clearly to understand. This we subsequently learned, of course; and having gone poking and sauntering about the gay city unattended—save when we had a guide—it was indeed refreshing to meet with such a picked squad of jolly acquaintances. If the whole continent of America had been scoured from an edge of Lake Ponchertrain—taking that odd locality as a point, and going any way—north, south, east, or west—we doubt if a trio of more dashing, urbane young men could have been brought together. Although pursuing their professional studies in Paris, they had, at this particular period, thrown physic to the "bow-wows," as Mantilini says, and were now enjoying a pleasant relaxation of ease in the most approved manner. Dividing the time between their cottage and the *cafés* in town, dining here and supping there, just as the circumstances of the case suggested hour and locality, the time passed rapidly and with feathered feet. The young men of Virginia always conciliated our partiality; for, besides being well-bred and full of spirit, their unaffectedness of manner, and frank manly sympathy, scarcely fail to win for them respect and attachment. Keenly alive to insult, they are equally affected by hospitality, and though some of the scions of the "Old Dominion" have got the reputation of being too "hot-blooded," yet, in the long run, their kindness of heart and uniform courtesy neutralize all that can be argued in respect to warmth of temperament.

No longer had we occasion to complain of solitude; for what between the last arrival, and our friend who had so unexpectedly and romantically found us among the sepulchres, we were now enjoying a wealth of companionship. Our natal homes being the same, there was a current of fraternal sympathy pervading our sentiments, to which our hearts mutually bowed. That we were correspondingly fond of adventure and amusement there could exist no doubt after an hour's communication,

and in a body we strolled through the city, actuated by the same desires and pursuing similar ends. That night, at parting, it was agreed that our friend and self should take an early ride the next morning, and breakfast at Chantilly. Accordingly we were up with the singing birds, and having ordered a brace of fine steeds the night before, while the dew was yet gleaming in the early sunshine we set out at a pleasant pace, and reached the cottage just as coffee was about to come upon the table. Our friends were lounging about the room in 'Cashmere robes and embroidered slippers. An easel, on which the outline of a landscape was mounted, an old violin, and a cribbage board, indicated the manner in which our southern friends passed their leisure; and these *et cœteras*, with a moderate appointment of ornamental tables, buffet, chimney-glass, with a vase or two, and several choice French prints of saucy arch-looking dames, in low-necked dresses, constituted the furniture of the apartment. Our morning ride had provoked an excellent appetite, and gave us a keen relish for a charmingly prepared *fricasee*, and a fresh-laid egg. The *café*, too, was unexceptionable; and the rolls, long as one's arm, warm from the oven, now well buttered, were indeed morsels for Apicius.

At breakfast, the conversation turned on the credulity and incredulity of various nations. One of the southern boys insisted that an Englishman would believe white was black, if it was only proved to his satisfaction (a tolerably safe argument), and then gave the Americans credit for a trait of short-sightedness and credulity that quite startled us all.

"How about the French?" we asked.

"Not half as bad," pursued our friend—we will call him George, for the sake of a name. "A Frenchman, with his characteristic flightiness, if he ever stops to consider, does so when something marvellous is about to be thrust down his throat. His perception here is wonderfully acute. Somebody once, in Yankee Land, fixed the tail of a fish to the head of a monkey, and christened it a mermaid. Don't you remember it? The bait took, and people were gulled by thousands. If the experiment had been tried in France it would have met with a very different reception. One gend'arme would have seized Mr. Monkey's head, and another the tail, and then of course the pleasant delusion would have dropped to pieces. I'll warrant the moon-hoax didn't affect France, although it set we Yankees and the English in a most celestial twitter. No, no; in *my* humble opinion, the French are too ingenious themselves to be easily deceived, except in—yes, I think I *will* except politics."

Our first-found friend—we will call him Tom—assumed the antipodes of this expression, by taking opposite ground. He was willing to grant that the Americans gloried in their Barnum, and thus winked at humbug. He admitted that England went into extacies about a foreign pair of legs at the Grand Ballet, when a native pair, just as well developed and twinkling, were suffered to go uncovered—with commendation, and unacknowledged in point of merit. He conceded that a plaster-of-Paris maker of images, provided he had a heavy moustache, went further among the Saxons than a sculptor in marble, unadorned with a hirsute physiognomy.

"But I'll tell you," said he, drawing a napkin slowly over his lips, "these are national prejudices, based on false education. It was only the other day that I read in a French paper of a certain antediluvian animal that has been exhibited at an anatomical museum somewhere in Paris, with which the savans and long-heads were in raptures. Confusion to their dreams of lore, however; for it has recently leaked out that the startling creature was nothing more nor less than a framework of the bones of various defunct animals, ingeniously knitted into grotesque shape."

"Hang it," exclaimed George, opening his eyes very wide, and sipping his coffee, "I was sold myself by that beast. In fact I had made up my mind to write a learned treatise, to prove that it had lived on the mountains before Noah's ark was launched. Well! that is French swindle No. 1, most emphatically."

"That's not all, by great lengths," continued Tom, dryly. "Tell me where quackery reigns so potently as here; every other man or woman has an amulet to drive away pestilence; every wall is covered with stencilled falsehoods, to deceive the ignorant and unwary. Galen and Hippocrates would blush to read the promises of these—"

"Pardon my interruption," said George, "but did either Galen or Hippocrates understand French? Remember the Norman does'nt date so far back."

"Whether they could or not is a matter of little consequence now," pursued Tom, in the best possible good humour. "But the thriving state of quackery in France speaks volumes for the morbid weak-mindedness of the great masses. Why, I believe if a fellow would cry 'Here's Napoleons for a sou each!' and let the Napoleons be rank brass worth two centimes, in the streets of Paris he could make his fortune in a year, provided the police did not debar the trafic."

"And seriously, you think the French are such dolts?" inquired George, with a doubting expression.

"I do, indeed," replied Tom.

"I think you're wrong!"

"I've no doubt you do, and I think I'm right."

"Well, we can put this argument to the test; and if you like I will lay you a wager."

"What is it?"

"Why, I'll bet sixty francs to a like sum that I'll stand on the Pont de la Concord after noontide, and cry 'Here's real Napoleons going for a sou!' and that within an hour I don't sell three; and what is more, in order to carry out the thing fairly, the Napoleons shall be *real*—the pure stuff."

"Done; I'll take it!" exclaimed Tom. "But I say, this is rather a novel way of rendering a huge per-centage on small purchases. You'll sell *three in five minutes*, depend on't."

"I'll risk it. Up goes my sixty francs, cover it, and remember thus run the conditions of the wager: If I sell within one hour three Napoleons for one sou each, you win; if not, I do. Is that plain?"

"Perfectly; and the locality shall be —?" asked Tom.

"I think the Pont de la Concord is a central and much fre-

quented point; but if you like, we'll say in front of the Opera Comique, or the Place de la Bourse, or the Bridge of the Invalides; where you will?"

"The Pont de la Concord, let it be," agreed Tom.

"Good!"

"The hour shall be— !"

"Between twelve and one."

"And you will undertake to cry them for sale?"

"Precisely."

Tom drew forth his purse and "planked."

"Of course we are to witness the transaction," he inquired, winking at us askance. "Fair play and no gouging."

"Witness it—most surely. It will be rare sport to see me walking up and down the bridge like a Jew pedlar," remarked George.

"The people will swear you're crazy."

"Let them think what they like, so I prove my position."

"They'll laugh at you," said Tom, leeringly.

"Let those laugh who win," philosophised George, with a stoicism we did not think entered into his composition.

"Then it's all clearly understood and agreed upon, eh?" asked one of the party, gathering up the stakes quietly, and depositing them in his pocket.

"It'll never do for me to appear in my usual dress," said George. "We'll try this experiment this very day. If I could only manage to rake up an old pair of trowsers, a 'shocking bad' hat, and a well-worn vest, I could make up splendidly."

"Allow me to offer a suggestion. What's fair for you is also fair for me. You are sanguine, so give me a chance," said Tom. "What I was going to suggest is, if you disguise yourself to look like an outcast, why then of course everybody *will* forbear, if its just from your wretched appearance. No, do it in this way. Assume some other dress, but let it be at least semi-respectable. Besides, if the police were to find a shabby forlorn fellow with three Napoleons in his possession, they would nab you to a certainty."

"But you folks would be about, to set matters right," remarked George. "This is somewhat a bold task, and might lead to trouble if unexplained."

At last it was settled that George should wear a very respectable beaver to begin with; a coat somewhat ditto, and trowsers, boots, and waistcoast, so-so-ish. The boys overhauled their trunks, and a selection of costume was made, in which our hero was quickly invested; and without stopping, at this visit, to look at the beautiful flowers and walks about the charming little villa, we all hurried off to Paris.

It was quite half-past eleven when we reached the Madeleine, opposite which, previous to commencing operations, we "adjourned" to enjoy a private soda-fountain by way of refreshment. The church of St. Roche chimed twelve, and hastily crossing the square, and scenting the light mist from the beautiful fountains of the Concorde, we gained the bridge. George had his gold pieces all ready, and planting himself in a conspicuous position, with his back to the parapet (he spoke French

with a fluently correct accent), and with a well-expressed sincerity of countenance, cried—

"Who'll give a sou for a real Napoleon?"

We were scattered about promiscuously, in order not to be supposed interested in the proceeding. We looked over the bridge carelessly, and watched the sunbeams shimmering on the bright waters of the Seine; our friend Tom, who was more directly interested than any of us, lounged as near George as prudence would permit, in order to stir him up if necessary, and the remaining two mingled in the passing throng, and by admirable tact managed to be "about" a good portion of the time. The trial was to extend for one hour, it will be remembered. George again cried in a loud clear voice—

"Who'll give a sou for a real Napoleon?"

As his voice died away over the Pont, we were strikingly reminded of the similarity of the cry of the magician in "Alladin," who wished to exchange new lamps for old ones. It then occurred to us, as we idly watched the glassy curls of the water beneath, whether there was any possible hope of anything as strange coming out of this adventure as befel our friend of the fairy legend. For a moment our fanciful imagination got the better of us, and while we were pursuing the magic thread of a whole palace-full of pretty thoughts, in which George had, by the wand of a wierd enchanter, been converted into an Eastern prince, and had just mounted a great golden staircase, we were all at once brought to a sense of our actual condition by some one saying, behind us—

"Take care, young man, you'll fall over!"

These words shattered the spell with the swiftness of thought, and again our attention was directed to our friend George, crying (only he expressed it in French)—

"Here's a real Napoleon for a sou. Who'll have one?"

The tide of life flowed on either side of the bridge. Crowds of people walked, strolled, sauntered, and hurried by, as the case might be. Some took no notice of his cry; others stared at him, and said to their companions, "He must think us fools;" while a group of loungers, among whom were several soldiers and children, gathered about him, and listening for a few moments, and making a hundred idle remarks, passed on incredulous.

We looked at our watch, and found that half an hour had elapsed, and yet no purchasers. At least three thousand people had passed our friend, and out of those three thousand no one believed the TRUTH—that they could have purchased a gold piece of the value of twenty francs for one copper sou. Things were looking hideously dark for Tom; one by one, his sixty francs were passing from his own pocket into that of his rival opinionater, at the rate of just one per minute. We glanced towards Tom, and he seemed uneasy. Passing George, he said to him pointedly—

"Thunder! I'm flat beaten if you don't change your position. Test it thoroughly. Walk about, and shout a little!"

George, with a most imperturbable face, relinquished his stand, and followed by a crowd, paced the bridge on both sides from one end to the other, and shrieked as loud as his lungs would permit—

"Who'll give a sou for twenty francs? *Genuine gold!* Examine before you buy! This is your only chance! Buy! Buy! Only think, a Napoleon for a sou!"

Two pretty little brunettes, with raven hair, and coal-black eyes, passed George as he gave vent to the last shriek. He fixed his eyes on them, and repeated the cry. They stopped—hesitated—exchanged glances, and approached the gold-hawker, simpering, and half disposed to risk a sou.

George held the coin between his finger and thumb, and managed to let a sun-ray fall on it, which caused it to glitter most attractively. The elder of the girls followed its sparkle with her deep black eyes, and, smiling at her companion, said—

"*Que je le voie, monsieur*" ("Let me look at it.")

George handed it with an air more courtly than his garments indicated, and Tom's face at the prospect of a purchaser lit up at once with the brightness of a Chinese lantern.

"*Il n'a pas l'air bon*" ("It does not seem good"), said the girl, filiping the coin in order to test its ring.

George looked earnestly into her eyes, and protested it was good; but the warmer he grew, the less the girl seemed disposed to purchase. His very anxiety seemed to swell their latent doubts into manifest unbelief, and, handing it back, she said—

"*Je le crois mauvais*" ("I think it is a bad one"); *reportez le*" ("take it back"). And laughingly turning to her companion, who was adjusting one of those little loves of laced bonnets that only French girls wear, they hurried off amid the mirth of a group of bye-standers, one of whom—a small, dirty, tattered, organ-boy—shouted after them, "*Il court beaucoup de fausse monnaie*" ("There's lots of bad money in circulation"). We could have heartily tweaked the young rascal for his audacity, but merely executing sundry elaborate sniffles on a very pug nose, with various appeals to his handkerchief, he ran off to join a youngster of about his own age and rags whom he espied sousing his toes in the Seine.

Three-quarters of an hour had glided on, and still French credulity was at a dreadful discount. Tom whispered to us that he had been rash in saying what he had about the frog-eaters, and concluded to give it up as a hopeless case. He walked after George, and told him that he might suspend his endeavours, as all hope had fled, and that his views were fast dissolving.

"No, no; your *dissolving views* may be all very well, but I'll fulfil my time to the minute. When it strikes one, I'll pocket the gilt, and not a moment before. If *you're* tired of hearing me sacrifice good gold to base copper I can't help it, but I must endeavour to keep on. Here's a Napoleon going for a sou. Who'll buy, who'll buy!"

It lacked but five minutes of the hour, when George was addressed by a nursery-maid, leading a little boy of about four summers, attired in a coquettish-looking pink frock, with red boots. She had been attracted by the cry, and, bending over and saying something to the child which caused its little eyes to glisten, she pulled from her pocket a sou, handed it to George, and gave the Napoleon to the child as a play-

thing. By the time she had got off of the bridge the clock struck one, and George, thrusting the remaining coins into his vest-pocket, joined us, and we strolled leisurely towards the Rue St. Honoré.

"Well, Tom," said the late hawker, "What do you think of my courage? I stood it out, you see."

"How wrong people can be on this earth! You had courage enough for a brigade, to do what you did. Everybody said to themselves, 'That's brass he holds in his hands;' but it was just t'other way: it was gold in your fingers, and brass somewhere else—Hem! Boys, we'll adjourn and cool our throats."

"Are you satisfied that the Parisians are not as defraudable as you imagined?"

"Quite; to the tune of sixty. But no matter," replied Tom.

"The one that did go was not bought because the girl thought it *real*. The fact of her giving it to the child showed that she regarded it as a mere toy."

"There," cried Tom, biting his lips with slight mortification; "I'm convinced beyond redemption. Let's drop the subject, and wash away the remembrance of it in a bottle of old Burgundy."

We all dined that afternoon at a dashing *café* somewhere in the Rue Montorgueil, and we have a dim recollection of finding ourselves next morning in a strange chamber overlooking a garden of beautiful flowers, at Chantilly.

YANKEE INQUISITIVENESS.

Hill! poor Yankee Hill! He was the very incarnation of drollery and esprit. We loved to see his smiling, good-natured phiz before the lights, for it was sure to impregnate the very atmosphere with a sense of merriment. He possessed a genius for the impersonation of the peculiarities of Down East character, which no actor before nor since his time has approached. He was natural, captivating, easy, and brilliant. With what genial unction he related a pleasantry!—with how much sparkling zest he bantered the follies of mankind! The witticisms flashed from his lips as flakes of light along the orient. A gay, glorious fellow was he, in every sense of the expression.

His store of anecdotes seemed to be inexhaustible; and he was one of those few gifted creatures who could talk all day, and still have something left worth listening to. One never wearied of hearing him. Age did not tarnish,

> "——— nor custom stale,
> His infinite variety."

His whimsical stories yet range the length and breadth of the United States, as unowned oddities. They have been passed from one to another, till the label of identity has fallen from them in the vortex of narration. We recognise them here and there, as one will find polished pebbles

on the sea-beach. What a grotesque medley his portfolio would present! Spirit of Momus! we invoke thee to assist, by thy potent influence, the finding of this rare legacy!

We remember a scrap of adventure that Hill used to relate, illustrative of the trait of inquisitiveness, so noticeable among the primitive home-spun Yankees. It appears that the comedian was travelling in a stage-coach, and sat next to a gawky, slab-sided Vermonter, who opened the conversation with the usual platitudes touching "weather—crops—and gineral matters of intr'st."

"You're travelling, I guess, Mister?" said Vermont.

"If being in a stage-coach behind four fleet roans is any evidence of it, I should think I was," coolly replied Hill.

"Ya-as—you're right. E-e-h!"

A brief pause.

"Travellin' for your health?"

"Not exactly," responded Hill.

"O! then, *on biz'ness*, I reckon, eh?"

"Yes—no; that is to say, not precisely."

"E-eh! I perceeve—half *biz'ness* and half pleasure"—rolling his large eyes about like bewildered bagatelle balls.

"Something in that way."

And not caring to be deluged with interrogatives, as he could see the "breed" of his friend, the comedian took from his pocket a copy of "Humphrey Clinker," and soon his mind was psychologically with that notable personage.

"Umph!" grunted Vermont; "I beg your pardon, Mister, but is it fur to ——"

Hill affected not to hear him. He repeated the question.

"Don't know," replied he, without taking his eyes from the book.

"Well, should yeou think it wuz, considerin' what we've come?"

"Can't say."

Another "slight" silence.

"Like this part of the country?"

"Yes"—in a gruff tone.

"So do I"—edging still closer to Hill.

A moment's intermission.

"Yeou live abeout here, *pre*-haps?"

"No."

"Nuther dew I."

"Umph!"

"That's a strange coincidence."

Vermont here adjusted his cravat—a flowered velvet of a strong gamboge tint—the bow of which terminating into a resemblance of a tipsy letter X, had imperceptibly jogged round and got under his ear. Bringing the bow back to its original position under his chin he remarked—

"Excuse me, Mister, do you ever expect tew come this way agin?"

"Have no positive knowledge," laconically replied Hill.

"I spose you dont like coach ridin'?"

"No."

"Not half so nice as steamboat or cars, is't?"

"Quite agree with you."

Here he eased off for a moment or two, and then renewed the attack. Nudging his victim, he said—

"I'm an American, I am."

"Shouldn't have taken you for either a Frenchman or a Spaniard," dryly remarked the comedian.

"No? I'm glad to hear yew say so. I've been told afore now that I had a real Russian mouth, and that my nose was on the Greek style, but I reckon they ain't if the truth wuz told."

What possible affinity there could exist between his mouth and Russia, unless it was its extent, would be hard to conjecture. If Greek noses are of that long sort that hasten down to a red point, then *his* nose was Grecian in the extreme. If not, we will avoid a rash classification of the organ, which at a glance haply reminded one of a platina shell with which lightning rods are tipped to guard against meteorological disasters.

Hill saw it was no use to thwart the fellow, for talk he would, "come what, come may." The words bubbled to his lips as will-o'-the-wisps swell to the surface of a marsh. The comedian laid down the book, and the Yankee's eyes sparkled in the anticipation of a long gossipy old-fashioned chat.

"You're an American I spose?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Du yew know I thought you wuz."

"Indeed?"

"Great country this, eh?" after a moment's hesitation.

"Extraordinary country."

"Good kind of land tew be born in."

"True."

"Our mountains tower up as if they knew what they were about, eh?"

"Unquestionably."

"Our rivers *ain't no* puddles nuther."

"Quite right."

"And I guess our lakes would make folks look if they were hard pushed."

"To be sure."

"I'm glad you agree with me on them pints, I am"—then relapsing for a moment into a blank silence, he started up again with—

"What teown were you born in, if it's not an extravagant question?"

"Boston."

"Crinky how odd!—I've often been there."

"Ah, indeed?"

Pause of at least a fifty-five seconds.

"Dew yeou know—now don't say it's curusity—but since we *have* got tew talkin', mister, dew yeou know I should like to know yeour name."

"Would you?" said the comedian, laughing.

"It runs in my head I've seen you somewhere."

"Very possible."

"And yeour name is ——?"

"Hill."

"O, indeed! I know a good many Hills livin' in Vermont; our head thresher's name is Hill, I swow. How odd! There's a goodish sprinklin' of Hills all over Vermont."

The comedian fancied for an instant, but only an instant, that his name had "given rise" to a pun, but a glance at the hard features of his friend convinced him the play on the word was grossly unintentional.

"Well, how very strange I should know so many of yeour name! I shouldn't wonder if I knew people with yeour full name. What might yeour Christian ——?"

Hill saw what was coming, and replied—

"George."

"Is that a fact! Oh, you're certainly joking. Why my name's George too. Wheeler—George Wheeler 's my name."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Naow yeou were born ——."

"In Boston, ——."

"Ya-as 'zackly so. Boston, *Massachusetts*, of course."

"Certainly; Boston, Massachusetts—New England—North America," said Hill, who, bored to death by this time with inquiries, placidly settled down in the corner of the coach and shut his eyes. Vermont was not to be thrown aside so easily, however; and contracting his sharp features—every angle of which seemed to ask a question—he stretched his neck and said—

"S'kuze me, but what *part* of Boston were yeou born?"

Hill's patience evaporated at that moment, and determining to tie up in a packet every possible interrogatory, replied—

"Near the centre, close by the 'Old South,' about four o'clock in the morning, in the dead of winter, in Milk Street."

Hill thought he had left the fellow no margin now, and judge his surprise when he leaned over and said—

"If it's not troublin' yeou too much, *what side of Milk Street wuz yeou born on*, AND WHAT WUZ THE NUMBER?"

The comedian avows that after that "last stroke" he got out of the coach, and pursued the balance of the journey on the box with the driver.

OLD DAN OF CONNECTICUT RIVER.

The picturesque banks of the river Connecticut are dotted with charming little villages that break here and there upon the sight like feathers of light, dancing among the willow leaves; there is such a dazzling irregularity of house and hill—so much fairy-like confusion of vista, landscape, and settlement. Now we pass a tiny white and vine-clad cottage, that looks as if had been set down yesterday—now we sweep majestically by an ambitious young town, with its two, three, or half-a-dozen church spires, sending back the lines of narrow light

into the water—anon we glide past a forest of majestic old trees, that seem to press their topmost buds against the fleecy clouds floating in the blue sky—and through these forests we catch glimpses of the oriole dashing through the boughs like a flake of fire, or the merry thrush trilling its wild wood-notes, while hundreds of joyous little birds are carolling their songs in the very perfection of natural gladness.

The Connecticut is a delightful stream. To be sure we do not see on its banks baronial castles, ivy-mantled, the token of feudal days, when people inserted themselves into heavy suits of armour, and carried lances about of an absurd length; neither do we see shining piles of marble that are supposed to reflect their shadows in the Adriatic; 'tis true we miss the orange-groves that skirt the Guadalquiver; we find no lotus-flowers that one sees up the Nile, after one has feasted on the pyramids, and returned from the bazaars of Constantinople; we have no wish to see painful rows of smoke-stained warehouses that wall the Thames. But in lieu of all these, one sees such rose and golden lined skies—such fresh, genial, and brilliant scenes—such "little loves" of villages—so many busy, neat, tidy-looking towns—such a variety of pretty gardens blooming with roses, and flowers, crimson, pink, blue, and yellow, twining their tender branches lovingly and trustingly over whatever object comes in their way.

It is usual for writers of tales to make whatever river runs through their story, as the "golden stream of all the gods," and for fear the indulgent reader should suspect us of the same romantic but extravagant line of conduct, we wish it distinctly understood that the river in question deserves everything amiable that can be said of it. From the humble origin of its rise, until it ceases to be recognized as the Connecticut, it presents a beautiful succession of natural and artificial objects.

In one of the oldest, smallest, and most sequestered of these river settlements, containing not more than a score or so of small white houses, located in a gentle vale, that gradually slope from the river's edge, and not sufficiently elevated for a glimpse of the solitary church spire to be caught on the river—lived a strange, eccentric, whimsical old fellow, whom tradition had taken the liberty of calling Daniel Suggs, for want of a more proper and legitimate patronymic. The origin of this man seemed to date so far back that the genealogical line became twisted and finally lost in the search. The "oldest inhabitant" only remembered him as a wild reckless youth, with an irrepressible love of adventure, who frequently absented himself for, not days and months, but years, and then all at once would turn up in his "supposed" native town, possibly on a very fine morning, something after the supernatural suddenness of Prince Selim, in the "Arabian Nights." His departure was always as abrupt and unexpected as his return—there were no social connections to wish him good speed, nor gentle eyes to light him on his journey. He would be seen, possibly, lounging in front of the elm grove, or angling in the mill stream, with a favourite dog lying by his side; the next day he had gone, and his mysterious disappearance formed a morsel of gossip for a knot of old crones, who stroked their wrinkled brows and pronounced him "a strange sort of

creeter." When his memory had faded away, and the pranks of the noisy scape-grace had ceased to be adverted to, who would rise up like a phantom from the dusty roadside, but the self-same Dan, looking just as benignant and reckless as ever? Everybody knew him, and he knew everybody, and the off-hand casual manner with which he would excuse his long absence was as admirable as it was peculiar.

"Why, Dan, where on earth have you been?" the village barber would say.

"Why," he would reply musingly—"odd's me, I'd rather you'd ax me whar I hant been."

"You never told us you were going."

"Well, on my honour, it never struck me to do so. The fact is, I was fishin' for roach—just the day afore I went to Spain—"

"Spain! good heavens, Dan, you don't mean to say—"

"That I've been to Spain—"

"Yes?"

"And Port-e-gal too—and drank an ocean of fruit-juice, and made wreaths of purple grapes for the senoras to wear. Well, as I was sayin', if you'll allow me to go on, the day afore I went to Spain I was fishin' for roach, and strike the luck nothin' would bite but eels. I must have set in the brilin' sun three hours, and not a roach would say 'how d' do!' to my hook. I got mad—jumped up, and vowed I'd not stay in a part of the country where a man couldn't get his wishes. 'Where shall I go?' said I; somethin' like an echo from the hum of the mill-wheel answered 'Spain'—and off I went without as much as sayin' one word to a livin' soul except Tuig—poor Tuig—he died on shipboard—he was as honest and faithful a brute as ever lived, and for the first time in my life the dew stole into my eyes when he could no longer lick my hand," and Dan, at the memory of his dog, turned away his head, and forced back a tear that welled up at the sad recollection.

Notwithstanding the incertitude that danced attendance on Dan's origin, he was universally loved; even those straight-faced puritanical persons who censured his recklessness, owned that he was honest and good-natured to a fault. His very manner—brusque and primitive—though it was lacking polish, and hard as the diamond, like the gem in the rough, exhibited a wildness of natural beauty that told of hidden worth. The puzzle of his birth seemed to give his rude romantic nature a double zest, and had it been clearly and satisfactorily explained who were his forefathers, that halo of genial mystery lingering around him would have been for ever removed, and he must eventually have deemed himself the mere anomalous roamer of land and sea. But traditionary superstition was busy with Dan although he was not aware of it. Some of the old women, setting aside the laws of Nature, were of the horticultural belief that he had emanated from a huge pumpkin that had been planted by a certain outlandish descendant of Oliver Cromwell, when the state was first settled. Others seemed to agree that he was a son of the Wandering Jew, but with no inborn purpose of evil; and the sexton very frequently, on the sly, retailed a dream he had had the night the stars fell, in which nocturnal vision it appears that Dan was shadowed as having emerged from a spry young willow-tree that waved

its tender branches over the new-made grave of a usurer. An old fortune-telling woman, who made monthly excursions into the village, for the purpose of reading the palms of the love-lorn girls, and who it was said lived in a hut in the forest—this gypsy fortune-telling hag very gravely laid Dan's origin at the door of a certain man of great estates who had long since died at some ancient castle in Scotland. But all of these opinions, diverse and conflicting as they were, did not give Dan any great trouble. It would have been the same to his happy frame of mind, whether he were the shoot of a pumpkin, the scion of the Wandering Jew, the branch of a willow tree, or a cast-away heir of a Scotch baronet. As matters stood, he was troubled with no family connexions, and kind mother Nature, under the circumstances, having behaved wisely in creating him callous to worldly views, he went his way rejoicing—an eccentric, sun-browned, good-natured, athletic man, with no strong affection for anything except his rifle, and a predilection for relating "whopping" stories of his travels, and incidents of adventure which no mortal *since* the days of Baron Munchausen could have experienced under any possible circumstances.

As Dan grew up and disappeared, and returned from time to time, he was certain to bring with him quantities of the most unheard of exploits, until in late years, when his presence was in the end expected, his return was looked forward to with feelings of the liveliest interest. He was regarded as an *ignis fatuus* of adventure, here to-day and there to-morrow, tasting the honey of marvels with the flitting movement of the bee that slyly enters the silken cups of the flowers. And this feeling Dan himself had of course cultivated. According to his own account, he had been everywhere from Chilicothe to China—doubled both the capes a dozen times at least—crossed various deserts (more, we suppose, than were on the maps), and stood on his head on the peaks of more mountains than, put close beside each other, would create a moderate-sized continent. He thought nothing of breakfasting in Nubia on a lion's back, lunching with a brown bear on the Rocky Mountains, and then, by way of exercise, taking a facetious turnabout in the Maelstrom, or playing "hop, skip, and jump" among the glaciers of Mont Blanc, where the air was most rarified, as the case might be. He was the only American friend the governor of Japan ever recognized, and he had repeatedly advised him in the sending out of savage fleets for the subjugation of neighbouring nations. The glittering icebergs of the polar seas, he knew by heart. He insisted on having had confidential chats through the chinks of the pyramids with mummies that had been dead four thousand years; and as to the mystery of the Sphynx, the riddle was as plain to him as the nose on his face, if he only *choose* to tell it. He had used Cleopatra's needle for a tooth-pick on more than one occasion after dining on roast hippopotamus and giraffe jelly. He had seen enough of "them Chinese" to advise old people who treasured their nerves to use black tea instead of green, and on more than one occasion ventured to rashly assert that every cigar smoked in England was not *all* tobacco, by considerable. So he went on, to the delight of the rustics, who wondered indeed, to adopt the idea of poor dear Goldsmith, "that one small head could carry all he knew."

When Dan was at home—if the small settlement, with the slenderest idea of propriety, could be called "home"—he took up his abode in a rough log structure, surrounded by a white pale-fence, which he called his cottage, but which the neighbourhood had christened "Dan's Den." It was a curious old pile, composed of rough-hewn oaken logs, locked together and wedded at the seams by satisfactory daubs of red clay, which the sun had baked into a substance tolerably substantial. Over this bleak frame-work were thrown long black branches of various trees, the interstices being stuffed with moss and straw, and then the whole paved with dark rows of uneven stones, which afforded a rude shelter, and bid an humble defiance to the storms that might hurl their power at the brow of this little tenement. A small temporary aperture at one side served for a chimney; and one window, with half-a-dozen panes of dingy glass, and a pine door, swinging on a pair of crazy hinges, were the most noticeable exterior features of Dan's Den. In good sooth it would have looked more like the savage retreat of a beast of the forest, had its wildness not been relieved by the really neat white fence that surrounded it—presenting the idea of a beautiful frame around a deformed picture—and the further and more charming relief of a wild-rose bush, that had turned its tendrils around the stakes of the gate-posts, and broke into a shower of rich oriental blossoms, filling the air with fragrance, and standing as the sentinel-flower of this rude, uncouth structure. So gloomy a building seemed little to deserve so fair an attendant. A sprite, "all air, all poesy," doomed to the heels of an ugly grinning Cyclop, could not have been at more seeming contrast; and yet those crimson-hearted roses had in nowise caught the rude infection. They smiled as only roses do smile, and threw their gay plumes to the wind in the very merriest of humours. Dan, with all his homespun coarseness, cherished his rose bush, and as the buds appeared gave them the choicest of names. He also avowed that the flowers took turns about in waiting up for him at nights, and that he kissed them by the light of the moon-beams, and then they folded themselves up with the dew on their breasts, and fell asleep till morning. This susceptibility of mind to objects of beauty softened the nature of the man, and made him the jovial good-natured creature of adventure that he was.

But we are committing an act of mental petty larceny in thus summarily running off with Dan's roses; and so, returning placidly to his cabin, we will conclude our account of it by merely remarking the clump of althea bushes growing about the back, that so gaudily throw up their broad saucer-like flowers to the sun, and casting a glance at the curious old-fashioned oaken tressel by the door side, on which is mounted a barrel, with a chain and tin cup attached, and a label painted in broad brown letters the friendly invitation—HELP YOURSELF. The casual inference would be that this barrel contained water; but Dan, when "at home," disdained that popular fluid, and shewed his hospitality by offering his visitors something more substantial and less plentiful. To be brief, it contained hard cider; so, after all, in visiting Dan's queer rude old residence, one had to pass a rose-bush in bloom, and a friendly request to quench one's thirst, and these were no mean attributes in tranquillizing the mind before entering.

The interior—the one-room dwelling of old Dan Suggs—was a picture for painters to study. Wilkie would have lingered in it, as a rare subject for his sprightly pencil. It was in keeping with the character of its possessor. Its grand feature was, first, its wild and general disorder; and then the character of the furniture, and the objects observable, were a rugged uniqueness that appealed at once to the suggestive imagination. A hearth, with huge stone hobs, claimed one corner, in which lay the smouldered remains of an arm-load of greenwood. An opposite corner was curtained off to protect from the gaze a floor-bed, for our hero had a hearty contempt of feathers and four-posters. Quilts were entirely out of the question; and as for pillows, it was his opinion that they imparted a softness to the head, which in time developed itself in other than a physical sense. He glowed in bear skins, however, and was alive to the genial power of warmth concealed in a buffalo robe.

Suspended on hooks were three or four flint-lock rifles, one of which had a shattered stock; and side by side with these formidable weapons swung several rusty sabres and battered blades, that looked as if they had been else than idle since first wrought. Nailed with well-arranged nicety, were at least twenty scalps of foxes, deer, and bears, proud trophies of slaughter. Here hung a suit of dusty buckskin, and there a broad sombrero; at one side lay a worm-eaten saddle, having as near neighbours the lacerated remains of a pair of leathern leggings, and the more lively companionship of several bead-worked Indian moccasins. For the purpose of chairs various hewn blocks of wood had been substituted; and in lieu of a dressing-table, with the usual conventional accompaniments of sweet soaps, freckle-eradicators, hair-unguents, and similar cosmetic tom-foolcries, was a stolid column of oak, hollowed out, in which fitted a basin of tin. His tablecloth—though he seldom dined in his cottage—was the spotted skin of a leopard, for which he had bartered beads with some dreadful tribe of savages on the African coast. Hither and thither were scattered minerals and fossils that he had brought home from time to time. Every stone had a story intimately linked with it. There was an episode lurking in the heart of each pebble; and if the stuffed birds and fishes that lay on all sides had the power of using their tongues, what a medley of odd reminiscences would have been evolved, to be sure? Crusoe's cave could not have presented a greater variety in its very hey-day! though there *was* a large lump of gold thrown uselessly by, to heighten the value of the saturnalia.

Such was Dan's museum, then—a rugged collection of tokens from every quarter of the globe. The one object of modern aspect that adorned the apartment was a painting—some said it was a portrait—which he kept carefully shrouded with a black cloth, and which he gave people to understand was not there placed for scrutiny. If any curiosity got about, from the fact of this picture being covered, nobody evinced it; though, we dare say, in the bosoms of the town gossips it was pretty sure to exist.

Dan Suggs had been at home "this last spell" for at least seven months, and waxed weary of the unvarying round of his Connecticut

life. The beauties of the river, the genial atmosphere, and the temptations of the forests—all palled on his taste, and he resolved to once more go abroad. A resolve with Dan was no sooner formed than it was clinched; there was no "backing out" in his nature, and when he said "I'll go," it was a fair synonyme of "gone."

Contrary to his usual line of conduct, he did not this time disappear suddenly and mysteriously, as a demon bolts through a trap in a Christmas pantomime, but invited a number of his friends the night before to a bout, and there announced his intention.

And the guests. There was Captain Spiggot, the innkeeper.

Captain Peter Spiggot was a short dumpy person, with a pair of very fat cheeks, in the centre of which was placed a very pug nose—so atrociously pug, that had Captain Spiggot been purblind he could not have worn spectacles. Captain Spiggot was one of Dan's warmest admirers—who looked upon him as a walking anecdote; and, besides, Dan was a devoted patron of the "Wheatsheaf," which perhaps accounted somewhat for the aforesaid admiration.

There was Jack Coulboy, a hard old fellow of German extraction, who was a jack-of-all-trades, and reckoned among his accomplishments a slight knowledge of the violin. He had descended from a musical family by his mother's side, and could, by dint of severe scraping, rub four elderly tunes out of the catgut.

There was Abell Snukks, the miller's man, who with a pertinacity peculiar to the craft, insisted on wearing a white hat, no matter how dingy his face might be. Abell was a tall, gawky, wiry chap, that never had an article of clothing to fit him, for his joints seemed to possess a certain hinge-like property, and seemed to shift about every now and then. Abell boasted of having lifted a great many sacks of flour in his time, and protested he "could chaw as much tobacco as any man of his size," in all New England.

Then there were Neighbour Lee; Harry Hanks, the fisherman, who always smelt of shad; and Captain Spiggot's little boy, Hezekiah, who had built up quite a reputation in his native town for consuming brown gingerbread—particularly specimens of spiced zoology in the way of cake camels, elephants, and lions. His father, the captain, frequently on lonely winters' evenings, when business was slack, laid wagers with the neighbours that his son Hezekiah would undertake to eat twenty gingerbread elephants in five hours; and setting the youngster up on a high stool, he was encouraged to stuff until his little jacket almost burst with the load. Hezekiah did not want much coaxing for the first dozen elephants; but after that he slowly munched, generally attacking the trunk, then removing the tail, and so traversing the outline of the animal till it gradually lost its identity.

This was the "select circle" that Dan had invited to pass the evening at his den. He had prepared several large jugs of whiskey toddy, laid in a good stock of pipes and cigars, and had taken especial pains to replenish the cider barrel, which of late had evinced sundry gurgling symptoms of decline. Old Jack Coulboy had brought his Cremona, but on his way shattered the bridge, and of course the instrument was rendered useless.

"Now boys, bring up your lounges—they aint soft as—what's the word I want?" said Dan, filling a pipe.

"Flour bags?" suggested the miller.

"Flour bags, no—ottamans—things I've seen in the Injies, but they're what I don't approve of no how you can fix it—pull 'em up now, and we'll have a game of 'brag.' I feel wolfish to-night, and b'leve I'll hold three or 'double pairs' every hand. Shall it be 'brag'?"

"For my part, I'm 'dead flat broke'—busted as clean as a whistle—not a cent to git shaved to-morrow," remarked Snukks, the miller's man, who was one of those people, everywhere to be met with, that never by chance have any change." "Praps you'll lend me an X, Dan, till I see you agin."

"Would with the greatest pleasure, Abell, but my return's somethin unsartin; and I never lend in 'brag'—it's cuttin' one's own wizzen."

"It's my opinion"—this was Captain Spigott's usual mode of heading a remark—"It's my opinion that we'd better not play 'brag' at all; but let us set down, take it cool, and Dan'll tell us a yarn—what do you say, Dan?"

"I'm on hand," replied he; "but I vote for 'brag,' providin' there's any blunt in the crowd."

"I'm sorry I m broke; but if I had the tin I'd as leave lose five hundred dollars as one," said Abell, stretching his long crane-looking figure, and arising from his seat apparently in sections.

If Abell's word could have been taken, he would have performed acts of frightful prodigality, but as matters stood his monthly income barely supported him in "backa" and "board;" and so thoroughly characteristic of his occupation were his trousers, that wherever he sat down he was safe to leave a white "reminiscence" of his presence.

"Confound you, Abell Snukks, you whitewash everything you touch," said Dan. "Pull up that stool in the middle of us."

Abell obeyed the direction.

"Indeed it's my opinion that we'd better not play," said the Captain, pretending to search his pockets. "Somehow or the other I'm very short. Harry, snuff the candle; and a long yarn, Dan, would make us terrible comfortable."

"Why," quoth Dan, ruminating and replenishing his glass with toddy; "to tell you the truth, I skeercely know what to talk of. Jack, suppose you play something, and I'll stir up my memory."

"I've broke the bridge of 'Sukey' or I would," replied old Jack, shuffling a pack of very dingy cards that he had produced from his pocket.

By "Sukey" Jack meant his violin, he having thus named it out of respect after some worthy ancestor.

"I say, Dan, you've heard of the sea sarpint, hav'nt you," inquired Abell, staring at the fossil remains of a mammoth-headed fish, which its possessor insinuated was a native of the Dead Sea.

"Heer'd of the sea sarpint! Ha! ha! ha!" roared Dan, elevating his ponderous boots on a line with his nose. "That's a good question to axe Dan Suggs. Have I *seen* the Sarpint? Have I ever rode on his back and gone into port, you mean, I calkelate. Didn't I never tell you 'bout that scrape?"

The Captain was of the opinion that he never had.

"Why, you must be a-jokin, Spiggot; I thought the hull State knew it."

Every one present pledged their separate and solemn words that they never had heard a syllable on the subject.

"That beats the savages. Why, I'd a-bet my big toe 'ginst a turnip I'd told you. It's one of my great 'ventures. Abell, fill my glass, and I'll go in. Come here Tom."

Tom—which was a fierce overgrown cat, as black as Erebus, with large eyes that shone like balls of fire—walked with velvet tread towards his master, and springing with a bound, comfortably settled on Dan's shoulder.

"Well, first and foremost you must know," commenced Dan, rubbing his huge whiskers against puss, which caused him to blink his extensive red eyes, "it is'nt for me to set here and tell you I been a great traveller; for its ginerally owned up in this part of the world I'm all of that—"

"And more too," interrupted Abell.

"I'm of your opinion," chimed the Captain.

"Don't imbarras the speaker, gentlemen, but pass the punch," remarked Dan, in the best humor. "You see last summer I got kind of tired loafin 'bout the place, and one mornin' I stepped on board the brig 'Polly,' bound for the Sandwich Islands, determined to have a cruise. The captain, who was out-and-out human, and me were as thick as brothers, and the first mate happenin' to die off the coast, I was appointed in his berth. Well, I had'nt been more than two days in my new service, afore one of the sharpest squalls come up that ever whirled a vessel. The wind whistled, cracked, blew, dashed everything into bits, and our poor little craft shook about like a feather bed on horseback. Odd's me, I kin see the 'Polly' now just as plain as if it was that stuffed otter thar, twirlin' like a tee-to-tum on the waters. Well, this squall lasted two days and two nights, and when it cleared up we all felt as if we'd been stook in a bag aginst a cart-load of pavin'-stones. We lost one jib-stay, the main top-sail, and our stern taffrail was a mess of flinders. Our sheets looked as if they'd been cut up for ribbons to make holiday streamers, an' the top canvass got so tied up in a knot that we had a good month's work afore us to git 'em right agin. What was provok'nest of all, we had made up our minds after this tremenjus blow we'd have fair knock-a-head winds, and soon get into port. But here our hopes were cornered most beautiful. Instead of fresh gales springin' up, the wind, after its 'stravagant fit had breathed its last, and the taunt topsails flapped about with the omen of a long calm. I was provoked beyond everything human, an' settin' down on a short allowance of pigtail, I komenced carvin' pine cupids out of a board I found in the fore hatchway. This was mighty snug amusement for a landsman—not that I'm a lubber, as the sailors say—but hardly the chalks for a becalmed mate. What could I do—makin' timber cupids is fine work, but it did'nt pay the under-writers, I b'leve you call 'em—but there was no help for it. I didn't have command of the winds, or I should have ordered up a breeze in less than no time, so we sat on the waters like a

Dan Suggs and the Sanpent

sleepy duck. This went on for four days, and on the fifth, when all hands were gettin' disgustin' lazy and loungin' about deck like overfed porpoises, a man who was up in the shrouds—Long Bill we called him—

"Was he taller than me?" enquired Snukks, with a dusty wink in his right eye, doubtless the doings of the punch.

"It's my opinion you'd better not interrupt the speaker," suggested Captain Spigot, whose pipe had turned upside down in his attention.

"Taller than you!" exclaimed Don. "Why you're only six foot seven."

"Six foot eight—I begs your pardon," interrupted Abell. "I was measured on Easter Sunday. Aaron Ginger's wife insineated I could eat an egg for every inch I stood in my stockin's."

"You've got a human appetite of your own, I guess," pursued Dan; "but howsoever your munchin' stands, Long Bill shoots up past you two foot—he's a good eight feet, and thin as a flag-staff. Well, as I was sayin', Bill shouts out in a hoss voice, 'There's somethin' strange bearin' on the lee bow!' I didn't take any partickler 'tention to this, thinkin' it was one of Bill's yarns, and went on whittlin'. Jist then the Captain, who was standing on the quarter-deck with the glass, roared, 'It's the devil himself! Bring out the guns!' This rather took me aback; and throwin' Mr. Cupid into the sea head foremost, I sprang up in the ropes, and may I never scent bear meat agin if I didn't see about two miles of somethin' black roarin' and pitchin' on the top of the water. Wasn't thar a rumpus among the men! I never seed anything like it since I come into the world. The sea all at once swelled and foamed, and though there wasn't a breath of wind stirrin', the waves dashed about and turned somersets over each other jist like they do in a hurry-cane. It wasn't long afore we had all the guns on board, and our Captain, who was bilin' over with clear grit, jumped up and crowed, and said, 'Devil, or no devil, we'll have a shy at him!' Still the black body moved on, and at last it got so near the brig we could hear it breathe under the water. 'Man the boats with harpoons!' 'sklaimed the Captain; and in less time than Tom here could snatch a liver from a dresser, the boats were unswung and down. I was self-appointed komander, and standin' at the larboard gang with a big iron spear in my fist ready to hurl, the huge black devil raised its head out of the water not a furlong from me, and groaned like a mad whale. Thar! talk about heads. It wasn't a speck smaller than a three-story house, and each of its teeth was an ivory column cut in a gothic style, at least two yards long, at a sudden guess. The t'rific sight made two of our oarsmen keel over, and I don't wonder at it, for of all the hugest, infernal, frightful lookin' varmints I ever clapt eyes on, it certainly did take the belt. It kept its head out of the brine only about twenty seconds, and sousing it agin, the water flew about and nearly washed us away. I jist had time to notice that the critter hadn't any eyes, and this fact I took to heart very encouragin', for I knew if matters come to the worst it left us a young chance in the game that had to be played. It was as clear as could be that the varmint had smelt our vessel, and was makin' for us with a dead set. Thinks I, Old Satan—if that's your Christian name—I'll fool you or splurge a tryin'! and with that I

ordered the long boat to pull around to the other side, and try and git up a scent on the starboard main. Around they went, with Long Bill at the head, an' though the movement of the water fiend was every minnit stirrin' up the sea to a dreadful foam of excitement, they pitched round bravely, and soon headed it off. In the meantime I looked off to see if I could trace the end of the enormous beast, and jist as far as the eye would reach I could see the water partin' with a tar-black line in the centre. 'Odds me!' said I to myself, for I wouldn't dishearten the men, 'here's no end of trouble; but I'll see it out if we all get chawed to bits;' and this thought had no sooner flashed through my brain afore the gigantic eyeless head raised up agin within ten foot of us, and bang! I let drive my spear with all the force I could muster. Whew! talk of claret! I had hit it mortal, and a red column spouted up in the air as thick as your leg. Then such plunges, dives, and capers, you never heerd tell of. A 'demonstration' from Vesuvius was nowhar, and has no biz'ness to be mentioned in the same breath. The sea on all sides tossed and raved, and for some time we couldn't see the sun, it ran so high."

Abell opened his eyes very wide at this, and the Captain shifted his legs most ungracefully. Even little Hezekiah deserted the ears of a gingerbread pony, which he had been reserving for a favourite swallow, and riveted his large grey optics on the narrator.

"Fact, I kin tell you," remarked Dan, observing the incredulous stare of his audience. "You never knew me in your lives to sacrefize truth to make a good story. Don't all speak at once, and confuse me with komplements. People say I'm as hard as a rock; but when you come to flattery I melt like snow in a June shower. And don't put me out. Let me see, where was I?"

"At the sun," prompted Abell.

"Wall, as I was sayin', for our lives and bodies, we couldn't get a squint at the sun, though it was broad mid-day; yet, through the haze of mist and vapour, we could see the folds of the monster writhin' and twistin' like a mammoth black silk hangkerchief in convulsions. Long Bill and the men in t'other boat got dyed with the spout of blood, for it fell in a shower over them; and the 'Polly' looked as if she'd been dipped in vermilion. All that now remained to be done was to give the monster one dig more, and it couldn't help bleedin' to death at the rate it was then leakin'. I hunted up another spear, and, takin' advantage of a momentary calm, made towards its head agin, and sent iron No. 2 after its companion. This was a 'cooler'; for, twenty minutes after the last strike, the sea subsided in our neighbourhood, and, except a long way in the distance, where we supposed the tail to be, it was agin jist as smooth as glass, only the water looked as if it had been kivered with a red carpet. You can imagine my feelin's when I saw the gigantic head laying lifeless on the waters. I was so proud of the kapture that, pullin' alongside of the huge victim, I jumped on to its neck, when it gave a sort of dyin' twitch; and how far do you think it threw me?"

Abel guessed ten feet; Spiggot fifteen; Coulboy twenty; and little Hezekiah, who thought he might as well be extensive as otherwise while he was about it, said half-a-mile, much to the chagrin of his

father, who thought he perceived a sly twinkle in the eye of his offspring as he spoke.

"You're all wrong, though Hez is nearest," continued Dan. "It tossed me seventeen miles, *and I lit on the back of the monster.* You well may stare; but where I struck, it hadn't yet commenced to be dead; and I give you my word it took me six hours to walk from where I was thrown, and I had a straight line of it at that. When I reached the brig, I found 'em all in a cruel state of agitation; for they thought I was lost, to a dead certainty, when they saw me dartin' through the air like a maskeline telegraph. I cheered 'em up agin—told 'em I was'nt a bit siled, for it was *soft* where I fell; and then we all hands got together on deck, and studied what we should do. I proposed, the first thing, a double allowance of grog all round, which was served out, and then they all drunk my health for savin' 'em from a horrid and sartin fate. The Captain hung a silver watch around my neck, and told me I had shown true Yankee stuff, and would be an ornament to the Navy. The men all got loving tipsy, and swore they'd live and die for me. Then the Captain made a speech, and offered to resign in my favour; but I told him, afore I'd displace him, I'd rather stuff sasidges for a livin'; and then he swore I was the noblest fellow he ever met in his life, and that I ought to be President of the United States afore I withdrew from public life. The men all got so weak in the knee-pans that day, we done nothin' but snore; and if the 'Polly' ever had a cargo of jollity aboard of her, she had then. The Captain down to the cook was as glorious 'tight' as humans could be. We put the question in reg'lar form, whether anybody should stay sober? and old Whiskey carried the day by a sensible majority. The ship took care of itself; and if anybody had been found sober, we'd thrown 'em overboard. It would ha' been disgusting and out of all character to hev walked a chalk-line on that occasion; and the upshot of the story was, the next morning's sun found us ready launched, and sails set for duty. When we all turned out, the adventure of the preceding day seemed like a dream; but one glance at the red splosh on all sides woke us up in double-quick-time. Long Bill looked like an extensive fresh-burnt brick walkin' about; and, in fact, the men were all more or less tinged. The first thing we set about was to take the dimensions of the monster, and began operations at his head. From the tip of the nose to the back of the neck, it measured a clean twenty feet; around the shoulders, it lacked about an inch of being seventy feet; from the ears"—

"Had it ears?" inquired Abell.

"Ears! to be sure it had. Do you 'spose it could neither see *nor* hear? From the ears around to its belly, doublin' the line once around the neck, it measured two hundred feet; and the teeth, which were of solid ivory, each weighed half-a-ton. Some of the men hacked away a bit of the blubber from the lower jaw—for it had a double-chin as fat as butter—and it yielded a gilt-edged ile that burned like a Drummond light! We worked for a week to get out one of the teeth, but it was no good: they were rooted so firm, that axes and boardin'-pikes were lost on 'em. The skin of the head, which was a pale blue, and clocked jist like old-fashioned Salem stockin's, was as soft as sponge; and this

accounted for my hevin' killed him so sudden. If this hadn't been the case, we'd all been crushed and swallowed, without doubt; for the monster only had to half-open his mouth, and if we'd been near enough, brig, masts and all, must hev slid in, and never scraped his tonsils!

"The strangest part of the whole biz'ness is, it never struck a livin' soul of us what it was we'd captured till we had stood out from the monster a fortnight: then it was as plain as poverty—"

"How was that?" enquired the miller's man.

"Why, findin' there was no hope of loadin' with ivory, which seemed to be the only part of our prize worth takin' on freight, we rigged out a full canvass and started to find the monster's tail. We sailed on day after day, but could see no signs of it; and at the end of two weeks, when everybody was paralyzed with amazement, and we began to think we should never come to the conclusion of the long black line, may I be chained and never let out agin if the body didn't bend down into the water, and disappear with a plunge! This was enough for me: I didn't b'lieve it had an end; or if it had, mortal men were doomed not to see it. A somethin' then whispered in my ear I had done a great deed, and the fact dashed itself with uncommon force on the beach of my mind—"

"Good heavens, Dan! what was it?" shrieked Captain Spiggot and Abell simultaneously.

"What was it!" said Dan, the whole expanse of his bronzed countenance lighting up with a glow of exultant good humour; "how can you ask? Why, that I—I, poor Dan Suggs—had KILLED THE SEA SARPINT, TO BE SURE?"

We need not tell the reader that this last achievement elevated our hero to a still loftier position in the minds of the folks of the Connecticut River town; and it has been reserved for the writer of these pages—for otherwise the "fact" might still have been withheld from an anxious public—to proclaim Dan Suggs the *original*, or what is called in melodramatic parlance the "first murderer" of the celebrated and recently revived sea serpent. Long may Dan live to enjoy his laurels!

HOW THE CAPTAIN BROKE HIS WIFE OF READING IN BED.

Captain Belligerent Beeswax was a "milishia ossifer," a private citizen, a store-keeper, and a politician, residing at Castine, in the State of Maine. Like that illustrious man in Coleman's play, "Caleb Quotem," "Capting Beeswax," as the country for twenty miles round called him, was calculated for every sphere of life. There was nothing that did not come within his pale. He talked piety, sold pickles, pepper, and apple-sauce; wrote poetry, discussed politics, and on great occasions reviewed troops of citizens that assembled for militia duty. Belligerent was a man of some importance, and people patronized his

store because they felt it an honour to deal with him. Things went on swimmingly with Belligerent, and he often declared, that if it were not for one thing, he should be the happiest of men. His wife was what Cicero would have called a *helluo librorem*, or less learnedly, a "Blue" —a plant most uncommon in the land of pumpkins and cheap lumber, and what was still worse, she carried her propensity for reading to an alarming extent—actually to her bed—and this was what annoyed her *gifted* husband.

Captain Beeswax was a short, thick-set, brawling, noisy little man, full of self-assurance and vapour, and withal, excessively ignorant. Like most ignorant men, however, whose conceit and self-complaisancy serve to keep them afloat, he was full of opinions on every subject under the sun, and managed to meddle in whatever event claimed the attention of the county. He had run twice for the legislature without success. He had once attempted a nomination for Congress, and called into requisition all sorts of humble political intrigue; and when these efforts failed he strove for an aldermanship; but his destiny was met, as the Germans say; he could mount no little higher than that of a militia-captain, and this he turned to the best possible account.

The Captain would have been a most insufferable brawler, had his excitability not been cooled into a state of neutralization by the literary combativeness of his wife, of whom he stood something in dread. He firmly believed her to be a woman of uncommon capabilities, which to a certain extent, according to his way of thinking, excused her of many of the striking irregularities of temper that she daily exhibited in her domestic intercourse. Holding himself as a valiant "kind of creeter," he would have pardoned even these defections had she not indulged in the habit of reading in bed.

"That's what kill's me," the Captain used to say, swelling in all the pride of self-importance, and draining a drop of "something warm" at the same time; "she's a knowin' o'oman and all that—full up tu the brim—spillen over with larnin', and as sharp as a steel-trap. The com-bi-ned (he pronounced it in three syllables) powers of eaarth's potentaters mought assail her with the shafts of high-pressir knowledge, but still she'd be *thar!* No mistake 'bout that fact, which the world knows; but as I often say tu the First-Lef-tenant of the 'Squash-neck Blues' on train' day, 'Sink the hemey-spheres and confuse the corporation! she *might* leave off reading' after she goes to bed. She's dewoured everything, from the New England Primer, up tu my 'lection speeches, and even them don't satisfy her.' "

The Captain thought it an extremely hard case, that after the duties of the day were over—after he had dragged and sweated over the town in the front rank of the renowned company, the "Squash-neck-Blues," and returned home covered with glory and mud, puffing and blowing with fatigue and importance, that he should be kept awake, and literally swindled out of his early slumbers by a flaring tallow candle burning by the side of the bed, and his *larned* Betty pillowed up, with a thick quarto in her hands, and her eyes flickering almost as much as the candle.

"Betty Beeswax, what air yeou readin?"

"It's nuthin to yeou, Capting; don't pester me with yeour questions. I'm jist in an interestin' part."

"I'm tired as a hired hand in hayin' time," said the Captain. "Made a big speech to-day to the fellers at the armory—shouldn't wonder if I was run for Brigydier-Gineral next quarter-day. Took the boys intu Faunce's, and stood tew treats all areound, and I heard Bill Hummers whisper to Ike Allwine, that I had a heart like a bullock."

Mrs. Beeswax never removed her peepers from the page on which they rested during these remarks, and the candidate for honours, gradually divesting himself of his military panoply of "fierceless mail," a sort of undress uniform, run on in a low voice to himself—

"I'd as leave spend fifty dollars, as not to be Brigydier-Gineral; for then I'd make Shuttock County howl, or my name's not what it is. What ef I do sell minsticks and bacon?—these yaller epaulettes are some pumpkins, neow, I guess. Greater men 'na me hev handled the affairs of the nashun, and peddled wooden nutmegs at the same time. It's the tallest pole that knocks the persimmons, they say. Now, where does Betty keep my buckskin treousers? in here, I reckon. Yes, all I hev to say is, give me a chance at the helm of the milishia, and I'll steer into the port of triumph with a vanjance! I profess to know what I'm about ef I *was* suckled on seour cream, and didn't cut my wisdom teeth till I was past twelve. That's nothin' to nobody, so long as I carry a wise head on my shoulders and regelate the nashun!"

"What tomfoolery are yeou mumblin' tew yeourself, Capting" (she always called him "Captain"), said Mrs. Beeswax, raising herself on the pillow. "Du be more confidental in your communecations. I'm jist got to where Don Pratareno rushes in and see-zes Donney Isedooer by the mantiller, and threatens to assignate her."

"Yes, Betty, dear; but don't explain it, for I'm goin' to read that book. Don't tell me the pints, or they'll lose all the interest."

The Captain by this time had ensconced himself into his nuptial couch.

"Neow, Betty, I'm in snug—put eout the light, that's a good critter," he placidly remarked.

"I guess yeou'll put yeourself out fust," said Mrs. Beeswax, by way of reply, trimming the candle, "or wait a spell."

"I'm worn out, Betty."

"Serves you jist right for sojerin areound teown up to your ankles in mud."

"It's glory, Betty. Put out the light—it hurts my eyes."

"Turn yeour back, that's all you've got tu dew."

"Then I see my shader dancin' on the wall."

"Shet yeour eyes, and don't pester me."

"Can't I coax you?"

"Do hold your tongue, Capting, will you?"

The redoubtable Belligerent had no alternative but to lay and look at his shadow on the wall, which the flickering of the candle rendered grotesque and shapeless.

"By the public debt of Great Britain!" repeated he, in a low tone, "and it's a whopper, 'cording' to the papers, but I'm so huffy, I'd

swallow it all at one gulp, if I don't sarve you out, Betty Beeswax! Here I'm obleeged to lay every night, like a pine-stump, with a candle bobbin and burnin', jist to suit a whim of your'n. Neow I'll keep awake till yeou see fit to leave off sucken this stoopid fickshun, and then I'll play my cards in a new game." And with this resolution the "Capting" quietly curled himself up in the attitude felicitously known in home circles as spoon-fashion, and awaited the nocturnal literary caprice of his spouse.

A stiff shower of rain came pelting on the house-top, and the clock struck eleven simultaneously. The splash on the windows startled Mrs. Beeswax so much that, first pulling the stocking from her foot, and marking the place where she had left off, she laid down the book, extinguished the candle, and settled down in a snug prairie of pillow. Belligerent was still awake, but affecting a sonorous nasal, such as early slumbers produce, moved not a muscle.

"Capting, are yeou clean gone?" said Mrs. Beeswax, nudging him with her elbow. "Yeou might a-waited till a body got through."

No answer.

Did yeou say yeour prayers, and thank the Master of all Nater, that yeou hev a sweet hum' and a blest' wife!"

Nothing but a snore followed.

"Talkin' to sleepy pigs duz no good," and merely giving an uneasy movement, preparatory to a fixed position for the night, Mrs. Beeswax remained silent, and in a short time evinced evidences that she was unconscious of everything terrestial.

The wind howled and bellowed around the sharp-gabled, rusty old house, and rushed in cold gusts down the broad-clustered chimney. The rain pelted through the branches of the elm-trees, and dashed against the windows with a dismal sound. Everything without was stormy and cheerless.

"Pesterashun! heow it rains," remarked Belligerent to himself, as he lay listening to the violence of the storm. "It comes down like it did in old Noah's time, if Scriptur's tu be depended on. Whew! don't it blow a gale. How I pity the sa-lurs ef tha' hev it like this. By Juniper! if it keeps on it'll blow the spire ov the Meth-*e*-dist congregation inten the middle of day after tew morrow. This wind's all the better fur me, and I should'nt be surprised ef it was jist sent a purpas to help me eout. I sed I'd break Betty of readin' in bed, and I'll du it—I will."

Moving stealthily and quietly from his couch, he first put out one leg, and then pausing breathlessly for an instant, just to listen whether his wife stirred, he brought out the other, which, instead of touching the floor, as he naturally designed, went with a feeble splash into *something damp*, which caused him to start with a mutter of anger.

"What the devil's that?" and shaking his foot to scatter the sensation, he groped about with his hands. "Curse this basin, what a place to leave it. Betty's been washing her feet, and forgot it. U-g-h!" whispered he, between his teeth, with a shudder; "it's cold enough to freeze the conscience of a marvel statue."

He groped about the apartment in the silent darkness, and at length

found his way to an old-fashioned corner closet—just such a one as Southey falls into raptures about, in his famous letter to Grosvenor Bedford—from which he drew an ample sheet and a huge deeply-ruffled nightcap, belonging to his wife, into both of which he quickly inserted himself. He then felt his way back to the bed, and placing himself on the side where his "precious Betty" was unconsciously slumbering, gave vent to a variety of sharp protracted moans, which, considering he had never in his life performed imps on the mimic stage, were got up with a deal of fiendish effect.

"Oh-o-o-o-O!" Bo-o-o-o-O!" groaned he firmly in a hollow voice, which blending with the wail of the wind sounded dismally sepulchral.

The old lady twitched in the bed. The groans were repeated, and so stricken was she with sudden fright that she rose up in a sitting posture.

"Eugh-gh-gh-gh-h! Bo-o-o-o-o-o!" again roared Belligerent in a voice of thunder.

"O, massy sakes, I'm lost!" shrieked Betty, her heart swelling, and the very blood chilling in her veins. "Who's thar? O, O, O!" and she fell back, overcome, on the pillow.

The "spectre" glided quickly around, near her, and a flash of lightning darting among the boughs of the old elms at the window illuminated the apartment, just long enough for her to distinguish the dim outlines of a white figure standing close by the bedside.

"O! the Good Master of Natur, what have I done for a ghost to ha-ant *me!*" and frightened almost out of her reason, she leaned over to wake her husband, but her strength failed her, and she again fell back speechless.

"Oh-o-o!" groaned Belligerent in the drawled ghost-like tones. "Your name, ef my secret calendar tells trew, is Elizebeth Beeswax (horrid groan introduced here), som'times called by your husband 'Betty Beeswax,' for affecshun's sake!"

"Ya-as, ya-as, ya-as!" she managed to utter tremblingly, with an effort to get her hand towards the side where she supposed her "lord and master" lay unconscious. Another flash of lightning lit up the room, and he detected the movement.

"H-o-l-d h-a-r-d, B-e-t-s-y!" continued the voice from the sheet and night-cap, "Don't d-a-r-e (another groan), to w-a-k-e your husband, or *all* I-S L-O-S-T!"

"N-n-n-o—no, Mr. Ghost, I wun't, ef yeou don't want I sheould!" she shrieked in the hope that the sound of her voice would do that which the spectre denied, and then went off in a paroxysm of mingled agitation and groans.

"I a-m t-h-e s-p-i-r-i-t o-f (unearthly grunt) y-e-o-u-r h-u-s-b-a-n-d'-s f-a-t-h-e-r, t-h-a-t y-o-u n-e-v-e-r seed! He sees, with pain (spoken rather faster), the misery your bringin' on the head of his son! Yeou (slower) r-e-a-d i-n b-e-d a-t n-i-g-h-t-s (low and dismal). O! O! Q-U-I-T I-T, Q-U-I-T I-T, O-R I-E-L H-A-N-T Y-E-O-U E-V-E-R-Y N-I-G-H-T!!" and he concluded with a yell that would have frightened Old Nick himself.

"O! O! O!" sobbed Mrs. Beeswax, the cold sweat standing on her

brow, and her limbs quivering in every part; "Indeed, indeed, I'll never read agin in bed. Nev-er, nev-er."

"T-h-e-n i-n f-u-t-u-r' y-o-u-'l-l r-e-s-t i-n p-e-a-c-e. Follow what I sez!—Go, at once tu the kitchen, and pull three hairs from the tail of yeour black cat; to-morrow, when the clock strikes twelve, throw 'em in the fire, and then I leave the earth fur ever! (more groans). Go, go! but never tell your husband what's gone on tu-night, or the charm is bruk. GO! GO! GO!"

The Spectre-Captain then, by a sudden and most artistic squat, crept noiselessly under the bed, out of which his wife instantly leapt, in a quiver of alarm, and feeling her way cautiously to the door, gained the stairs and ultimately the kitchen, where, having rallied sufficiently to strike a light, she found the poor black cat in question, and extracted the hair as directed, much to the chagrin of Puss, at being disturbed from her hearth-rug at such an unseeming hour.

During the absence of his wife, Belligerent made the best use of his time in returning the sheet and night-cap, and found his way back to bed just as she returned, quaking with fright, and as pale as the ghost that she imagined had but so recently dissolved into thin air. Setting the candle in the fire-place once more, she flew into the bed and nervously shook her husband. He turned over heavily with a sleepy twang, and muttered—

"I tell yeou, Barley Spencer is the best man!"

"O, Capting, Capting! do wake up!" implored she, still shaking him, "O, Capting, I've seed a spec-ter!"

"A spec—spec—specter!" resumed he, as if just wakin, and, slowly uncovering his eyes, "what wuz it like?"

"O, Lord, forgive me!" she screamed, burying her face in the feathers, and grasping her worthy helpmate firmly by the waist; "O save me! protect me! I've bruck my word—th—th—the ghost told me not to tell yeou, and it'll come again. O de-ar! O de-ar!"

She had no sooner said this, than a sudden gust coming down the chimney extinguished the light, and all was as before, in Egyptian darkness.

"There, there—it's comin'—I know it is. The light's eout, and I shall see it agin! Save me, save me!"

The good old lady's fright here grew excessive; and Belligerent, satisfied that as she was now "right well skeered," he would ease her a little, accordingly feigned a perfect "wide" awakefulness.

"It's all right, Betty!" consoled he, in one of his bravest tones, "*I'll* stand by you, and I'd like to see the ghost that 'd dare to show its face to the Capting of the 'Squash-neck Blues.'

Betty was at length pacified, although she would have given the world for the morning to dawn. The next day she consigned to a blazing fire, with any quantity of mystery, the hairs of the black cat, wrapped in a bit of whitey-brown paper, as the ghost had instructed her. Belligerent, the wretch, set by and saw her do it, and never so much as showed his teeth. The trick altogether was satisfactorily successful; for, from that day to this, the valiant Captain Beeswax has never been troubled by his wife's reading in bed.

"DEBBY, DEAR, DON'T USE THEM 'BOMINABLE PINK SAAS-ERS!"

When it is remembered that people much above the level of common humanity have had their weaknesses, it is not to be wondered at that the more *general* members of Father Adam's great family become tinctured with silly notions and whimsical desires. We have somewhere read that the great Cardinal Richelieu was fond to foolishness of perfumes, that Lord Byron had a passion for lay-down collars, that Rousseau prized jewellery to the inconsistent extent of ringing his toes, that Montaigne had a ridiculous admiration of tabbies, and that King Charles the Second was never so happy as when up to his nose in a warm bath. When these reminiscences of distinguished tom-foolery are taken into consideration, it is not to be wondered at, that Debby Dewberry, who was a simple-hearted, crude Yankee girl, had a *penchant* for pink saucers. Debby lived in a small, scattered village on the margin of the thriving little commercial town of Portsmouth, in the agricultural state of New Hampshire; and as every inconsiderable place has its *belle*, Miss Debby set herself up as the rising paragon of beauty and loveliness in her limited district. It is true, presentable maidens were scarce about this suburban settlement; and although hair more curling, brighter eyes, whiter teeth, and necks more gracefully chiselled might have been found, had any seeker of charms taken the trouble to look them out, yet Miss Debby Dewberry laid claim and really possessed several eminent physical qualifications to make her pass for what people usually call a "pretty girl." But there was one drawback which she conceived neutralized the effect of her features, and that was, a peculiar pallor that characterized her face. No matter how her eyes sparkled—no matter how archly she smiled—her hair might curl in the most loveable of ringlets—still she looked pale, "ghostly pale"—so *she* thought. Girls of less pretensions all around beamed in their buxom heartiness; and this mortified her vanity. Some people there are—young ladies, too, with *ultra* ideas of gentility and breeding—who would have given the world to look just as pale as our rustic *belle;* but Debby set her face against this mandate of Nature in her case, and, accordingly, resorted to *pink-saucers.*

Her father, Duplicate Dewberry, was a small farmer and fisherman, mingling the two callings of the flail and line—occasionally tilling the fields, and more frequently skimming the Piscataqua River in pursuit of perch and pickerel. He was a hard, primitive, uncouth old fellow, with an abhorrence of everything in the shape of innovations, sticking like gum to the good old Yankee fashions, and declining the acquaintanceship of art in its remotest appliance. He had heard it talked about that his daughter was a *belle*, but he imperfectly understood the signification of the phrase; and when he discovered that she had taken

to use colouring matter for her cheeks, he associated the two hints, and was as much shocked as a queer old fellow with his temperament and sensibility well could be.

" Look-a here, you Deb," said he, after the communication had been made to him: " I've been told yeou put somethin on yeour face to make it red. I want to know."

Debby was peeling apples, and let a large one fall out of her hands, that she was peeling at the moment. She was taken all aback; for she never dreamed for an instant that any living soul knew of the wonderful prescription she had found to make herself appear blooming. Gazing at her father's huge, round, sunburnt face, she made no reply.

" Why, what in human kind's the matter, gal?" continued he, with an expression of surprise in his eyes. " What do you sit lookin' there abeout? Why don't you speak? I say agin that folks say that you dab somethin' red on your face."

" Why, Daddy, who told you *that?*" she said at length, looking down into her lap, and affecting to be deeply engaged in tracing the crisping curl of a mottled apple-peel. " Who could ha' told you that?"

" Never mind, gal. There's always enough folks peeking areound in other folke's affairs, to find out everything, I want to know about this dabbin' up of your face. Am I to understand that you're spileing the works of natur, by puttin' stuff on your cheeks, or is it all the pure tinge of old New Hampshire air?"

" Why—why, Daddy, you know," said Debby, in a faltering tone—" you know that I'm always pale as a specter; and"—

" Pale as a speck-ter!" interrupted Duplicate. " Pale as a rooster's comb, more like! Why, your face is as red neow this minit as them apple-parin's."

" Yes, it may be *now*," pursued the girl; " but when I get up in the morning, it's just as white as the pillow-case it laid on."

" Wall, wall, what of that?" gruffly said Duplicate. " It's nothin' but natur, and yeou can't fix it enny other way, if you try. Natur's natur, eout and eout!"

" But it's not nice to look so pale," remarked Debby, still looking in her lap. "There's Abundance Artichoke and Elsey Vandyke, they always look so fresh; and when I'm in their company, I feel like a milk-weed alongside o' two red roses."

" Pooh! darn-a-t-i-o-n! A lily with two poppies, more like! I stick to natur through thick and thin; and if I was as white in the face as our old crooked-horned cow Nance, saw me up for boot-jacks if I'd touch paint with a forty-foot pole!"

" But, Daddy, you're a man," said Debby, at last venturing to look up.

" Spose an' I am a man: you're nothin' but a gal; and it tisn't becomin' to anybody. Paint's a disgrace to petticoats as much as it is to treousers," remarked old Duplicate, with more warmth than generally marked his manner. " But that aint the *pint*. *Do* yeou dab your cheeks, neow?"

" Why—why—why"—She could get no further.

" Look here, Deb! 'Taint no use of yeur splutterin' and beatin'

about the bush. Out with it, if it splits your narves; for *I want to know.*"

"Why—why, the fact is, Daddy, as I'm so pale at times that I'm *obleeged* to use pink-saucers."

It was a great effort, but now it was out; and once more her eyes dropped into her lap, as if they were doomed to be ever fixed in that one position.

"Pink-saas-ers!" exclaimed Duplicate, whose knowledge of the art of cosmetics was entirely too circumscribed to comprehend the use of those questionable adjuncts of the toilette. "Why, Deb, what, in the name of all that's ceurious, is *pink* saas-ers?"

Debby was again silent.

"Do you mean pink saasers yeou drink out of? Our chinee's all blue and white. We haint got a pink saaser in the house, that I ever seed."

"They're saucers with pink paint inside of them," said Debby; "and they're made to impart a tinge to the countenance when it's not red enough."

"Impart a tinge!" repeated Duplicate, drawing himself up, and looking somewhat puzzled at that portion of the language with which his daughter had expressed herself. "That's some eddication that's got into your head, and which 'll spile your heart. Neow, Debby, don't you use them 'bominable pink saas-ers!—that's a father's advice."

How much longer old Duplicate would have continued his admonitions, we will not pretend to say; but they were cut short by the abrupt entrance of Miserable Muss—a chubby, comical little cow-boy, as fat as a Chinese pig, whose short, stubby hair, trimmed with uneven skill, resembled a crop-wig stuck on a bladder of lard. He had a pitchfork in one hand, and a thick raw-hide whip in the other.

"What's the matter, Miz'able?" said Duplicate, leaning back in his chair, and opening his eyes very wide.

"The cow's got into the pumpkin-patch, and Bill Jewit and me ha' been trien' to get 'em out, but we cant," said the boy, whose mouth, —which for a youth was a very extravagant one indeed—was smeared completely around with a halo of white. This old Duplicate saw at once.

"Say yeou Miz'able, where have yeou been? Come here tew me. Debby, hold the light close. I want to inspect his chops."

The boy advanced several steps, and the girl did as she was directed.

"Neow, Miz'able, yeou've had yeour nose in the milk pans agin, yeou tartanal critter!"

Miserable's fat stupid-looking figure just at that moment seemed inexpressibly droll. All at once he dropped the pitchfork, and attempted to dissipate the creamy substance with the sleeve of his coat.

"Heold on a bit, yeou—not so fast!" exclaimed Duplicate, catching his arm. "I'll send yeou to bed six weeks, neow, without your supper. How dare you put yeour face into the milk-pans!"

The boy's eyes filled with water, and bursting into a flood of tears, protested between the sobs that he had not been near the spring-house.

"It's a darn lie, Miz'able, and for tellin' a lie to boot you shan't have yeour supper for twelve weeks."

The tears fell faster from the fat boy; and again he protested that he had not touched the milk-pans.

" Heow did yeow git yeour face smeared then, yeou ugly lump ?"

" Why," said he, looking the very picture of juvenile desolation, with the rim of milk by this time gradually washing away by the tears that rolled down his almost bursting cheeks, " Why, sir, Bill Jewit caught old roan, and *he's been milkin' into my mouth !*"

" Eout of the way, yeou young sarpint !" and bestowing a sudden movement of his foot at the rear of the plump youngster, with almost a marvellous bound, duly respecting his obesity, he left the apartment all tears and terror, followed by the old farmer-fisherman ; and in a few minutes from that time both master and lad were in the active occupation of ridding the pumpkin-patch of the " horned cattle," that were interspersed at pleasant intervals quietly browsing on the vines.

After her father's abrupt departure, Debby collected her thoughts, and began a series of mental speculations, in *her* way, on the propriety of pink saucers. She felt as if she would like to obey her father's request ; but when she thought how pale she would always look if she put her bloom on short allowance, her mind oscillated between vanity and a sense of duty. Her reflections ended with the determination of diminishing her colour, and from a high rose-tinge descend to the modest hue of a light blush.

The next day her cheeks were clothed in just the faintest shade of the rose. Old Duplicate at the breakfast-table glanced several times at her face, and at length said—

" Neow, Debby, darlin', don't use them 'bominable pink saas-ers, an' I'll buy yeow a new geown next birthday."

Debby smiled at the prospect of the gift, but maintained a strict silence in regard to the beautifier.

And from day to day this advice was scrupulously delivered—"*Don't use them 'bominable pink saas-ers*" and yet day after day poor vain foolish little Debby would continue their use. Her mother, an old-timed eccentric creature, whose parents for some " ginerations" had lived in " those parts," at length joined in the expostulations ; but all to no purpose ; Debby's passion had become confirmed, and the old folks lamented that their only child " had takin' tew sich a sinful practice." With this habit had been engendered an artful slyness, for the girl knowing her parent's opposition sought to conceal the *secret* of her rosy complexion beyond the scrutiny of the domestic ken. This puzzled the old folks ; for often when Miss Debby was planting tulip-bushes in her little patch of garden, or walking on the lawn in friendly gossip with young neighbours, they were industriously engaged in rummaging drawers, and prying into every article of her property, in search of these pink *saas-ers*.

" Whar in the Dusenberry can she keep 'em, the jade ?" said the old woman, poking her large high-backed cap, and turning over a medley of " notions" in her daughter's work-box.

" Bury me if I du know—she's as sly as a trout. Ef I could jest git my paws on 'em, the way I'd tote 'em down to the bottom of the Piscataqua would be a sin to naburing States ;" and Duplicate, weary of the

search, would supply his mouth with a quid of pigtail, and take *expectorating* aim at a large box filled with sawdust, intended as a receptacle to small *outcast* objects.

"I'm fagged out lookin' for 'em. The hussy must carry 'em with her, and to-night when she's gone to bed I'll slip up and search her pockets," remarked the old woman.

"Bless your heart, that I done when yeou had gone to Portland, the night the ceows broke intew the pumkin-patch. Her pockets were just as empty as Aminadab Dawkins's, after he had his pus takin' at the horse-race."

"It now comes to this dreedful pint. She must take 'em to bed with her. That's the only way I can see through it," said the old lady, with a long-drawn sigh.

"That's it as slick as marrow!" exclaimed Duplicate, suddenly struck with the brilliancy of his wife's suspicions. "She must take 'em to bed with her, as yeou say, or we'd got our feelers on 'em afore this."

The current of his thoughts then flowed suddenly in another direction.

"Massy! massy, me! Nabby, this is all pasky wicked, I calkelate. If she does such a thing neow, old Satin after while'll git full swing of her. Nabby, Nabby, I've been a hard sinner when I was a yeoung man—spry and peart I was as a 'coon in autumn; but I never tinktered my slumbers with 'bominations in that way." And so much affected was the old Yankee that his voice grew quite pathetic in his deplorations.

That night, when the belle had retired, the old folks crept softly up to her room, and listened at the door. The desire to discover and destroy these pink *saas-ers* had now become the predominant thought of their minds; and the old lady having mooted a new idea, the worthy pair had agreed upon probing it to the bottom—of the bed. At the door stood honest Duplicate and his better half in a shiver; for although they were on a secret mission in a good cause, yet, as the old Yankee said, "He felt consnortin' vexed havin' to poke and sneak about like a thief." They could distinctly hear the soft breathings of their sinful "datter," for although Debby *did* stain her cheeks, she did not snore; and breathing themselves very loud in their endeavours to be mute, in they glided, old Duplicate shading the light with his hand.

Slowly and quietly the old lady fumbled about the bed. Debby moved nervously in her sleep; and the old man was in a cold perspiration lest she should awake before they had accomplished the purpose of their nocturnal mission. She turned up just a wee portion of the sheet, then inspected the bolster, and even went so far as to feel both of her daughter's hands to see if she held so fast as all that to that which was bad. No pink *saa-ser* could be found.

"I say, Nabby," whispered Duplicate, with a blank gaze at his shadow on the white-washed wall, which looked so much bigger than himself, "Jeust yeou feel areound abeout the pillow. 'Praps its under her head."

Softly the dame run her long bony hand under the pillow, and quickly touched something hard and cold. Her heart pulsated, and her little grey eyes almost flushed. Duplicate saw her emotion.

"Have you found it?" whispered he.

" If I haint made a mistake, I guess I have," and slowly restoring her hand to the " circumambient air," sure enough in it was the item of all their solicitude—a blazing, red, rascally " pink *saas-er*."

" Fetch it with yeou, Nabby," remarked Duplicate in a low tone, tip-toeing towards the door, with a gleam of satisfaction on his countenance. " We'll talk this thing eover when we git to bed." And closing the door easily after them the despoilers sought their own apartment.

Once within the four walls of his own snug room, Duplicate felt more at liberty to inspect this cosmetic. He turned it over and over again—smelt it—put his tongue to it—and then looked at it in the glass (but it would not show to advantage on a red ground)—and finally wet his finger, and smeared over the saucer.

" I veow it's the very essence of darnation this stuff," exclaimed he ; " and I'll never rest till Deb's broke of using it. Neow !"

The old woman smilingly submitted it to an examination, and concluded it was " somethin' pizenus to spile young gal's skins !" after which the old folks retired, with a great weight removed from the scale of their minds, and a pink *saas-er* safe in their possession.

In the usual course of events the next merning Debby prepared to make her toilette, and all of these little preliminaries over, in which the untrousered sex indulge, the pillow of the bed was removed, and lo ! to behold, the pink *saas-er* had vanished. If Debby was naturally and constitutionally pale, this discovery (or lack of discovery, as the reader may please to term it) drove every vestige of the ruby from her physigonomy; or, in other words, she was as white as the sheets she had so recently left. What could have become of it ? Had it slipped down behind the bed among the feathers ? No : it had disappeared by some mysterious means. She recalled her dreams, but as far as she could penetrate the dim visions that floated in her sleep, nothing occurred to her that would in any wise account for this *dreadful* disappearance. She looked in the mirror. Her cheeks were marble white, " blanched with fear" in a manner ; and although it never for an instant occurred to her mind that her parents could have solved this mystery, yet she was so very much paler than usual, that she feared the observations that were sure to be made on this score. She would have feigned sickness and not gone down stairs, but her footsteps about the room had been heard by this time ; and just as she had swiftly rubbed the hair-brush over her cheeks to excite the colour, her mother entered the room.

" Debby, what on eairth keeps yeou so late ? Yeour al'ays down after yeour Pa, and here it is long past six, and yeou'r jist fixed."

" Why, Ma., I don't feel very well this morning," replied the girl, casting wistful glances at the pillow, which, in her consternation, she had thrown upon the floor.

" Stir areound, stir areound," advised the old dame. " The fresh air will make you as brisk as a bee."

" Has Daddy done breakfast ?"

" Neo, Debby, he's waitin' for us all tew eat tugether," replied the old woman. " Come along."

A feeling similar to that produced by the shock of an electric battery shot through the girl ; but as her mother had already led the way, she

descended the stairs immediately behind her, and in a minute was in the presence of her father.

"Nice mornin' Debby," said the old Yankee, who was wittling the end of a pine stick. "How dooes you?"

"Pretty well," she replied unconsciously; but a pointed glance from her mother restored her self-possession. "Not pretty well nuther, for I've got an uncommon headache."

"Young gals sich as you should'nt have headakes," remarked Duplicate, dragging a chair to the breakfast table. "Neow, Nabby, let's have the what-ye-call-ems'."

"Why, Daddy, it's not often you eat breakfast with me. You're out fishin' or in the fields afore I get up," remarked Debby, sidling to the table, with her head inclined towards the floor.

"Ya-as, I guess I am, but I must'nt forsake yeou all'ays."

The three by this time had taken their places at the table, and Miserable Muss, the fat cowboy, was standing at the dresser in a happy attitude, industriously engaged in licking a platter unobserved, which had contained a compound of cream and bacon, recognized in Yankee land as "white sop."

While Mother Nabby poured out the coffee, the old man threw himself back in the chair, and the daughter, with her head full of the mysterious flight of her beauty, reached forward to a covered dish and drew it towards her. Before she could ask her father whether she should have the pleasure of helping him, she removed the lid; and what was revealed to her sight, but the identical lost pink *saas-er*. So sudden and unexpected was this sad discovery, that the cover fell from her hand, and without uttering a single word, she flew from the table covered with confusion, and shut herself up in her chamber.

"There!" exclaimed old Duplicate. "Bust me if I don't think that'll cure her. She's so ashamed; she turned blue as skimmed milk."

"If it don't it ought to, that's all I can say," and she called to Miserable Muss, who had just got through with the platter, and was now winking sleepily with a stolid gaze at a brown tom-cat perched on a churn. "Here, Miserable, take this thing away," and handing the pink-saucer to the lump, he disappeared with it through the kitchen-door, and proceeded immediately to the barn-yard, where, having discovered the bright tinge of the article in his custody, he daubed large patches of it over his broad, unmeaning face, to resemble a clown, and then "made mouths" at the cows, which, poor things, not having the remotest notion of what was going on, vacantly chewed their cuds, and switched the flies with their tails as usual, without the slightest concern.

It was a long while before Debby recovered from this shock; but as time wore on, and the circumstances faded from the memory of her parents, once more she plucked up fresh courage, and with it a redetermination to return to her old custom. Duplicate had come to the conclusion "that he skeered her so that it had bruk her of her sinful praktis," and the old woman "gloried in this victo-ree of vir-too over vice." But the propensity for red cheeks was more deeply rooted than they imagined, even in the mind of this uncultivated, silly country girl,

untutored as she was of the wiles of the world, yet possessing this inherent natural principle of vanity.

Once more she secretly purchased at the "store in town" that which was to her almost essential to her existence, for the habit had grown to be a passion; and where the mind is undisciplined by principle, passion soon outmasters the weaker faculties. Again old Duplicate saw that his daughter had gone back to "them dreadfull *saas-ers*," and again Mrs. Dewberry "had like to haave a cryin' spell over sich doins' of Satin." They talked and threatened, but all in the end to no purpose—Debby was incorrigible on this head, and it was only breath wasted. Venus would not have parted with her magic Cestus any quicker than Debby would her pink-saucers, and this was now set down as a sort of "foregone conclusion."

Poor Duplicate Dewberry! His race had nearly run; for one evening while shooting at crows that alighted in his corn-field, the gun shattered and severely wounded the brave old rustic. He was conveyed home, where he bore his painful sufferings like a "bit of iron," as his wife said; but he was doomed to sink under it. The wounds were mortal, and his time for parting had come. He summoned his wife and daughter to his bed-side, and bid them farewell with a deep, deep drawn sigh. He could say but little more. Poor Bobby Burns uttered, as the last breath left his body, "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave;" and good, honest Duplicate looked towards his daughter, and said in a weak voice—

"*Debby, come closer. Don't Debby, will you, dont use them 'bominable pink saas-ers!*"

A YANKEE IN THE GOLD REGION.

When the golden sun of prospective California wealth first dawned upon the republic of the western world, the mania was sudden and intense. Everybody dreamed of riches, splendour, and coming happiness. An El Dorado had sprung up as from the magic wand of an enchanter, which was to confer blessings on the poor, and add to the gains of the opulent. The talk by day was gold; the dream by night was of the yellow metal! America was destined at last not only as the "cradle of liberty," but the inexhaustible mine to supply the world with dazzling riches. Dissatisfied emigrants, who had sought the "young country" with the view of bettering their condition, blessed their stars of destiny for guiding their footsteps to the Ophir of earthly hopes. Honest citizens, who had toiled along through life, now foresaw the period when all their brightest dreams should be realized. Artful speculators, big with ambition of "profits," and fearful of "loss," congratulated themselves on the approach of that "good time" which had been so "long coming."

An immediate gradation of fortune was expected. Errand boys would be clerks, and clerks masters. The race popularly known as counter-jumpers would go out of existence, and assume some other form of dignity and importance. Signs, on which were shadowed in little

bald letters the word, Retail, would fade away and swell in pompous capitals, WHOLESALE! Keepers of candy shops would no longer retail half-starved sticks of slim sweetstuff, and "make themselves ridiculous" behind a small stock of juvenile merchandize, but would cut "this sort of thing," and loom out in a larger way. As for street-sweepers, the "way" was about to be "paved" for something better; and mendicants would go out of fashion, there being no longer "need" of their begging. Who would drive the carriages was a subject of vehicular concern, since everybody was to ride. Where housemaids were to come from, since all the petticoats were to be heiresses, was a puzzle to solve. Who on earth would scrub, when all were busy with scrip? who clean up dirt, when all were scraping up gold-dust? Indigent young feminines, who were once happily content with calico, and looked upon the gift of a "balzorine" as a god-send, now conversed familiarly of silks, and even went so far as to protest they would never think of wearing anything short of "low-necked satins."

Very old people, who had long given up the idea of ever improving their positions, now lighted up with enthusiasm, and shook away their wrinkles in the transport of their hopes. Young children, that had never advanced beyond marbles, now thought those cunning stone toys were all very well; but the cry of "knuckle down" had changed to "down with the dust!" Tops were left to spin themselves, while their owners went round the Horn—the "top of the heap" being the great goal of expectation; kites must take care of themselves, for their owners were high-flying in the clouds of expectation; battledore was at war with speculation, and of course deserted in consequence; rolling-hoops were now out of the question, the extravagant thought of rolling in riches had displaced the idea; and as for "rattles," the clink of ingots was to silence such inventions.

Such, then—perhaps fancifully interpreted—was the feeling of all classes of society in regard to the discovery of gold ore in california. The nation was up "in arms and eager for the fray;" and preparations were made for leaving the quietude of home for the eager toil for gold. The active enterprise of the New England people was soonest affected, and immediately manifested itself in a mob of sand-washers, river pans picks, and other appliances for sifting out the precious metal. Joint-stock companies were formed in the little towns, and machinery concocted to carry out the golden views of the treasure-seekers. The route to San Francisco became a living line of adventures, and the world had sent its deputation to look after the represented wealth of the country.

The down-easters, or, as they are more generally termed, the Yankees, were first and foremost in the general search; but, with all their enterprise and shrewdness, many of them were doomed to bitter difficulties.

The glowing accounts had been exaggerated, and nothing short of severe labour, added to "good luck," would lead to the accomplishment of the desired object. These failures brought into full play all of the characteristics of cuteness and "tarnation smartness" among the Yankee adventurers, who, so long as they had been defeated in the grand motive of their visit, must turn their absence from home to some account. Here wooden nutmegs and willow oats would not tell, as

spices were very little in demand, and live stock could subsist on the luxuriant verdure of the plains.

Among the Maine emigrants was a sharp old fellow from Bangor, who had sold off a small farm and turned all of his ready cash into tools for turning out the treasure. He started for the promised land basking in the sunshine of a certain fortune; but after remaining at the "diggings" some two months without any fortune overtaking him, he one day threw down his pick, gathered up his tools, and arrived at the conclusion that this labour in vain would not do. He changed about in various gulches, located on different rivers, and settled on soil that was supposed to be teeming with value, all to no purpose. Capricious destiny taunted him with unvarying failure.

But Asa Fuller was not to be cast down, and something else must be found to answer. He wondered at his ill success, when less deserving persons all around him were stumbling over chunks of gold as big as eggs.

"Never mind," said Asa, "I'll show them a yankee trick."

He turned over his remaining funds, and found five thousand dollars reduced to the wreck of five hundred.

"This will serve my purpose," said he; "I'll do it."

Wandering up the Juba river, he purchased from a New England company three hundred dollars' worth of rich quartz, and keeping his purchase a profouud secret, crossed over to Sacramento City, and locating on a small tract of land just out of the populated district, turned up the ground and buried the lumps of quartz. Then replacing the earth, and carefully marking the spots, he waited the issue of his experiment.

An opportunity soon occurred for him to put in practice his scheme. One of his neighbours—an enormously wealthy man, but desperately mean and niggard—the very next day happened to look in on Asa, and they entered into conversation.

The Yankee had seen him approach, and, hurrying out his spade, thrust it several times into the earth, and seemed to have just commenced digging.

"They say," remarked the mean man, "that you're new purchase has not turned out so prolific as it might."

"Yes, but I am very well satisfied with it," replied Asa, turning up a spadeful of loam as if by the merest accident.

"Gold is very scarce, and near the settlements most especially," continued the mean man.

"'Spose so; and 'bout here auriferous land is worth its weight in dollars," said Asa, with the removal of another clump of earth.

"Yes, for Sacramento is bound to be extended past this district"—and as the mean man spoke, his eyes fell on a lump of glittering quartz that Asa had just turned up, but which the digger affected not to observe.

The eyes of the mean man sparkled, while Asa was as cool as a sherry-cobbler. The conversation ran on, and in a few moments another shiny chunk was as carelessly evolved. This, as before, met the gaze of the mean man, but Asa failed from design to see it.

A sudden thought seemed to strike the mind of the visitor.

"I say, Asa, what are you digging for?"

"O, jist for the want of somethin' better to do."

"Did you ever think of selling this property?"

"Selling it! N-o—not particularly."

"Do you know, I'd like to buy," said the mean man.

"Well, squire, what would you give?" asked Asa.

"What did it cost you?"

"That's a horse of another color," replied the Yankee.

"Suppose I—it's a whimsical notion of mine, and I'm famous for doing odd things—suppose I give you ten thousand dollars for the patch—what do you say?"

And as the mean man spoke, in the most casual manner he crushed the lumps in the fresh earth with his heel until they were out of sight. Of course Asa did not see this; nor after the previous offer would he have seen it for the world.

"Come, Asa, what do you say?"

"Well, squire, I must think of it."

"You'd better make up your mind at once. Ten thousand dollars is a big sum."

"So it is, but twenty thousand is bigger, 'cordin to simple addition," idly said Asa, and lo and behold another small lump was thrown glittering to the surface. Asa leaned on his spade, picked it up, and turning it over, remarked—

"These are nice playthings to find now and then. I say, squire, this is not bad to take—it's as full of the 'gilt' as a hive is of honey. See!" and he handed the rich mineral to his avaricious neighbour for examination.

"Yes," replied the mean man, nervously turning the lump in his hand, "this seems a good specimen, truly; but I should'nt suspect there was much of it about here."

"Nor I, neither," said Asa, with the most unaffected innocence of physiognomy.

"Well, don't you think you'd better accept my offer," pursued Old Meany, now overflowing with a boiling desire to possess the ground; "for," thought he, "if such slight digging yields so much, what will a 'set' search do?"

"Come, Asa, I may get out of the notion; you'd better take me while I'm in the humour."

"No, come round to-morrow, and I'll talk to you."

But the mean man was not thus to be put off; he was too knowing for that—O yes!

"I'll tell you what I'll do; it's clear to me I may soon want this land to carry out a project I have in view. I'll close the bargain at once, and give you *twenty thousand dollars* for your right and title. Five minutes, now, to make up your mind;" and the mean man drew out his watch.

Asa affected to be callously indifferent to the offer; and after a half-dozen "hems and haws"—such as poor relations receive when soliciting succour from a rich uncle—finally drawled out—

"I spose you'll pay back taxes and lawyer's fees?"

"Yes."

"And pint up the twenty thousand in hard pewter?"

"Yes."

"All right—it shall be yours."

The squire started for home to conclude the arrangements; but as he was going, he added—

"Don't you dare to dig while I'm gone."

"Not a spoonful," said Asa.

"I'll be back in a twinkle!" And off the mean man started.

"This is not a bad day's work," soliloquised the Yankee, throwing his spade aside, for he had no further use for it. "The land cost me one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the "bait" three hundred; this is a clear gain of a cool nineteen thousand five hundred and twenty-five. And now I'll go and take a *private drink* on my success."

The squire returned with the necessary "documents," and in less than five hours the complete transfer was made, and Asa had the "pewter" safely stowed away in four brown leathern bags in the shape of gold dust.

His mean friend, on the strength of seeing his unnoticed luck, had bought on a "spec," and went to working the land on a magnificent scale, but with what success "deponent sayeth not."

SNOW SCENES.

"Like sweet bells."—HAMLET.

Jingle! jingle! jingle!—a flood of delicious melody is poured out from the tinkling of ten thousand bells.

But stop, we must offer a few words by way of explanation, as we are not writing for American eyes, who understand our caption, and call up a myriad of happy associations of fun and love-making at its mere suggestiveness. England may boast of her roast beef and plum-pudding luxuries, her coaches, 'busses, "Hansoms," her trips to Boulogne-sur-Mer, her sea-view at Dover, *tête-á-têtes* at Cheltenham, and what not; but the "mother country"—as Brother Jonathan always calls her, like a dutiful lad as he is—is most grievously in the dark as to one enjoyment, that in our mind is the *ultimatum* of excursioning—sailing through the air not excepted—we mean the sleigh rides of America.

A snow scene is singularly beautiful. Every object—house-tops, trees, shrubs, fences—in short, whatever goes to make up the landscape, is enrobed in most exquisite white, and of such purity and brightness, that it glares the eye to look at it steadily. Then when the sun shines, the universal gleam reminds one of a fairy grotto of enchanted isles actually turned *out of doors* to delight and dazzle mortals.

Now comes a frost, and the snow is compact and brittle; then a slight rain settles it, and again a frost, and it is hard, solid, crisp, and unyielding, just in glorious order for sleighing. Now, boys, get out your "teams;" and girls, wrap yourselves up in furs, boas, and tippets;

we are going to have a ride. The moon shines clear to-night, the stars are twinkling, and the air is steady and bracing.

Our first care is to have the horses rough-shod, that they may speed like the wind, without fear of falling. Then overhaul the sleighs, of which there are various patterns: here is one in the shape of a swan, capable of holding ten couple; another fashioned like an antelope, with gilded runners; another something like the car of Juggernaut, only not quite so enigmatical; still another in the shape of the American eagle, with the grey pinions all complete, and spread to the breezes as if preparatory to a flight, to perch again perchance on the temple of Freedom. We will take none of these—they do not hold sufficient; but here is one, it will contain thirty persons, and now we can have a jolly merry-making to a certainty. It is striped blue, with a red ground, and is no particular device, beyond that of a very comfortable band-box on an exaggerated scale. Now we will have four fiery greys attached, each one having a collar of silver bells around his neck, which, when they are agitated, give out such a sound as make the heart leap and the pulses dance the Cellarius. The driver—a huge fellow, well practised in his art—mounts the box, wrapped in a bear-skin coat, which only leaves his eyes and the smallest possible tip of a very red nose visible. He gives the whip a single flourish—off we go—nags snorting, bells ringing, snow flying, moon beaming, boys screaming, driver shouting—all life, fun, and vivacity! Now we halt and get in the girls and the "fellows" (in America, on a winter night, the young men are always called fellows, which term *melts, i. e.*, ends with the snow), who are as brisk as a hive of bees. The lasses are attired warmly, with muffs and furs worked up in an undescribable number of ways; while the "fellows" are snug under the weight of a museum of cuts and patterns in the way of Mammoth paletôts and overcoats.

Such chattering and struggling to get in front! such merry peals of laughter, as the girls are absolutely stowed in! "Set thick" is the order of the night, as there must not be the hundredth part of an inch of vacancy. And now the enquiry is made "All right?" "Yes," screams the roguish voices of the girls. "All right!" echo the men; "Go along there!" shrieks the driver, in a *damp* guttural, and away we all go.

We will suppose we are in Philadelphia, and near that famous city of right angles is a town called Frankfort—not on the Maine, but on the river Delaware. We will follow the sleighers, and see that they make a proper night of it. Well, off we go to Frankfort, dash through toll-gates, and when we leave the city—which looks, on the hill, as if it had a white veil thrown over it, to hide it from the sweet silvery light of such a plump, good-natured moon as never before shone—a song is proposed. "What shall it be?" enquires one. "A life on the ocean wave!" suggests a sea captain, whose vessel being weather-bound in port, happens to make one of the company.

"O, sink the shop, captain!" says a waggish voice, "the ocean wave is all frozen up. Let's have the sleigher's song—'tis more *apropos*."

"Aye, aye, the sleigher's song!" shout a number of voices. In-

stantly there is a harmonious or inharmonious mingling of contralto, bass, soprano, and tenor. The words run—

"Hurrah for the snow! the bright, bright snow!
The bells are ringing merrily;
Onward we glide right cheerily—
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

"The moon is bright, and all is gladness,
We banish sorrow, care, and sadness;
Our hearts are light, and away we go,
To skim o'er the breast of the star-lit snow!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

By this time we are in Frankfort, and seeking the "Jolly Post," a famous hostelry, or road-side inn. We pull up, and enter the "yard," where we all descend, and hurry to a reception room, where the girls hang their furs on the backs of the chairs, and the "fellows" stamp the snow off their feet.

"Landlord, MULL CIDER, hot as an oven, all round!"

The mull cider is handed about with plates of miniature rout-cakes; and, after the girls are refreshed with several introductions of this sort, with perhaps the addition of several "light goes" of hot whiskey punch, or mint juleps made warm, we all ascend to the front room, which is brilliantly illuminated with several regiments of awkward solemn-looking wax candles, and then behold an orchestra of fiddlers at the back ready for a *scrape*.

Ah! we are to have a quadrille.

We take our places, and soon the violins are performing a perfect hurricane of allegrettos; everybody is ready for action; and then such a quadrille is gone through as would put your drawing-room or Almack *soirees* to the blush. The spirit of the affair is plunged into with a zest that is visible in every lineament of the countenance; every curl quivers; and such a rustling of silks and satins would inspire Diogenes, and make him kick his tub into the middle of next week. Then after, as choice dictates, and the fiddlers are tractable, comes a country dance, and a regular American "hoe down," which sits every chord in the frame vibrating in unison with the melody; and now the girls feel tired, and down we go once more to the reception-chamber, repeat the MULL CIDER, the "fellows" seeking the bar-room to enjoy a whiff of segar, and soon once more we are on the road.

Crack goes the whip, and away prance the steeds over the mantled earth, as if it were a pleasure to them to bound to the music of the bells. Aye, the very horses seem by some mysterious instinct to comprehend the fun, and need no urging to speed to the next goal of enjoyment.

Another ten miles is soon passed, and once more we are unpacked and refreshed in something the same manner—draughts, rout cakes, dancing, *et cetera*, where a similar party are met, and a grand union taking place, we "trip it on the light fantastic" with redoubled vigour. There is no end of the flirtations, whispering, opening of motto-candies, snowballing, and putting ice down your neighbour's back, causing the victim to shrug with the frigidity of the favour. Then two waggish youngsters are seen plying the driver with hot-toddy, and whispering con-

fidentially in his ear. He shakes his head with an air of distrust—another hot draught disappears, still he shakes his head; presto! a bright silver dollar is thrust into his hand, and he says "all right" with so much earnestness, that the wags smile knowingly in concert and hurry off to look after the sleighers.

"Turn the horses' heads homewards," is the order.

"What o'clock is it?" asks the nautical gentleman.

"Past two," is the reply; a tall, slim, young man in glasses holding up his chronometer to catch a moon-ray in order to decipher the face of his dial.

Out come the ladies, their faces much more crimsoned, and their eyes several degrees brighter than when they embarked. One by one they are handed in by the two young gentlemen, who were in close confab with the driver, some of them declaring "that it is not a bit cold," others struck with the excessive number of the stars, and not a few wishing it was not yet so far gone in the morning. Several vow, by their fans, that they could "dance all night till broad day-light;" and perhaps there are one or two oldish creatures "praying goodness"—as the sex will do when they begin to border on the thirties—that "they may be home before day-light shows itself, as it looks *so bad* to be seen coming home in the morning."

Then comes the order of entertainments *homeward bound.*

Mr. Green tells them a story of a sleigh-ride he had in St. Petersburgh (Mr. Green is a great traveller, having been in his time, although quite a young man, to England, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, and Italy), which elicits the deepest wonder among the girls, who look upon Mr. Green as a second Humboldt, or any other great adventurer who has visited regions "far and wide," and opened the eyes of the world with an octavo of travels in three volumes.

This through, Mr. Brown, or Black, or Gray, sings "Oft in the stilly night," with a slight tremor in his voice, which he protests is occasioned by the cold, at which all of the ladies laugh and charmingly assert not to believe it. Then somebody, who wishes to surprise the company, suddenly fishes up from the body of the sleigh a guitar, and accompanies himself in a little barcarole or serenade, which it is impossible to hear for the jingle of the bells—not only of their own but other sleighs passing. This, soon pronounced *de trop*, is accordingly buried in the bottom of the vehicle among the straw, with all the honours of sundry sly kicks and cuffs, which causes the strings to snap in fine style.

The whole length of the road is skirted with immense mounds of snow, caused by that feathery element drifting, as it frequently does in America, giving the appearance of travelling a road actually cut through a series of white mountains. The old chorus "Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for the snow!" is again resumed, and just as the happy excursionists are straining their lungs to drown the eternal chime of the bells clinking in all directions, one of the aforementioned wags touches the driver significantly on the toe—he perfectly comprehends—in a moment the nags are unmanageable—they plunge and clash, the girls scream, the "fellows," with a great show of bravery,

laugh; the sleigh is out of the beaten track, and close to a huge mound of soft snow; another shriek goes up—the very stars seem to twinkle mischievously, and the next moment the sleigh is upset, and the girls are rolling over and over into the snow, considerably more frightened than hurt.

Here is a pretty how d'ye do—such a scene as we should like to have some skilful comic limner embody. The "fellows" assist the ladies to rise, some of them looking desperate at the driver, who forthwith is christened "a naughty, *naughty* man." Others do not know now, as they are aware they are not hurt, whether to treat the matter seriously or as a good joke. However, thinking it the wiser part to appear pleased, they soon laugh it off, and declare that "it *was* capital fun, if the snow had not been so cold." Others, more courageous, and greater fun-lovers, would give the world to be served so again, if they were not afraid of spoiling their clothes, and the men unanimously pronounce it the climax capped, with the exception of the two young gentlemen more directly interested in the "spill," who, in order to avoid suspicion, rate the driver soundly for his awkward clumsiness, and threaten never to hire him again, at the same time nudging him, and bidding him in a whisper, "not to let on for the world, but say that the horses shied at *something black* in the road."

Once more we are all ensconced without accident, unless it be that one of the ladies has lost perhaps a link out of her ear-drop, or snapped her silken watch-cord—we did hear something, a familiar sound, just as the sleigh was toppling, and we supposed it *was* a kiss; but let that pass, there is no harm done, and we are now nearly home.

We next inquire, in order, the residences of each of the ladies, that we may drop them at their respective doors, and see them safe home. One by one, or twain by twain, as the case may be, as noiselessly as possible, so as not to disturb the old folks, the belles are handed out and wished "good night," until the sleigh is emptied of the greater part of its burden; and then the men, whom it is presumed are chiefly unmarried, form what is called a "bachelor party," and dash away entirely on their own hook to the outskirts of the city, where after a mild banquet of oysters roasted, and "waffles"—an indescribable winter-cake, being a cross between a bun and a sally-lunn—cigars are produced and enjoyed without reserve, the whole party returning as it were in a *whiff* to their starting point, there to part for the night, all, we hope, delighted with their sleigh ride. As spots of grey must by this time be dappling the drowsy east, it is fair to be presumed that all the sleighers have retired to rest; if they are not, they should be; so with orders to "put up" the sleigh and take the bells off the horses, and see them in their house, we will also bid the reader "good night," or, more properly, "good morning," with the assurance that we have endeavoured to give him, to the *hurried* best of our abilities, a faithful account of an American sleigh-ride.

JONATHAN BEHIND THE SCENES.

Actors are famous jokers, verbal and practical. There is the low-comedy man of your provincial establishment, for example, the delight of the children and the gay companion of the men—convulsing by his grimaces, and producing any quantities of mirth by his odd capers and ancient green-room jests. There is your "heavy father" and "first old man," with a burly cane, telling a story with an agony of attitudes. There is your dancer and Harlequin, practising an absurd pirouette by way of burlesque; and standing at the stage-door with a cut-away coat, smart scarf, though somewhat the worse for wear, yet glossy from a recent iron, is the "light comedian"—the Rover, the Dick Dashall, and Young Rapid of the playhouse. He is reciting a snatch of Massinger, and swearing it reminds him of Shakspeare. Then he introduces a new reading of the line—

"Honest, my lord?"

by pausing deliberately after the first word, and dwelling significantly on *my*—

Honest? *my* lord!

at which the surrounding histrions leer and gradually drop in through the door to look after rehearsal.

And actors seem to tell a joke with more zest than most other people. They enter into the spirit of it with deliberate self-possession, throw in the varied tones required to enamel it, dilate their eyes and contract the brows if the story demands it, and in fact *act* the part off the stage with an agreeable power. Your would-be-funny man is a nuisance; and an actor's appreciation of the shades of humor seems to strengthen his judgment and regulate his manner in repeating a jest.

The "first old man" is sure to have a store of anecdotes at his finger's end about other "old men" that have gone before him, and when he refers to them he puffs out his cheeks and twists his mouth as they were supposed to have done. The low comedian has a number of eccentric stories to tell of Liston, Reeves, *et id omne*, and imitates with tolerable accuracy the tone of voice of Buckstone, Keeley, Owens, and others in his "line of business." The light comedian experiences a peculiar gusto in talking of departed Dashalls and defunct Benedicts. He remembers how so-and-so was playing Romeo on one occasion, and Juliet jumped, in the intensity of her feelings, from the balcony into his arms. He has heard his father say that Elliston's Charles Surface was a miracle of elegance; and he has a personal cognizance of Charles Mathews being able to *act* the gentleman. The clown is pregnant with the capers of Grimaldi and Ferrantini; and the walking gentleman of small salary has numberless cases to tell of when he "threw up parts" that were far beneath his talents.

The "leading man" is prolific in stories of his quarrels with various

managers—of how this one wanted him to do De Mauprat instead of Richlieu, Pythias instead of Damon, Julius Cæsar instead of Brutus, Iago instead of Othello, for which latter part he has an hallucination he was expressly created. If he had come into the world with a label dangling at his toe, on which was written "made to order for Othello," he could not be more sanguine in his belief. He also tells anecdotes of his experience when overstocked managers desired to break their engagements because he did not draw—how he held them to their bond, and fretted through a tragedy every evening. All of these things the "leading man" remembers, beside compliments that different stars—the Keans, Booths, Andersons, Phelps, Pitts of the trade—have bestowed on him when he "did" the *seconds* at their last engagement.

The man that enacts the villains comes in for his share of melodramatic vaunt. He tells a story of having played Glenalvon one night so naturally that the audience hissed him. Then the low comedian, who is standing by, wants to know whether it was the fidelity of the impersonation or his bad acting that commanded the hisses; after which inquiry he winks his right eye waggishly at a young lady who is practising *coups* in book-muslin and tights, which causes "little Sis," as she is termed, to turn her head and fairly go into convulsions.

But we must not keep the stage of our sketch waiting too long, or our audience may grow dissatisfied and manifest their disapprobation. We started by saying that actors were famous jokers, and so they are, in a practical sense, when a pretentious or verdant subject presents himself for honours.

Some time ago an ignorant, long-legged Yankee, with a countenance that looked as if it had been bunglingly chiselled out of underdone piecrust, presented himself at the stage door of one of the New York theatres, and desired in a *two-keyed voice* to see the manager. He was conducted to a private apartment, where he was soon waited on.

"Do you wish to see me?" said the manager.

"Aair yeou the owner of this show?"

"Show, sir, what do you mean by *show?*"—with a mouthful of italics.

"Show! I mean the play-actin' biz'nas," placidly replied Mr. Yank, with an expression that ancient putty might be induced to assume, with considerable working.

"Well, sir, what's your business?"

"Why, they all a-been tellin' me up in Casco I've got a heap of talent for takin' off people, and I want to see if you can't give me a chance."

The manager had a bit of fun in his nature, and thought he would humour the applicant. He remarked—

"Act! yes, yes, I see—you want to play characters for a night or two. Good idea! You've got a brilliant face for the stage."

"So everybody tells me, and that's why I want to try my hand at it. They say lookin' a part's half the fight."

"O yes, quite, if not seven-eighths. What did you think of 'opening in'?" interrogated Crummles.

"In a the-*a*-tre if I could," said the Down Easter. "Some wuz

advisin' me to try a Thespy Ann S'ciety; but I can't see any signs up around town for sich things, and so I think I'll try a the-*a*-tre if its cheap."

This last word was the *entamure* of a new idea at which the manager caught with wonderful avidity. His exchequer was not particularly overloaded (the last spectacle being so dull, nobody could set through it), and this might be some wandering good fortune in the shape of a stage-struck rustic Godsend, with a barren noddle and a full purse. The manager took the idea in an instant.

"Well, I can only say, my good fellow," observed the manager affectedly," if you want to play, you can have me as your manager for a few nights very cheap, and choose your own parts."

"Exactly so."

"Do you propose Shakspearian characters?"

"No, I wuz a-thinkin' Trakedy characters would suit me best," replied the Yankee.

"Ah! I comprehend. Are you familiar with the principal tragic parts?"

"Not much, but I've hearn great talk of 'em."

"Do you know, for example, William Tell at all?"

"William Tellitall?" repeated Down East, stretching his long neck till it seemed to curve like a swan's. "No, I don't know him, but I know Bill Tellabout well enough, and a hearty chap he is, with a knife and fork in his paws."

"You don't comprehend," emendated the manager, with a smothered chuckle. "I mean William T-E-L-L—Tell, the Swiss patriot."

"O now I take you. You mean the feller that was sich a tearin' good shot, and knocked a cabbage off the head of his brother or his son—or one of his relations—I forget now which it was."

"That's the man," concurred the other; "only the cabbage was an apple, and it was his son, not his brother."

"Dear me, *is* that a fact? It's a wunder he didn't knock the child's head off. I should't like to play that; for though I'm a saasy good shot, I might miss the mark and git into trouble."

"Very true, I confess that never struck me with all of my experience. You've wonderful forethought."

"Well, it's better to think of these things fust as last, isn't it?"

"Decidedly."

"Wall now, about the price? I think I wouldn't care abeout actin' *more* than one night."

The stage-manager secretly concurred in the correctness of the decision, but of course remained silent.

"What do you feel you can give? Remember I'le find dresses, scenery, lights, and all the various things required."

"Is your dresses showy and nice lookin'?"

"Amazingly so."

I want to wear somethin' startlin'—spangles is *my* sort, and acres of tinsill."

"Precisely. We'll rig you out till you look as if you'd been hall-keeper to a fairy grotto."

The Down Easter's imagination at this moment got the better of him, and jumping up, he roared—

"Crimini, wouldn't I like Lid Stebbins to see me. I guess she'd say I'm 'one of 'em.'"

"About the terms then," said the manager, taking advantage of his candidate's rapture, and returning to the great point of the matter. "Can't we close?"

"What, the the-*a*-tre?"

"No, no, the agreement. To be plain, sir, can you afford to give me fifty dollars for one night's performance, and all you *draw* over four hundred dollars I'll return you."

This was a safe proposal, when it is known the theatre only held when packed, three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

"Fifty dollars!" mused the histrionic rustic. "That's ahead of my pile considerable. Can't go that, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you three dollars and a half if you'll dress me up in purty things, and let me speak 'The House that Jack built' between the pieces."

The manager, with the prospect of a prize from the infatuated booby, grew suddenly angry at this proposition, and was on the eve of turning him, *sans ceremonie* out of the theatre. But a gleam of fun shooting across his mind, softened his rage in a moment. Without replying to the condition, he rang a bell, which had the effect of summoning the presence of a dingy lad, known as the "call boy."

"What's rehearsing?"

"The second act of 'The Bridal,'" replied the boy.

"Is 'The Waterman' over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has Mr. Gleely gone?"

"I'll see, sir."

"If he's not, send him to me."

The boy ran off, and immediately instituted a dim but industrious search among the green rooms, through the coulisses, behind shaded cut-pieces, bits of castles, halves of goblin caverns, and at length discovered Mr. Gleely leaning against a "pair of flats" in a dark corner, talking droll rubbish to a young woman in mouse-coloured gaiters, with cherry-coloured ribbon on a new straw bonnet.

The boy delivered his message, and Mr. Gleely, who was the low comedian of the theatre, making a couple of comic excuses to the young lady in the mouse-coloured gaiters, in order, of course, to make the young lady in the mouse-coloured gaiters laugh, proceeded to the manager's room.

"Ah! Mr. Gleely, I'm glad you've come."

Mr. Gleely bowed deferentially, being ignorant of his manager's desire.

"Permit me," continued the manager, winking aside to the comedian, which he "took" in a moment. "Permit me to introduce you to Mr. Garrick Talmarina Keanibus, our grand star."

"Powerful bleaged to you, sir," said the Yankee, rising and offering his gaunt digits to Mr. Gleely. "I'm much obleeged to know you."

"This gentleman," continued the manager, with a mock gravity, accompanied by various sly winks, "is desirous of coming out as an actor, and knowing your burning desire to bring forward modest merit I thought I could not do him a better service than to turn him over to your fostering care."

"I fully comprehend," replied the comedian, in an assumed deep dramatic tone; "and it will afford me continents of delight and globes of satisfaction to be the instrument of his progressive—"

"I swar to man you are pesky kind," interrupted the candidate for laurels. "Will you go and take a drink?"

"Thank you, that's something our profession never do" replied the comedian; "but if you'll walk back on the stage, I shall feel pleasure in showing you the easiest method of becoming an actor."

"I hope you'll even put yourself to some trouble in showing him the road to fame," remarked the manager, with a meaning glance at the floor."

"Decidedly! I'd go so far as to get in a perspiration in teaching him," retorted the comedian.

The rustic was so overcome with these supposed complimentary intentions, that his inflexible face seemed even more grotesquely severe beneath them.

The comedian and the manager evidently understood each other, and mutually enjoyed the perspective waggery.

"Have the goodness to follow me," said Mr. Gleely, leading the way through a dark avenue, that conducted to the wings.

"I'm arter you," responded the Yankee, groping through the gloom as a child will feel its way in an unknown place. "It's tarnation dark here—almost as black as our cockloft, and the dark's so thick there you can slice it like kowcumbers."

The passage crossed, the descent of several stairs brought them on the stage, where the new comer rolled his boiled-looking eyes about in a distraction of wonderment. As they got to the prompter's table a tall athletic man, with knitted brows and a pilot overcoat, who was rehearsing "Melantius," walked towards them, and exclaimed—

"Where Evadne's honor?
Where's her honor, that I left one crystal—
Without cloud, flaw, or speck?"

The poor rustic, thinking by the tragedian's manner that these words were directed to him, started with a dismal twitch, and the next moment backed into the orchestra, where striking the butt of a huge violoncello, up flew his heels, and down he tumbled, as sad a picture of *distributed desolation*, amid spilt violins, as could well be conceived.

"Help! Help me out!" he roared, with his voice struggling through the score of at least half-a-dozen operas that had fallen on him in his sudden descent. "Take me out! This fat fiddle will be the death of me!"

Mr. Gleely and the property-man jumped into the orchestra, and assisted him to rise; and every member of the company then present, from the stage-manager to the young woman in the mouse-coloured

The Down Easter Rehearsal.

gaiters, rushed to the end of the stage, and bent their gaze into the gulph of music, to behold who the capsized victim could be.

They at once saw that he was a countryman and a stranger by his garb and dialect, and a tacit understanding that waggery was to be enacted seemed to run the round of the actors.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Mr. Gleely, brushing the dust from his napkin-tinted trowers, with a face as long as a column.

"Not much," replied he, gazing at the chuckling group around him; "except I've knocked about a pound of skin off my shin!"

"O! that's nothing!" consoled the comedian. "So your head isn't hurt. It would be a pity if you'd damaged that, for it would have been the utter ruin of an enormous stage face."

This last remark was accompanied by a suggestively roguish wink at the surrounding people, who seemed to comprehend its meaning, and the whole of them—except those who were engaged in the rehearsal—flocked merrily to the green-room.

"Sit down there," said the comedian, with another wicked wink at his "followers," placing the down-easter, half mystified, in a large coronation chair. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued he, turning to the fun-loving assembly; "lend me your ears to what I'm about to say. You see this worthy man, don't you?"

"Yes! yes!" cried everybody.

"He's a man of splendid talents in our glorious profession, and has come to town to develope that ability which has for a term of sullen years been buried, as it were, under a bushel."

"What a shame!" exclaimed the feminine owner of the mouse-coloured gaiters, with a giggle.

"I pray you, silence, Mad'lle Pynkboots, and don't laugh at your respected parent," continued the comedian.

The idea of his being *her* "respected parent" was the cue for another brief giggle, and he proceeded—

"As I said before, ladies and gentlemen, and would continue to say till the end of time, if the case demanded it, and I think you all have a profound respect for my integrity. You see this brilliant luminary—"

"I'm not a lummery, I'm a farmer!" interrupted the Yankee, with a regular rustic grunt.

"It's all the same, my dear sir, quite the same; and as I was about to observe, ladies and gentlemen, and would have observed long ere this, had I not been divers times interrupted—this luminary has been placed under my guidance by our worthy and modest manager, because he knows and appreciates my abilities in preparing young men for the stage."

"Hear! Hear! Bravo!" roared the crowd.

"'Tis true Thespis was only a greengrocer, but what an exponent he afterwards became! Garrick might have been a pork-butcher for all we know, but he proved to the astonished world that he could play 'Hamlet' as well as he could cure hams, and slaughter 'Polonius' with the ease that he could assassinate swine. Mrs. Siddons possibly was a mantua-maker, but she was none the worse for that; and if the great Edwin

Forrest had been born with smaller calves, it would not have marred in the least the force and beauty of his impersonations!"

"Good!" shouted the Yankee, passing his hand over the vicinity of his bruised shin. "Big legs don't make no kind a-difference."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," continued Mr. Gleely, with the same mock lugubrity of countenance, "what I have to ask you is—Will you lend a helping hand to a brother artist? Speak as it were with one mighty voice, and let your answer fall upon my dullest ear!"

"We will!" cried some.

"Yes!" cried others.

"Certainly!" shrieked the rest.

"Then listen to what I propose, all—ladies excepted. Mademoiselle Pynkboots, Madame Popghee, and Miss Alexina Virginia Jull, and the maidens of the *corps du ballet* will be so good as to retire for a few moments."

The ladies mentioned, headed by the young person in the mouse-coloured gaiters, dawdled out of the room, though it was evident by sundry saucy tosses of the head that they would have preferred to remain.

"Now, gentlemen, I suggest that, in order to initiate Mr. ———. I beg your pardon, your name is ———?"

"Barebones," said the Down Easter.

"Barebones," repeated the comedian. "And, by the way, a capital name for a serious actor. I say, I suggest that we, in a body, accompany Squarebones, or rather Barebones, to the wardrobe, and there invest him in a costume fit for a king, in order to test his figure."

"'Skuze me, but I'd rather not do that," interrupted the Yankee with some concern, not fully comprehending the drift of his waggish patron.

"It must be so, Plato," quotingly added Mr. Gleely. "Testing the figure is the very first step towards becoming an actor: it's done in order to regulate your shape. Now hie you, gentlemen, to the wardrobe, and we'll follow you anon."

"When?" innocently asked Mr. Barebones.

"Anon—immediately—now. Gentlemen, begone!" and with a melo-dramatic flourish of his arms, such as gnomes with silver eyes express in fairy-pieces, the comedian sent the crowd with a magic rush from the room.

"We'll go quietly up now," said the comedian gravely; "and I'll dress you as the sanguinary 'Pedro De Beetjuice,' in the 'Fatal Toothpick.' It will be an enchanting part for you to open in. Just fancy your hopping down to the foot-lights on one leg, and, after telling the audience to 'go to grass,' to draw out a dip candle from your boot, and then, after flourishing it wildly, thus, to three bars of slow music and seven pans of red fire, to rashly bury it to the wick in your diaphram."

"Spose you hain't got a die-a-fram to bury it in. Wouldn't stickin' it in the pocket do jist as well?"

"Never, never! the effect would be lost. Besides it would melt if you grew hot and ——."

"But, aint I dead?"

"Dead! not a-dead, only hurt. You're a Spanish conjuror, and got as many lives as a cat. But come, we'll go at once to the 'wardrobe,'" and pulling Mr. Barebones by the skirts of his ample coat, he limped after the comedian, and both made their way to the repository of costume.

The first movement here was to select as grotesque a contrast of garments as the wags could lay hands on, and after considerable overhauling and confusion, during which the Down Easter was pulled almost to bits, his spindle legs were inserted into a pair of dilapidated tights, and then thrust into enormous russet boots that looked as if they were in the last stage of jaundice. A fine cambric habit-shirt was the next article "applied," over which was buttoned an immense flowered waistcoat, such as rich old uncles from India wear in the comedies. A military coat, open in front, followed; and on his head was placed a gigantic helmet that concealed at least one-third of his stupid physiogomy. A red-hot poker that had been used in the last pantomime was then thrust into his hands, on which were drawn enormous boxing gloves, and thus attired, he was marched down on the stage with all of the honours.

The tragedy rehearsal was just over, and a number of coryphèes in short skirts and round-toed faded pink slippers were waiting about in groups in anticipation of the "ballet call," as Mr. Barebones, *en costume*, made his appearance. Such a shriek as those mad-cap hoydens sent up when they beheld the "make up" of the new comer. One told him to brandish his poker; another pinched his legs, and then giggled as if her slippers would burst in the merriment. One pert little puss insisted on his dancing the Polka with her; and still another ironically addressed him as "Mister Garrick," and seemed curious to know the period that his dress represented.

"Now look here, you gals, go away," at last exclaimed he, "I'm a monerk, and mustn't be made free with. Jist stand aside and let me speak a piece to my friend here," meaning Mr. Gleely.

While all this was going on, the comedian had given instructions to the mechanist to go below and have in readiness a trap, which was to be worked at the signal of a bell. A theatrical mechanist is not slow to execute an order where fun is at the bottom, and he was promptly at his place.

"Ladies and gentlemen, do as our mighty monarch commands ye," said Mr. Gleely, coming forward and placing the Yankee on the prepared trap aforesaid. "He is now about to open the portals of his regal jaws, and we listen with breathless attention, eager to drink in every word."

A general huddle commenced among coryphèes, actors, supernumeraries, and everybody, in arranging themselves about the speaker.

"Now, sir, stand in that position," pursued Mr. Gleely, placing his pupil's legs closely together, and casting a pointed glance at his surrounding colleagues. "That's well. Now shoulder your poker like a musket. Good! Remember, no matter what happens, you must not move, because if you do it will break the spell. REMEMBER!"

"All right, I won't budge an inch," quoth Yankee, elevating his head and blinking under the weight of the huge helmet.

"Now, sir," said the comedian, "you must repeat what I utter."

"Ya-as."

"Hugum snugum wo belorem ——."

As far as it was possible he obeyed.

"Ji—ni—guy—wherem ——."

Another attempt with less success.

"Plus nus, and—DISAPPEAR!"

At that moment a bell faintly tinkled, and the next instant the candidate for histrionic laurels was disappearing with more swiftness than was comfortable to his nerves. Down he went, and in closed the floor with the rapidity of thought.

The assembled wags joined in one mighty scream; the coryphèes got such pains in their sides, it was full an hour before they could "get on" with the *Pas des Poignards*. Mr. Gleely consoled himself with having cured a young man of a dangerous infatuation—the mechanist crawled quietly from the basement—and the last seen of the Yankee, he was, minus the helmet and poker, mildly inquiring the way to "that place *whar* he left his clothes."

A STORY WITH MORE OR LESS SPICE IN IT.

A thousand droll stories have been related in which the effects of spirituous liquors played considerable part. Whiskey from time immemorial has been famous for creating "shindies;" and if two-thirds of the rows of the universe were subtly analyzed, King Alcohol—as Father Mathew christened it—would be found to have a large hand in their outbreak. Every other half-quartern of "something hot" seems to have a quarrel hid in the bottom. The exhilarating pop of champagne frequently ends in the alarming pop of pistols, and the sudden production of broadswords have been known before now to grow out of the sparkle of the beaker. It is a pity that pale sherry and discord are so closely allied, and very abstemious people would tell us that to avoid the effect we should shun the cause.

We are not agoing to *moralize* just at this moment, but here take occasion to "return thanks" to the genius that "rules the waves" of the lakes of liquor that are annually manufactured, for so arranging it that fun as well as feuds frequently "come out" of the bottle. Many a jest has been born of a jorum, and the godfather of Repartee is assuredly Champagne. Charles Lamb said that wit comes in with the candles, and we are of the opinion that it makes its appearance likewise with the goblet.

How many taciturn men have been moved to sensible loquacity by the convivial passage of the "loving cup"! for there is no doubt that the best key to unlock the treasures of diffident tongues is whis-key. The aforesaid very abstemious people will condemn this last sentence as an

old joke wrapped up in a base theory, and possibly may go so far as to not read another line in consequence: however this may be, we must farther protest that, in many cases, what oil is to machinery, wine is to the intellect, causing the ideas to *run easier*, and preventing those disagreeable stops and stumbles that bashful soberness *will* sometimes create. What armies of puns, countless as Pharaoh's host, have risen like so many jovial Venuses from the foam of "sherry cobblers"! and there is no kind of doubt existing in our mind, that if a quizzical narrative of all the queer haphazard gay doings of this life were candidly written, a Bacchantic physiognomy would now and then peep out like a wild and mirthful mask, during the recital.

This subject reminds us of an anecdote we remember to have heard in "Yankee Land," of a young man that had but just entered into the silken bonds of matrimony. His wife, a most amiable creature, had a mortal hatred of liquor; and though Tom often indulged on the sly with his convivial companions, he took care always to be "right side up" when he went home. He would not have his wife find him in such a state for all the gold in the universe; and yet he could not sign the pledge of total abstinence, from the fact of being the vice-president of a club of jolly fellows, all of whom *believed* in grape juice. For at least six months after his marriage, in the presence of his "better half" he was as "straight as a pin," and she had set it down that a blessing in the shape of a strictly sober husband had fortunately fallen to her lot.

"Tom," one morning said she lovingly, "we have now been a wedded couple half a year, and never once have I had the slightest occasion to reproach you."

Of course Tom was delighted to hear his dear little wife talk so encouragingly, and express happiness at his behaviour; and he repeated assurances of his determination always to be an attentive, *sober* husband.

But in the ocean of life how little we can foresee the breakers of temptation! Tom had to dine that very evening with the "Owls" (the ornithological title of his club); and he felt in admirable spirits, and his health was drunk warmly and frequently after the removal of the cloth; the consequence was that by the time the company separated he was in a happy state of elevation, with a *vivid notion* of men, women, and all things terrestrial.

"Hic-c-c, I r-r-eally believe I'm d-d-runk!" soliloquized Tom, poising himself on his heels, with his arm clasped endearingly around a lamp-post. "W-w-hat the d-d-evil's to be done. Am I d-d-reaming, or *am* I d-d-runk—which is it? Will somebody tell me?"

A knot of wags passing at the moment, hearing his voice, roared in combined tones—"You're drunk—beastly drunk!"

"There, now it's out, and no more than I s-suspected," continued Tom mournfully, in a maudlin voice. "What will Clara say—ugh! Curse that last julep, I say—if it hadn't been for that I'd have passed muster; but now she can tell it by my eyes—I f-f-feel as if I had a dozen pair of eyes; and as for ton-tongues, I've got a score all waggin' away for dear life."

Tom here losing a proper and important equilibrium, his heels suddenly flew higher in the air than is necessary for every day cases of

pedestrianism, and per consequence he was the next moment in a most ungracious position in the gutter.

"Hic, hic, this is r-rich I m-m-ust say. 'Spose Clara should s-see me now—'twas on-ly to-day she p-p-praised my in-in-tegrity. Tom, Tom you're a b-b—yes you are, so don't deny it—you're a b-beast!"

By dint of a series of vast efforts he succeeded in gaining his feet, and proceeded towards home reeling, and talking to himself all the way. After mistaking the house next door, the door front of which was the same, for his own, he had an undecided search of at least an hour for his latch-key, which he at length found in his boot, it having slipped down his trouser leg through a hole in his pocket.

Now in the hall, he leaned up against the wall and undertook a cogitation. He could sufficiently gather his senses to remember the clock in his wife's room was out of repair, and as she had retired, she would not be able to tell the time he had got in. That was a grand point gained.

"I knew what I'll do; I'll go to bed in the dark, and then she won't notice my eyes," ruminated Tom. But hold on—I'd like to forgot it—*she'll smell my breath*—how can I fix that?"

He puzzled for a few moments, and in the end concluded to seek the kitchen, and meddle slightly with the spice-box. Down the stone stairs he went, and after putting his hand into half-a-dozen various fluids, feeling into a row of pans, jugs, and dishes, at length he found a handful of cloves, which he thrust into his mouth as if they had been so many sugar plumbs.

"T-t-their d-devilish hot," spluttered Tom, with his face all aglow; "but they answer the purpose. How I wish Bob Stiles was here to tell me whether the brandy is sufficiently disguised."

Satisfied that the fragrance of the cloves had out-odoured the scent of the "ardent," he mounted the stairs, and with the exception of a couple of small stumbles, gained his chamber in safety. Now he would have been indeed happy had his wife not been wide awake.

"Why, Thomas, how late you are," said she; "where's the candle?"

"Oh, never mind the candle," said he, in as steady a tone as he could assume. "It's not late."

"I should judge it was *very* late," said she; "dear me, I *must* have that clock fixed."

"Y-e-s, so we must," said Tom with miraculous deliberation, for one solitary hiccup would have betrayed him. As to the clock's uncertain condition it was a phenomenon of good luck for him.

"Does it look like rain, dear!" kindly inquired Clara.

Now if Tom had been put on his oath he could no more have answered correctly, in regard to the appearance of the weather, than the man in the moon, and not half so much, for it is fair to suppose that if there *be* a man in the moon, he is not addicted to the practice of drinking, and therefore keeps a bright look out on things below.

He replied guardedly—"'Pon my word I don't know, but I'll look," and feeling his way to the window, he threw aside the curtains, and a bar of pale starlight threw itself immediately on his wife's face. "Clear as crystal you perceive, dear"—and down went the curtain again.

Clara was very thoughtful and affectionate, and suggested that if the curtain was kept up, he could see his way better about the room.

"No, no, dear," replied Tom, very slowly as before; "I've heard that starlight produces lunacy after"—midnight he was about to say, but caught himself dexterously, considering his situation—"and that's dreadful, you know."

Tom made several stumbles after this, and presently his wife caught a whiff of the cloves.

"Good gracious, Tom, how long you are, and how dreadfully you smell of cloves."

"Eh?" said Tom, starting—"C-l-o-v-e-s?"

"Yes, cloves!—any one would think you'd been embalmed like a mummy."

This made him twitch and go wool-gathering.

"Phew! you're regularly scented with them. Where on earth have you been to-night?"

Tom was thrown entirely off his guard; his brain rambled, and without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied—"W-w-why—his—Clara dear, the fact is I just been on a *little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there I fell over a spice-box.*"

This told a tale. Clara immediately sat up in bed and shed tears. The cat was out of the bag, and we should not be surprised but that a Caudle lecture as long as a charity sermon was the consequence of poor Tom's unfortunate slip of the tongue. He has never touched cloves from that day to this, and it is probable ere long he will avoid the "bottle" entirely, his wife insisting that every one that drinks must sooner or later keep company with a subterraneous person, distinguished from the rest of mankind by a remarkable species of tail and a "cloven" foot: this latter adornment would keep Tom out of his road, if nothing else succeeded.

Most decidedly.

AN OHIO WEDDING.

Without the slightest desire to be intentionally alliterative--a euphonism of langauge at which the *savans* affect to turn up their ugly noses (for who ever did see a critic with a handsome "handle" to his physiognomy)—we are about to remark that extraordinarily odd things often occur in Ohio. Of course we do not mean in that portion of the state nearest to the magnificent river that flows murmuringly as a boundary; nor in the large cities, such as Cincinnati, the "Pride of the West," or "Porkopolis," as the eastern editors call it, in sheer envy of the billions of burly swine that are annually knocked in the head in the neighbourhood. But it is in the little towns far back near the borders, in what are termed the Lake Counties, where ridiculously primitive "goings-on" are enacted, and of which we purpose to tell the reader.

Connubiality up that way is not made a theme of protracted consideration, "long drawn out." Wooing is not carried on to indefinite periods, and then timidly turned into a mere conjugal job. There is an absence of all that fuss and shopping, bridesmaid-manœuvring, and honeymoon-ing. There is no occasion for a wedding-breakfast; cut-glass smelling-bottles at the altar; silks and furbelows; orange-blossoms in the hair; announcements in the papers; and the nine hundred and ninety-nine items of nonsense which are all deemed established stepping-stones to the temple of bliss.

There is no occasion for the bridegroom to glitter in smooth kids and a satin waistcoat. There need be no purple suspenders and gilt-edged dickeys: diamond rings are not demanded; nor need there be a white "choker;" or, for the matter of that, any throat-covering at all. There seems to be no wish for carriages with superb trappings, to stand in magnificent waiting at the chapel-doors; no picturesque footmen with polished staffs and powdered locks, to gossip outside while the ceremony is being conducted within. The parson may officiate without flowing robes and solemn stateliness. "Pomp and circumstance" are wholly set aside as dead letters. Courting is thus carried on: when the couple meet that "have a liking for each other," the conversation runs—

"Sally, I love you," says Simon.

"Do go 'long!" replies Sally.

"I swow to man I do," insists Simon.

"Now leave off a-talking sich stuff, you Simon," retorts Sally.

Perhaps Simon then plucks up courage and kisses his Dulcinea—perhaps not, according to the amount of courage he happens to own. Then he runs off to the rick, and she to the kitchen. The matter is not much thought of again till after tea: perhaps the "old folks" have gone to bed; and then, while the couple are sitting at least five yards from each other, Simon, after a long silence, with his eyes rivetted on the toe of Sally's massive bull-hide shoe, again remarks—

"I do love you, Sally."

"How you keep talkin', Simon!"

"I'd like dreadful well to git married."

"Ain't you well ashamed of yourself, Simon?"

His eyes are still on the shoe.

"Why there's no harm in that."

"I never heard of sich a thing!"

"Why you don't mean to say you're a-goin' to be an old maid?"

"Not a-purpose," says Sally.

"Well, you must be if you don't accept a proposal?"

"Yes, I know, but—"

"But you don't like me?"

"Eh?" says Sally, with a start.

"No, you like somebody else better?"

"It's no sich thing."

"I b'leve you've got a hankerin' after Peter Colson? I seed you look after him t'other day out of the spring-house winder?"

"Why, Simon, may I be planted if you ain't a-gittin' jelus!"

"Pshaw!" you needn't count on me gittin' jelus about—"

And before Simon sees proper to finish the sentence, he grows desperately red in the face, and all at once goes off to bed in the dark, leaving his gawky love "alone in her glory" with a confused regret of having offended the "poor feller;" amid which is shadowed the knowledge that she ought to conclude darning the heel of a stocking that has been in an imperfect state in her work-box for some weeks.

The following day Simon sulks whenever he sees Sally, and Sally grins to the exposure of her box of ivories whenever she meets Simon. The next day although he had fully made up his mind that he would not speak to her for a week, he has to ask her "where the soap is?" and then she relents suddenly, and says—

"You ain't mad, are you, Simon?"

"Don't speak to me!" replies Simon, with an attempt at dignity which is so thoroughly rustic and unsuited to his nature that it would not be recognized if the words did not afford some clue to the expression.

"Why, I needn't mean any harm."

"You're crammed full of conceit."

"Why, Simon! now thur, Simon, don't be a fool, Simon!"

This is said with the purest meaning, but the swain takes exception in his ardour to the word fool.

"Thur you go agin—I'm not a fool."

"I mean you're sich a goose to go and git mad about nothin'!"

"Wasn't you in airnest?"

"N-o-a, Simon, 'pon my word."

"What a pump I was!"

An immediate approximation of lips ensue after this mutual unburdening of the spirit, and the matter all set to rights, they jump up and down like a pair of fiddle-bows in a finale of one of Verdi's noisiest operas.

Little odds and ends of courtship of a similar character occur after the above style, and in the end they screw up their courage to become "bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh."

We will adopt a different tense, and follow them on their matrimonial pilgrimage—

"Well then, we shall git married?" said Simon.

"Jist as you like," replied Sally.

"Who had we better hire to do it?"

"Well, they say Squire Brown's as cheap as anybody around. Parson Bertis is so much takin' up with his Injun Mishunary S'ciety that he's never to hire."

"Well, I s'pose a squire kin marry as well as a minister. Eb. Martin was married by a squire, and he was a-tellin' me t'other day how him and Nance never hev quar'led—that's a good sign."

"Shall it be to-morrow?" said Sally.

"Ya-as! we'll start early, for it's a good step over to the Squire's. Now mind you git up early, and hev the cows milked in time!"

The next morning, long before the most impetuous person could expect the sun to look over the western horizon, the happy pair were

bustling in the grey dawn, hastening their morning labour, and saying all manner of queer things to themselves about the approaching event. Sally at length got ready to start for the Squire's. She was a long, gawky, snub-nosed girl, and her bridal dress consisted of an enormous flowered sun-bonnet; a yellow cotton frock; clean tow apron; and coarse shoes, without stockings. Her hair looked as if it had been grabbed suddenly to the top of her head, and then flattened out for the sake of ornament. Instead of ear-rings she had two black cherries on one stem hung over each ear; and her shoes were fastened with bits of red tape, tied in convulsed double-bows.

Simon had a square, full-fed, stupid physiognomy, with lemon-coloured eyebrows, and light hair. He was barefoot, and wore a ten-cent straw hat, pepper-and-salt trousers, a round-jacket of a snuff-tinge, a tablecloth looking shirt; and for a breast-pin, which he deemed indispensable on so important an occasion, he had crooked a large pin through the shank of a broad shiny brass button, on which was emblazoned the head of some very ill-tempered brute. This was stuck in his bosom; and when the ample folds of the coarse shirt-front did not conceal its appearance, it sparkled in the early sunlight quite fiercely.

They started off hand-in-hand across the meadows, over fences, and through the fields, by way of taking a "near cut;" and an hour's brisk walking brought them to the door of the Squire, at which they knocked. Sally had lost one of her fruit ear-rings in scaling the fences; and the lower part of her yellow garment indicated the damp state of the fields through which they had passed. Simon's button breast-pin had absented itself without leave; and a sly bramble had scratched his great toe till it bled.

They paused before the door.

"How do you feel?" said Sally—"I'm all in a pucker."

"Gittin' married 's mighty delicate work; and considerin' I never tried it afore, I'm pretty snug, thank you!" replied Simon.

"My patience, Simon—you've scratched your toe!" remarked Sally, gazing at the long-heeled "pedestal" of her future partner.

"I've no time to think of toes."

The tap at the door was by this time answered, and the Squire's wife stood on the sill.

"Where's the Squire?" asked Simon.

"Wat's wantin'?" inquired the old lady, who was an enormously inquisitive old creature.

"Me and her wants to git married," said Simon.

"Ah—that's all right! he's at the barn, unloading some straw," continued the old lady.

"Kin you step and tell him to come round? we're in somethin' of a hurry," enquired the bridegroom.

"I know he wouldn't be disturbed for a trifle. You better go to him," remarked she. "Jist keep around to the left; then take the long path, and you'll see the barn."

The couple did as they were directed, and found the Squire on top of a cart-load of straw, with his sleeves rolled up, and the perspiration oozing from his countenance.

"Say Squire, come down—we want you a few minnits!" roared Simon.

"What's up?" bawled back the Squire, removing his hat and passing his shirt-sleeve over his brow.

"Sally and me want you to make us one."

"Can't stop till I finish this load," replied the Squire.

"Do—we're in a hurry!" exclaimed Simon.

"Can't—no use of talkin': wouldn't stop now to marry my father!" returned the Squire. "I'll tell you how you can make the time shorter though—jump up here and help me to unload."

"Shall I, Sally?" asked Simon.

"Certin! anything to make time fly," replied she.

Seating Sally on a large stone, he threw off his wedding-jacket, and bounded to the top of the cart. The mountain of straw gradually lessened; and as each sheaf was pitched in at the large barn-window, the Squire asked a question—

"What's your surname?" said the Squire.

"I don't know what you mean?" remarked Simon.

"Your last name?"

"Sittles!"

"And your hull name is Simon Sittles?"

"What's your age?"

"Twenty-five—goin' on twenty-six, next grass."

"Where do you live?"

"With Amos Barton."

"Where was you born?"

"At Una, Marion County."

"Is your mother livin'?"

"No."

"Nor your father, nuther?"

"Ya-as—he's a fireman on a steam-boat somewhur on the Mississippi, but I'll be crowded if I know whur!"

"How old is Sally?"

"Twenty-two."

"Is *her* parents livin'?"

"She's a norphan.

By this time the last sheaf was "housed," and Simon jumped from the cart, and resumed his jacket.

"Lead the bride here!" cried the Squire.

Sally ran her eye up and down her dress, to see that it was all to rights. Simon doffed his hat, and the two stood behind the cart in which the Squire stooped.

"So you want to get married, eh?" said he blandly to Sally.

"If y—y—yeou please," stammered the bride, blushing up to the roots of her hair, and hanging her head.

"Do you think it'll be good for you?" he asked.

"Guess so!" said the maiden.

"Well then, look up—that's right—Woa! Bob (speaking to the horse)—jine your hands: but stop—where's your wedding-ring?"

"By Hokey—I forgot that!" and a cloud passed over the face of the candidate for matrimony, which the Squire perceived.

"Never mind! make one of this blade of grass—that'll do jist as well till you can afford to buy one."

A blade of stiff grass was made as circular as possible, and the bride was instructed to place the third finger of the left hand in it. She did so, and the Squire proceeded—

"Will you love and obey this man?"

No answer returned, when the Squire said—

"I'm speaking to you, Miss What-you-call-'em: will you love and obey this man?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"You must not nod like a sunflower," said the Squire: "speak out."

"Certinly I will, then?" replied Sally.

"Will you protect and stick to this woman?" asked the Squire.

"Through thick and thin!" said Simon, with a strong emphasis on "thick."

"Will you always be true to her, and never go galivantin' about after other wimmen?" the Squire then asked.

"Why how kin you ask that?" said Simon, apparently shocked.

"It's part of the form and service. Hold your tongue, and answer the question, or I'll let you go half-married!"

"Never!" bellowed Simon; "I'll be as true to her as the bud to the blossom."

"Ain't you got backa in your mouth?" inquired the Squire.

He noticed that the bridegroom "salivated" oftener than necessary.

"Yes—but only a small quid!" pleaded Simon.

"Take it out, sir! I never marry a man with backa in his mouth—it's aginst the law."

Simon disgorged to the official's satisfaction.

"That's more like the thing!" proceeded the Squire, waving a handful of loose straw over their heads. "Now as the clouds in the sky and the boughs of the tree are jined to one another, so do I pronounce you man and wife. Kiss the bride, and *fork over a dollar and a half!*"

"Gittin' married ain't half as hard as I thought it was!" said Sally aside to Simon.

"Come! a dollar and a half is my fee!" chimed in the Squire.

"Can't you take a dollar? money's dreadful skeerce, and it didn't take you long?" argued Simon.

"Do take a dollar, Squire!" remarked Sally, "you know Simon helped you to unload."

"Well considerin' that, hand out a dollar, and I'm satisfied."

Simon handed over a dollar; bound up his wounded toe; kissed his wife; bid adieu to the Squire; and walked off with Sally on his arm, as happy and as innocent a specimen of Ohio *up country* as the State would afford.

PARAGRAPHS ABOUT PEACHES.

"The soft impeachment."—POPULAR PHRASE.
"Up, boys, and at them!"—WELLINGTON.

We are under the impression, as far as our experience and observation go, that the fruit fanciers of Great Britain have never enjoyed peaches as they grow in New Jersey: a state with a very sandy soil, lying with its breast exposed to the sea, between the sister states of New York and Pennsylvania. There peaches are *indeed* peaches—so large, plump, rosy, and mellow—the very incarnation of luxurious delicacy. The wall peach that we have eaten in England is deficient in that delicious flavour characteristic of the New Jersey and Delaware fruit, albeit much time and attention is bestowed on its rearage. There the tree grows spontaneously, in a measure; and it is a most delightful picture to see, in early morning, an orchard, of several miles in extent, with its pale pink and subdued crimsoned blossoms, a dew-drop sleeping in the bosom of each, and the long, graceful, tapering leaves nodding obediently, and lavishing their rich odour on the wanton air-currents that playfully dally through them. This is the first stage only of the beauty of the peach orchard. When the blossom is promptly passing into the young germ, and the leaves slowly and sorrowfully disappear, nevermore to turn up their blushing surfaces to the moonlight, then the trees present a really delightful effect. The young fruit, nestling among the leaves, and hugging the twigs, like a babe clinging to the breast of its mother, suggests the idea of a number of spoiled pets, afraid to leave the apron-strings of their parent stems, and, confident of their security, peep saucily out at the passers by, seeming to promise what they will be when age and the sun shall have matured their tempting development. The "last stage of all that ends" this progressive scene of loveliness and beauty, are the clusters of fruit, rich, round, and perfectly ripe, inviting the hand to pluck them, as they seem quite ready to renounce their birth-place, and divide *pro bono publico*, as destiny may rule the matter—provided, of course, that destiny ever meddles herself with peaches.

How often have we selected a clear, blue-skied, bright day, when just a wing of shade has rested under the sweeping boughs of the orchard, and lounging about in a *robe de chambre* and a clumsy-looking sombrero, plucked the most gushing of the fruit as it exposed its scarlet sides, ripening by the aid of the gleams of sunlight that crept noiselessly through the trellis of foliage! The profusion seemed to invoke an appetite, and health waiting on *it*, we were not so choice as to require a plate and knife, but went at it *sans ceremonie*, pull and eat, and pull again. Such nectar was never distilled for the revels of Jupiter, if Hebe (a young lady for whom, if mythological archives are to be depended upon, we entertain a very high regard) did oft-times bear the enamelled goblet in her lily-white hands.

Insects seem to have a marked predilection for peach trees. We do not mean the offensive grubs and moths that pierce the fruit and sap its heart; we refer more particularly to what Shelley calls the "plumed"

tribe—bees, gnats, wasps, and bluebottle-flies, that spin and sparkle in the clear atmosphere,

"Like golden boats in a sunny sea,"

and pop down on the peaches, then make a detour in the air, and finally, after hum-drumming and buzzing about in the leaves, like the dying tones of a harpsichord, shoot off with the speed of an arrow, perfect winged coquettes, settling on the harebell, drinking the sweets of the rose, and committing innumerable petty larcenies on the honeysuckle and woodbines.

But, talking about the blossoms, and the insects, and the sunshine, we are taking steam, and running away, on the electric telegraph of fancy, from what we started to tell our readers about; so we will "once more to the peach," and not be seduced, by these little delights, to again stray from our design.

We have said the peaches are now ripe. They are, and must be gathered. The farmer that we have at this moment got in our mind's eye, owns twelve acres of trees, and in order that the fruit may not be over-ripened, it must be got in by a certain date. We will suppose it to be the early part of August, and the young fruit, nicely ripened and assorted, has been sent to market some month before. Now the backward crop must be looked to, and preparations are made for a *fête champêtre* of the first order of rustic sensibility. All the neighbouring lads and lasses for several miles round will be solicited to participate in the joint affair of labour and pleasure, as they will assist our farmer to get in his crop. The domestic corps is increased by the arrival of several of those ever-excellent maiden aunts that one finds in most households, whose duty it will be to superintend the internal arrangements. And now an overhauling of hardware takes place, in which burly saucepans, exaggerated tin cups, and very corpulent copper kettles are prominent features. The crockery likewise undergoes a similar investigation: milk-pans, jugs, and pitchers being pressed into the service. These are all sent down to the spring—the dimpled waters of which run laughingly through the mead, so prettily powdered with buttercups and taraxacum blossoms—and are washed, until, in the language of old Aunt Barbara, they are "as sweet and clean as new pins."

Our farmer, whose chirography is none of the best, as he has never given his attention to hair-strokes nor pot-hooks, does not write invites on crimson-edged enamelled note paper: no, he saddles the best horse in the stable, and investing himself in a clean shirt, a linsey-woolsey coat, and a mole-skin wide-brimmed hat (his Sunday go-to-meeting outfit), he ambles away to wait on his neighbours, who require no conventional formality beyond the manly, honest, shake of the hand.

"What's a-doing on Thursday next?" inquires the farmer.

"Never idle: why?" is something like the rejoinder.

"We want to get in the peaches that day, and if your people can lend us a hand we'll feel obliged, and, of course, stand ready for the same favour."

"By all means: it shall be arranged."

These are almost all of the preliminaries required to gain the services

of the neighbours. They do not mind early rising; it is one of their many good habits to witness the morn, clad in his mantle of russet,

"Walk o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Thus, the farmer makes an excursion among his rural brethren, who all appear to experience a sincere pleasure at being able to render assistance one to another. There are no hems! nor hollow apologies, nor empty regrets, or "I would if—," or "I'm so sorry, *but*— :" expressions that will at once be familiar to those who have in vain sought favour from the wayward giddy world in town. Here there is nothing of the sort. A hearty compliance succeeds the request, and a glow of pleasure lights up the ruddy face of the husbandman, as his heart responds to his neighbour's desire. How pleasing is such fraternity, and what an example does it present to the many ranks of society, ever at variance, in fanning the flame of petty conventional prejudice.

The morning of the day has arrived in which the fruit is to be gathered. Prompt as the light of the morning the neighbours assemble. We can descry them coming down the long, green-wooded lane, in their old frowzy-topped waggons. This one contains a farmer, his wife—a happy-faced elderly lady—and several bouncing chubby girls—perfect merry little dumplings, with very red cheeks, lips ditto, and hair curled in long graceful tresses. How they run and romp into the house, and kiss the several old maiden ladies, and shake hands with the host and hostess, and hug the children's puddy figures, until they are ready to squeal out like young porkers! Another group of girls soon come, with moss-roses twined in their soft brown hair, or twin blue-bells, "at whose birth the sod scarce heaved," pinned in their belts. These kiss those who have preceded them; and thus the greetings go on until all of them arrive; for as the farmers, with few exceptions, know each other, introductions do not necessarily take place, but all feel at once at home.

Breakfast is spread out of doors, on a long old-fashioned oak table on the lawn, in front of a row of tall poplars, and soon the meal is over; the boys get ready the large baskets, and all in a cluster sally out to the orchard, which is a mile distant from the house, each of the girls having taken the precaution of bringing with her a large calico or chintz sun-bonnet, which effectually shields her countenance from the burning rays of the day-orb.

It is a pretty sight! There is a Kate, a Cordelia, a Blanche, a Flora, a Rosabel, a Fanny, and a Beatrice, all in a group—for be it known that the American demoiselles have a passion for choice names. They cannot bear Mary, notwithstanding Byron and Burns both felt an absolute passion for it, and it is still the theme of bards and bardlings of all countries. They also avoid Sarah, although its poetical form is Sally, which is found in many a sonnet; perhaps they dread the contraction Sal, which, we confess, *is* harsh and unmusical. Lucy they think too much behind the age; for, as Barry Cornwall has it—

"Lucy is a (g)olden girl,"

and Susan, of Hebrew origin, albeit it signifies a lily, is not sufficiently euphonious for their taste.

There they go, these happy, jolly-looking girls, with their pretty names. How they do "Blanche, dear," and "Fanny, love," and "Beatrice, darling," each other, to be sure! Some pause to pluck flowers; others skip like young kids; and the silvery peals of laughter echoing through the green vaults of the grove impress one with the conviction that they can indeed boast of the real wealth of life. There are two or three careless of the sunshine, and in no fear of freckles, tripping along with their bonnets in their hands, the girdles that fettered their hair having slipped away; and now the clustering curls, free and unrestrained, are dancing about their well-curved necks. On they go, as merry as wild birds; but where are the males all this time? We have been so taken up with the girls that we quite forgot our own sex. Well, this is natural, as we always obey that musty, yet good old couplet, commencing—

"When a lady's in the," &c.

The boys have detached themselves from the girls, and gone on ahead with the baskets, while the men are looking after the carts.

The duty of the day, then, is thus divided:—The boys are to shake the trees, the girls to pick up the fruit and load the baskets for the men to carry to the carts, who return them for filling. This arrangement, immediately on the arrival of the various parties, goes into effect.

The boys can climb like young squirrels, and up the little trees they go, and, perching on a topmost bough, sing a monotonous chaunt—se-e-e-e-e sa-a-a-a-a-a-w, rocking the well-stored branches in time with the voice. There are two girls for each tree, and softly the fruit drops on the grass all around like hail. Blanche and Kate, for example, are under a tree that is bending down with its load of loveliness.

"Bless me, Billy," says the former of the two, looking up into the tree, and losing her vision in an alley of green leaves; "don't let them hit me on the head in that manner. Eigh! there goes my comb all to splinters."

Billy, the young gentleman addressed—of whom no part is visible, except one very brown hand, and a foot which would be nude, if it were not that three of the toes are attired in a suit of brown mud—smirks and says, "he be darned if he could help it."

Kate—and we believe these Kates are pretty much all saucy creatures—laughs, and as she draws her sun-bonnet closer to her face that Blanche may not observe her mirth, a large peach wickedly selects her nose as a goal, and down it comes, causing her to shriek most musically, and to rub her nose, and then look at her hands to see whether "it will have blood."

The trees look as if they had been suddenly seized with a fit of the ague, for they are shaking in all directions. There are some twenty boys at work, Billys, Tommys, and Johnnys, and a rare set of vagabonds they are, up to all species of mischief, and ever ripe for anything in the way of sport. The fruit is now ancle deep, as

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the vales
In Vallombrosa;"

but the girls are active, and soon fill the baskets, which are borne away

by the men, and emptied into the carts stationed at various points of the orchard.

So it goes on until noon-tide, when they all adjourn to dinner, which is spread in the purest home-bred style, as before, on the *anemone-paven* lawn. There are not *trente-deux potages* and *entrements à la Symposium*, Soyer fashion, to be sure; but all of these French *olla-podridas* are amply compensated by mounds of white and brown bread, and such glorious butter (with all due deference to Devonshire), to say nothing of the home-cured ham, fresh-laid eggs, veal, young lamb, chickens, served in several ways, only not seasoned to such an extent as to conceal the natural flavour, and every variety of vegetables in season. Then the pies!—not your little insignificant pale-looking things one finds at the *restaurants* in town, that look as if they were ashamed of themselves; but large, noble, prodigious specimens, large enough to lay down in, with the upper-crust for a quilt; reminding us of the giant that some redoubtable tourist saw in the moon, who required two visits to be seen to advantage.

As there is no wine after dinner, nor a prolongation of dessert, the guests return to their labours, the old men first adjourning to the ante-room at the side of the pantry, where they indulge in a draught of "apple-jack," as whisky is commonly called in that part of the country. By four o'clock in the afternoon the trees begin to assume a bare appearance, or rather the fruit has grown scarce, and with the exception of a stray peach here and there, that has, like the valiant Cataline, resisted the general agitation, it is housed ready for exportation to the nearest city market. The host next desires all those who may not have orchards of their own to select out each a bushel of the finest fruit, to be conveyed home for their own use. Blanche and Kate are cousins, and reside in the same homestead, and it is amusing to watch them as they fill the basket allotted for their share.

"Look Kate, what a darling!" says Blanche, holding up a beautiful downy specimen. "It blushes all over like a young bride."

"Just as you will when you are led to the altar," replies Kate, laughingly, "eh?"

"Never; because, coz, you know I've settled on being an old maid, like Deborah there," replies Blanche.

"Old fiddlesticks. You an old maid! Well, I *like* that; didn't I catch you, only last Sunday, casting side glances at young squire—what's his name—he with the red hair and the—"

Blanche crimsons like the peach she has just tossed so carelessly into the basket, and makes no reply.

"Ha! ha! ha! I've done it, I find," continues Kate, observing the blood mantling in her companion's fair cheeks; "Now, why don't you confide in me, and then I'll never plague again about Jerry."

"Jerry!" interrupts Blanche sneeringly; "I'll thank you, Miss, his name is not Jerry."

"Dear-a-me, you needn't *Miss* me because I mistook the young man's name. I'm sure Jerry is pretty. How tender to say—'Jeremiah, love, hand me a glass of water,' or 'Jerry, dear, do so-and-so'—eh, coz?"

"Kate, you're a provoking puss, that's what you are. I just told you that his name is not Jerry."

"What is it, then?"

"I don't know that I shall tell you."

"I can guess—Bobby?" continued Kate, a sly, roguish smile playing about the corners of her pretty red lips.

"No, no, no!" cries Blanche, raising her voice on the successive word, and nearly rising from off her feet with the momentary emotion.

"Ah! now I have it. I'll bet a peach it's Peter," cries the madcap.

Blanche's eyes get suddenly and particularly bright.

"You don't contradict it—I see it's Peter; why I'm sure that's not half so nice as Jerry, and you pretended you didn't like that a bit."

Blanche's eyes still grow brighter—diamonds are dull to them.

"Why don't you speak? Are you angry because I've hit on his name? Why, how your heart beats! I can see its motions here;" and, giving her companion a gentle tap on the chin, she bursts into a fit of laughter.

Blanche drives back her rising emotions, and finds out, over the peach basket, that she has really a very great regard—more than she ever dreamed of—for the young squire in question. She summons her courage and says—

"I shall never love you any more, Kate!"

"Ha! ha! wont you, indeed?"

"Never!"

"Then I did guess his name? Ha! ha!"

"No;" and poor Blanche is so much confused, now that the inward glow of excitement has subsided, that she does not observe that the basket is full, and that the peaches keep tumbling out at one side while she puts them in at the other.

"O! I can't be; you forget yourself."

"Me forget myself, indeed; I think you forget *yourself!*" and Miss, to be impressive, draws herself up in the most approved manner.

Kate, to be convincing, points to the peaches strewn about the ground, when Blanche, suddenly becoming aware of the real cause, looks foolish, and attempts to cough away the feeling. All at once she thinks of an expedient, and resolves to turn the tables against her vivacious relative.

"What would you give to know his name?" she says.

"A dime."

"And will you never mention it?"

"Never."

"On your honour?"

"'Pon honour!"

"As true as you've this day picked peaches?"

"Why, Blanche, how can you doubt me?" her curiosity by this time, in reality, excited to ascertain the name.

"I'm afraid, notwithstanding all you have said, that you'll tell," continues Blanche, her companion's growing curiosity not being lost on her.

"Then, Blanche, in plain terms you must think me a —".

"Oh! no I don't; but yet I have a reason for saying this."

"What can it be? Nothing serious, I hope? He hasn't written a confidential *billet-doux* to you, and I not see it, Blanche?"

"You don't know all."

"Oh!" says Kate, stamping her foot with impatience, "what is it? Don't keep me in suspense any longer. Speak! or when I go home I'll rummage every drawer in the house but I'll find it."

"You wouldn't dare."

"I declare I'll tell your ma, then;" and the young lady begins to feel slightly provoked.

"Turn tell-tale! Oh, Kate! I'm ashamed of you."

"No, I went; that was only my fun."

"Ah! you're playing the inquisitor: you'll make me tell my secrets whether I will or no."

"But it's quite natural."

"So it is."

"Now, do tell me his name, at least, that's a dear."

Blanche taxes her imagination for a moment to invent a fictitious name. She has it.

"Well, now honour bright, its——"

"Yes——"

"Sammy——"

"Sammy. Yes."

"Sammy Sutton Soapsuds."

"Sammy Sutton Soapsuds!" cries Kate, again bursting into a shrill laugh; "what a name for a squire! Ha! ha! ha! I wouldn't marry a man with such a name if he was a king, and covered all over with jewels and gold. Ha! ha! ha!" and she runs off in an ebullition of glee to join a party of girls about to play at blind-man's-buff on the lawn, well satisfied that she has found out the name of her cousin's lover; while Blanche, not quite so blithe, is happy to think that she had ironically disposed of a subject of more importance to her than she had at first conceived.

We never, in the course of our journeyings, came across a circuit of farm-houses but some one of the tenantry had pretensions to the violin —most generally an old grey-headed fellow, blind of an eye, who could, by dint of hard scraping, get through a certain number of quick steps, marches, and fandangoes, venerable on account of their antiquity, the melodies of all of which, by some strange analogy, which we have never seen properly explained in any essay on the science that we have read, bear a striking resemblance to each other. It is not to be presumed that our farmer will engage a brass or string band "from town," as the Jersey folks say; but his guests must be content to trip it on the green sward to the music of an old fiddle—perhaps the G string not at home, too—and "Barbary Allen," arranged as an allegretto, is struck up and gone through with, at the rise of some *solat*, not forgetting the really clever performance of "Blue-eyed May," with *ad libitum* variations, which are much admired, and which the girls particularly call "so very, very sweet."

A country reel follows; but the girls soon grow weary, and the wag-

gons are got ready for home. "Good bye, good bye!" is the universal shout. "Many thanks! many thanks!" is echoed back from the household, and now a regular flying artillery of kissing takes place. The old maiden aunts have spruced up, and being general favourites, or rather on account of having past the spring time of their lives, more liberties are taken with them by the young farmers, who bestow sundry kind taps on their shoulders, and call them "nice young creeters," something after the fashion that gay old gentlemen in bag wigs poke the sides of volatile young spendthrifts in the old comedies.

The girls, too, have a hearty squeeze all around. They are not let off without some fond demonstration. Kate kisses Beatrice, and Fanny does the same to Rosabel, and Blanche makes a regular tour of red lips, being the general favourite of the company. Then one by one the vehicles drive off, until the bulk of the guests have departed, the omega of as pleasant an interchange of friendship as a philanthropic Howard would wish to witness.

It now remains for the fruit to be sorted into bushels, according to its size and quality, the decayed portion being reserved for the swine. The ripest and most advanced is sent at once to market, while the least matured is retained for future disposal. The peach crops form a very important item in the staples of New Jersey produce, and its evanescent susceptible nature renders it an object of anxious solicitude to the thrifty farmer, who combines in this case the twofold practice of an orchardist and husbandman.

It is scarcely worth while to trespass on the time of the reader in following the peaches to market, and from thence to the tables of all classes of the inhabitants of the various districts of the republic; suffice it to say, that their cheapness enables the very poorest to enjoy their evening saucer of sliced peaches and milk, and, for a month or two in the latter part of the summer, puddings and pies of this delightful fruit are quite the *mode*. The scenes at the market are often of a really grotesque character. As far as the eye can reach tens of thousands of baskets are piled, one upon another, and guards are stationed to protect them from the depredations of the urchins, who flock about in troops, watching every opportunity, during the inattention of the guard, to cram their pockets. Frequently, when detected, a chase takes place, and the boys, not particular to what quarter they bend their flight, so that they escape well loaded with the "stolen joys," scramble over the baskets, upsetting the peaches, and causing them to scatter and roll about like an infinitude of little red balls chasing each other on a cricket ground. Away they fly—boys, peaches, and policeman—and as the contest depends upon the fleetness of the pursued and the nimbleness of the pursuers, it can scarcely be set down whether the young knaves escape to munch the mellow spoils, or are gallanted to the magistrate's office to await an impeachment (not intended for a pun), for the fraudulent appropriation of property, set down in the statutes as gross and illegal.

The prices of the fruit fluctuate. During the month of July the first quality usually commands seventy-five cents (equal to three shillings

sterling) per basket, and, at the height of the season, it is as low as ten cents. Cases have been known, during a highly prolific year, when the farmers have been willing to dispose of it at almost any price—a mere song, as the saying goes, and many a basket of beautiful fruit has gone its way for five cents. Gallons and gallons of jam are prepared during these fruitful periods, for exportation; and even with this provisional adaptation of the fruit, much of it goes to waste and decay.

As long as the season lasts the streets and thoroughfares abound with peach stones, which are gathered by the boys, the kernels of which they sell, for a trifling sum per hundred, to the chemists and confectioners. So it will be seen that the peaches are no mean matter in the sum total of American fruit, both for quality and quantity; and we cannot close this somewhat rambliing sketch with a better design than wishing they were equally cheap, plentiful, and delicious in Great Britain.

THE UNFORTUNATE WANT OF PRIORITY.

There is no help for it—singular things *will* happen!

Of course. And if you've nothing better to do, dear reader, lend us your attention for a few moments.

Miss Angelina Leonora Lipsy was a sentimental young creature, who had a narrow escape of being beautiful; that is to say, she had dark lustrous eyes, dazzling white teeth, rich ruby lips, a chiselled outline of oval countenance, but, hang it all—her hair was *picturesquely red!* Cruel Nature! why were ye so bountiful in every other respect, to blight by a crowning and ridiculous contrast? While ye were about it, why not make the job complete?—why destroy so much harmony by a single error? Had the hair been deep brown, or black, all would have been well, or, for the matter of that, dark auburn; but red—unmistakable, decided, atrocious red—Oh! it was too bad, and we *must* cry out against it. Nature ought to have known better; and when Miss Angelina Leonora was launched into vitality, she (Nature, of course) must have been in a fit of peevishness, or felt wickedly unamiable at the moment.

And Miss Leonora was not only within one of being beautiful, but we may apply the same remark to her accomplishments. She could execute crayon drawings with considerable skill, and showed grace in dancing—but her *forte* lay in the piano. This was her celestial harbour. How bewitchingly she would have sung if she had not lisped! Her voice, a mezzo-soprano of a fair octave and a-half, floated and quivered till the heart leaped with delight. Then her selection of pieces—bravuras, cabalettas, ariettas, and ballads from operas, were heaped upon great racks invented for their reception. And Miss Lipsy's taste—how varied it was, to be sure! not tied down to Beethoven and Mozart, and circling only the difficulties of Glück and Donizetti—by no means! One moment she would soar in Astrifiamnanto's prettiest bit, and the next twirl the

dying tones of "Daniel Tucker." It was now *Lucia*, and then "Look ye"—from grave to gay—

"From lively to serene," &c.

But our young friend, even with the drawbacks of florid locks and mincing articulation, had lovers; and it is of these lovers we would now speak. They formed an acquaintance with her at the same time at an evening party, and both had fallen in love with her at the same moment. Their six eyes came in simultaneous contact—Love's telegraph was at work—and it would seem there was power sufficient in her two to play the mischief with their four. It was a case of madly mutual love, without the graceful benefit of priority. So it stood.

The younger of the suitors was a Mr. Thompson Thompsons—a poet, gentleman on town, and general beau. He gloried in plaid trowsers, salmon-coloured braces, dare-devil tile, and, in fact—was fast! Between ourselves and the post, dear reader, he was the *favoured one!*

The other, a certain James Crack, or, as he was called for shortness, "Jim Crack," a watchmaker by occupation; a journeyman that could always earn his fifteen dollars a week as easily as "turn his hand over," if he would only "stick to work." But there was the trouble—he loved women better than watches, and preferred lips to levers. Strange that such things are, and—

"Overcome us like a summer's——"

These personages were friends, or, more properly, acquaintances; and though it was heart-consuming for each to know that the other loved the same object, yet the passion had been kindled at the same moment and in the same place. Here each felt the unfortunate *want of priority!*

"Crack, can't we arrange it somehow?" Thompsons would say appealingly, anxious to buy off the love of his rival; "I think I love her better than you."

"I'm confident you don't," Crack would reply; "I'd go through fire and water to serve her."

"I'd go the water, because I can swim," Thompsons would add; "but for the fire—I'd rather decline that, as I'm anything but a salamander."

It was the custom of the couple to meet every other evening at a bowling-saloon in Broadway; and some six weeks after the match of passion had been ignited, Crack—who was sitting moodily in a *fauteuil* scanning his finger-nails, while Thompsons was rattling away in praise of a new ballad he had just written, in which constancy and devotion were prominently brought forward—started up as if possessed of a brilliant idea, and confronted his fellow-in-love.

"Thompsons, I've a grand thought popping through me."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; but first allow me to ask—as far as you *can* be, under the circumstances—you're my friend, are you not?"

"How can you ask?"

"Good. Now listen to what I say."

"Both ears are particularly wide open."

"We love Angelina Leonora, do we not?"

Thompsons' brow lowered.

"Why don't you answer?" asked Crack.

"Alas! James Crack, a regard for the truth, instilled into my mind when I was still young and tender in years, compels me to say that we do."

"It's a hard case," remarked Crack.

"Devilish hard."

"We agreed to woo her alternately for six weeks."

"Yes, and she then promised to declare her choice."

"But I fear she hai'nt the nerve to make it," pursued the elder of the lovers. "And between you and I, I can't live in this frightful state of excitement any longer. I must determine upon something, one way or the other, or I shall be driven out of my senses. I often think I'll throw myself at her feet, and declare that I can't live without her."

"Good gracious!" cried Thompsons, sportively, "hav'nt you got that far yet; why I did that the second week I knew her. In fact, 'I perish for thy heart and hand,' is the title of my very last ballad. I sent her a copy, with her name engraved in a halo of fat little cupids waving torches."

"Ah!" sighed Crack, dismally, "there's where you have me on the hip. Your ballads will play the devil with my chances, I fear. Music is the food of love."

"Yes, and she frequently protests she could live on it," remarked the ballad-monger. "Fancy her breakfasting on a symphony, lunching on a rondo, and then, for supper, taking half-a-dozen pickled polkas and a stewed overture! Curious diet, eh?"

"But, joking apart, Thompsons, you have decided advantages over me," said Crack, mournfully.

"But you must'nt forget one thing," consoled Thompsons, with a complacent smile—"poets are very poor, and she knows that. You've more money than me."

"But in love poetry goes farther than money, don't it?"

"Not always; give me rhyno before rhyme any time," replied Thompsons. "But touching the idea that popped through you."

"True, true—I'd forgotten it. I'm quite amiss here to-day," said the quondam lover, smiting his forehead; "my idea suggests itself in the shape of a proposition"—

"And that proposition is—?"

"To play a game of bowls for the lady; and whichever gets the least number of pins shall resign in favour of the other."

"That's a subject for consideration," exclaimed Thompsons; "for, if I remember aright, you are the better player of the two."

"I think we are well matched; and, besides, I shall be as nervous as a leaf."

"If you'll promise me that, I'll make the bargain with you," said Thomsons, who felt within himself he would beat his antagonist, but did not care to exhibit his self-reliance.

"Seriously, Thompsons," pleaded Crack, "I'm harassed beyond

measure at the uncertainty of my position with Miss Lipsy, and now is the time to take a step for bettering our condition. Let us roll, and abide, like men, by the decision. You know, as well as I can tell you, that two lovers for one lady is absurd—she can't marry us both."

"Certainly not. Now we must have a clear understanding: if I knock down more pins than you— ?"

"I resign in your favour, if it breaks my heart," said Crack; "and if you lose, you do likewise."

"It's a bargain!" cried Thompsons, and they shook hands by way of seeming impressiveness.

"How many balls shall each roll?" suggestively asked Crack.

"Three each."

"Good! You lead off, and I'll keep account."

"No, as you suggested the idea, you must begin."

After some discussion, Crack divested himself of his coat and hat, and breathlessly proceeded to roll. His eyes wandered as he glanced up the alley, but conquering for a moment his agitation, the ball dashed towards the pins. Only four fell!

"Bravo!" shouted Thompsons, capering with delight; "I can beat that."

The pins were restored, and the poet took his turn. He dislodged seven.

Crack groaned audibly.

"Now, go it again," said Thompsons.

The luck was better for Crack this time. The whole ten fell with one crash.

"Well, I say, Jim, that's walkin' into them like Wellington did at Waterloo," cried Thompsons.

"Rather better, I must say," replied Crack.

"Here goes my second effort—b-a-n-g!" exclaimed the poet, with a sanguinary rush, which succeeded in precipitating six. "Come, that's not so bad—six and seven are thirteen. Now I'll follow my go, and have done with it. Ye Gods inspire me!" and he rolled. Twenty-one was his sum total.

Crack had now one last chance, and with a desperate plunge he threw, rather than rolled, the ball that was to govern his fate. It seemed to coquette with the pins for an instant, and then agitate their positions, till seven fell. He drew a long breath, and "stared a stare," in which hope, anxiety, doubt, fear, and joy were all mixed up like piccalilli in a jar. Strange circumstance! They had alike succeeded—*it was a tie!*

"I think, without perverting the truth, I may say that's odd," remarked Thompsons.

"I was certain I should have beaten you," Crack said.

"And I was sanguine that I should win. It would not be inappropriate to call that a coincidence, eh?" observed the poet.

"We stand now just where we begun," proceeded Crack; and in order to make it final, let one ball decide. My blood is up, and I'll begin."

"Go it!" coincided Thompsons.

Crack then delivered a "brief but deep" prayer to himself, assumed an

attitude something similar to the Grecian Ajax when he defies the elements above, and threw his energy and love into the ball with one mighty hurl. Confusion to his efforts! only five toppled over, and the ball seemed to groan with exertion as it fell inanimately among the straw. Thompsons fairly danced with delight at his rival's *brutum fulmen*.

"Laugh on, my good fellow," upbraided Crack, with a dismal attempt to smile, which was only a melancholy failure—"laugh on; but it would be too good a joke if five was the winning number."

"Yes, it would," retorted Thompsons confidently, "but I don't mean it shall. What's five to beat? Boy, set them up!" he exclaimed, and, measuring the distance well with his eye, and opening his fingers, he carefully dropped the ball, and it ran surely to the goal, and dislodged six!

Crack almost tore his hair with excitement; and the poet, making a rush for his coat and hat, exclaimed, in a voice of triumph—

"I win by one pin! The gods be praised—*she is mine!*

The vermilion-haired beauty was rather glad than otherwise at the result of this game; and although she conceived it to be a great liberty to decide in such a vulgar manner which should claim the privilege of asking for her hand, yet she favoured Mr. Thompson because he was younger than her other admirer, and wrote pretty poetry all about her eyes, her lips, &c., always avoiding the mention of her ruby ringlets, which he ever ingeniously and neatly took the precaution to pass over in eloquent silence.

We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Thompsons are happy. Their case illustrates the tribulations attendant upon the want of a perfect priority in love.

JONATHAN AT THE OPERA.

A Yankee in Paris—we mean an unadulterated, verdant, knotty specimen—is something of a curiosity. In the whirlpool of plaited trousers and sable moustaches he looks like some remarkable nondescript that has got astray—the contrast is so great between your be-whiskered yellow Frenchman and the long, gawky, Saxon-countenanced American. Throw a curiously carved chip on the bosom of the sea, and let it float far from the shores of civilization—perhaps it will be picked up with a flood of wonderment. Set down on the dashing Boulevards a raw, primitive, bony Vermonter, with no idea of society and the conventionalities of countries, and he will be as great an oddity as one could well conceive.

When we were in Paris, last year, we encountered one of the latter class. He was disgracefully verdant, and had crossed the ocean to introduce a "scythe-sharpener," for which he had taken out a patent; but, according to his own account, everybody spoke so much French he could'nt make them understand what he wanted to do. Of course, he

had been sight-seeing, and had examined everything from the antiques of the Louvre to the whirligig flourishes on the Obelisk of Luxor, much to his gratification. After dinner one day, over the remains of a flacon of Bordeaux, he gave us a running account of his visit to the opera, which we will endeavour to transcribe, as nearly as possible, in his own words:—

"The fact is," said he producing a pocket-knife and a slip of wood, as thick as an adult's fore-finger, which he whittled with a dainty dexterity, "I come to France with an eye to bis'ness; and if I could pick up some crumbs of information, all well and good. But I've got a scythe-sharpener that beats everything that was ever invented clean out of the field—yes, far out of sight and gone! That's no braggin', on my honour. These Frenchmen may be ingenious as you please, but they can no more compare with the Yankees in agricultural things than you could expect to build an arsenal of duck-eggs. I can make a scythe so desperate sharp that its shadow would be dangerous if you should run agin it in the dark; and as for the old system of whetting-stones, the farmers in Vermont swear by me jist as the Turks did by Mahomet.

"But changin' the subject, this Paris is 'one of the places,' now is'nt it? Them Boo-le-vards are high old streets—beat Broadway and the Bowery all over! And that palace—what do you call it?—the Tweeleries—that goes a-head of everything I ever saw, except Buck-in'ham Palace, where the Queen boards in London. I went to the opera 'tother night to hear Albony—did you ever hear Albony sing? She's a jolly, fat, comfortable-lookin' critter; but she's got a voice as sweet as sugar, now, I tell you. Well, before I went to the opera, somebody told me I must put on white kids and carry a boquet. I up and said I would't, and then they allowed if I did'nt I could'nt git in; so as I wanted to hear Albony, I thought I'd violate my conscience, and do it. I went to one of them glove-shops in the Roo Pussinair, and a mighty slick-lookin' gal—with her hair twisted like mint-sticks around her head—fitted me with a pair, though I had a dreadful time to make her understand what I wanted. I pinted first to my hands, and she laughed and showed a double row of ivories, and got down a gilt bottle with a label on it, 'Amandine,' or somethin' like that; but as I did'nt want no gilt bottles, I shook my head, and made motions as if I was pullin' on a glove, and at last she took the hint.

"I 'spose I must have split six pairs before I got one to fit; and it would'nt have gone on at all, if the gal had'nt coaxed and rubbed it on with her little white fingers. Talk about hands—her's was lilies alongside of my great mallets! Well, arter I got the gloves, I had a deuce of a time before I could pay for them. She could'nt make me understand how much they were, nor I could'nt make her explain clear enough; so I had to end the matter by takin' out a handful of money, and lettin' her help herself. Talk about uncomfortable people! I think I was the greatest wretch in them gloves! It was the first pair I ever had on in my life, and I walked about as if I had committed some dreadful sin.

"The next thing was to get a boquet; but as I could'nt see one handy, I bought a bunch of water-cresses, and, mixin' a dozen big

stumpy scarlet radishes amongst 'em, I got my ticket and walked in. Everybody stared at me, and, feelin' saasy, I stared back jist as hard as they did. Lookin' up into the gallery, I saw a passel of young chaps, all whiskers and jewelry, pintin' at my boquet, and laughin' as if they'd tear their moustaches. I looked up two or three times, and made mouths at 'em; but instead of their stoppin', it only made 'em wus. And at last I got mad, and jerkin off my kids with one pull that ripped 'em as systematic as anything you ever saw, I picked out the radishes from my boquet, and commenced firin' 'em at the bilious-lookin' wretches. Lord! how they scattered! I knocked one feller's hat off, and it tumbled into the pit. Another dropped his lorgn—(the thing they look through to fetch the gals nearer), and three or four, in the hurry to git out of the way, tripped over the back-benches, and came sprawlin' on tew the floor.

"Three or four men rushed over to me, and spluttered away somethin' in French; but they might as well have held their tongues, for I could'nt make out a word they said. A gentleman sittin' in the next box, who understood the American language, translated what they said to me—'They say you've broken the peace, and you must go out.'

"Tell 'em I won't do no sich thing. Those fellers laughed at me, and I did'nt pay my money to come in here to be sniggered at.

"He told 'em; but they told him back that I *must* leave, as the audience were very much excited. Just then Albony made her appearance, and waddled to music down to the row of gas, and pitched her voice in a key that ought to have restored quiet; but instead of doing so, everybody was taken up with me, and bawled and squalled like a trunk full of tom-cats.

"Ho-o-o-o! shouted the gallery.

"Hi-i-i-i! screeched the pit.

"Vo-o-o-o! murmured the boxes.

"I saw then there was no use tryin' to stop where I was; and, gitting up to go, I found I had jist one radish left in my boquet. I threw my eyes up to the gallery, and saw a long-nosed cuss with a ruffled shirt, pintin' to me, and swearin' like a trooper. I marked him well, and, drawin' off, I let go the vegetable, and it took him alongside the head in a manner that made him have a singin' of the 'Marsallais' in his ears, provided there was anything like tune in his body. This kicked up a fresh excitement, for the fellow roared like a bull, he was so mad, and I thought he would have slid down one of the pillars to get at me.

"Before I could leave the boxes, three men pulled me by the coat mighty rough, and, when I got into the lobby, I said 'Good night!' But I found they had no idea of partin' with me so soon; and the upshot of the whole thing was, that I had an escort to the police-office, where I was seated in company with a parcel of Johnny Darmes. Thinks I to myself, I might as well take this thing easy, and, so sendin' for a franc's-worth of cigars, I treated the cocked hats all around, and we had a jolly time till morning.

"About twelve o'clock, I was taken before a squire—I reckon he was, only they don't call 'em squires here—and an interpreter asked me a hull procession of questions about who I was, where did I

come from, and where I was goin'. I patted my own head, and said, after every one, "Bon Amerique!' for that was about all of their confounded gibberish I knew. A passel of chaps in gowns and black inquisition-looking caps then put their noses together; and, in the end, they told the interpreter to tell me that it would cost twenty francs to once more get fresh air. I asked them to knock a little off, if they could manage it; but the judge, a dog-eyed man, squinted, mumbled somethin' to the lawyers, and I had to count out the money. Talk about French politeness! They did'nt as much as say, 'Thank you' for it, and I marched off with the determination that the next time I went to the opera to take no substitute for flowers, but get the real thing, if I had to go out of town and pluck 'em.

"Watercress boquets and radish-blossoms won't do in Paris!"

JEDEDIAH DOUGHKINS.

JEDEDIAH DOUGHKINS was a Yankee farmer, living a few miles from Bangor, in the State of Maine. Like most Yankee farmers, he was possessed of a good share of the national characteristic shrewdness found in that class of New Englanders on the other side of the river Merrimack, "looking east;" though in the ways of the world and the finesse of the times he was profoundly verdant, as much so as his own clover tops before budding. Jedediah was a tall, knotty "specimen," with round goggle eyes, long carrotty hair, a good-natured mouth, only two of the front teeth were not at home, with a big seed-wart on his nasal protuberance, which latter, by the way, was far from a pug, drooping, as it were, like a fatigued willow over a duck-pond. His usual dress—"the one he went about house in"—consisted of a pair of old ox-hide boots, the seams of which were always interlarded with hog's-grease, which was done, as Jed said, "to keep out the contarnal water;" a pair of trousers, made in the highest style of crude, home-spun art, of the very finest quality of bed-ticking, which was perpetually to be seen labelled at all the country shops, "Six cents per yard, by the piece;" coat, linsey woolsey, painfully shaggy, with an inconsistently long tail, draggling about if he happened to stoop, and which tapered down like the letter V; shirt, of coarse texture, unstarched and unironed, with a collar of broad dimensions, that two inches longer would have resembled a wilted monk's cowl, and never by any chance "stood straight up," but hung over every which way, full of undefined crinks and crinkles; vest, of an antique pattern, the colour of faded dirt, with a figure that was artistically intended to represent a smart sportsman, but which in reality looked more like an intoxicated Jack of Diamonds with a crooked shillelah; his hat—not to make a beastly old pun, so we thus episodically warn the reader not to accuse us—was the crowning "brick" of this tenement of odditude (a coinage; how do you like it?)—it looked as if it had passed through "fiery trials," or had belonged to some of Noah's very intimate friends. Of course it was a beaver, an out-and-out frowsy, foozey old beaver, shaped not like

a bell, nor a "Scaramouch," nor what is called in England a "wide awake," nor yet a stove pipe, nor pear pattern, but something like the whole of these, with perhaps an ascendancy of the pear—that is, a certain burliness just below the crown that imparted to it a droll yet comfortable aspect. By some unaccountable chance this hat was always, or in all proper bounds nearly so, on his head; and his long grizzled yellow hair, "tangled but not silky," hung over his freckled cheeks like two terrified tassels on a window sill. Thus attired, Jedediah wandered about his few acres of ground, the admired owner of a number of pigs, cows, chickens, turkeys, and dogs, all of whom seemed to instantly know their master, and respected him accordingly.

Jedediah had a wife—a round, oily little woman—who, from having lived in the early part of her life in a good-sized village, had contracted a certain fondness for dress, and therefore was less *bizarre* in her costume than her spouse. A red shawl, for example, was her "anguish," and when flounces first came up, she got them so high as to look like a chubby or old-fashioned cask, hooped around clear up to the head. She had a great weakness for fans, too, ornamented with "picters of things." So far did she carry this fantastic notion, that she had one for every day in the week, and a splendid large pet one for the Sabbath. There was her Monday fan, with a scene on the River Hudson, done in water colours. Her Tuesday one had a little oil painting of a scene in Greece, and a gilt handle. Then came the Wednesday, with Bonaparte crossing the Alps, with one of the ears and half of the tail of the hero's horse obliterated. This was a present from Jedediah when they were courting. He used to look at the fan when he couldn't think of anything better to say, and remark, "What a great man Bony must have been, to git his hoss over them mountings!" The Thursday one was emblazoned with the head of Washington; and Gloryann Billings, one of her nieces, used to say, "that she loved that fan bekase the good old feyther of his country was on it;" and Jedediah often said, that the "General was one of the boys for trousers," and then wonder if he'd ever have a son that would make so much "stir in this world." The Friday fan was intended as a representation of a Chinese family; but the colours had run so, that it would have taken a skilful ethenologist to make out the race. The Saturday one was slightly zoological in intention, delineating an elephant attacked by tigers, but which in reality suggested the appearance of an irregularly-erected two-storied house, with a couple of absurd-looking tom cats, ready to make a jump if required. The Sunday one was trimmed round with feathers, and never by any chance made its appearance, except on the "good day," after which it was carefully embedded in the best drawer, among a handful of dried rose leaves.

Jedediah (if it is not meddlesome to reveal family secrets) did not altogether approve of his wife's leaning towards finery, and frequently gave her a piece of his honest mind on the subject of everything in the way of furbelows. She said he was foolish and old-fashioned, and he said she was sour-tempered and stuck up. He *thought* she was wrong, and she *knew* she was right. She argued that a moderate regard to fashion was essential in a woman, and as far as that went she was de-

termined "to be in the season until she was four-and-forty." He would then doff that old fur hat for a moment, rub his sleeve over it, in order to settle the nap; look at her for a moment with his great round eyes; resume the hat again; twist his hair with his thumb, and then walk off. This was his only demonstration up to the present time; but circumstances knocked so loudly one day at the door of his temper, that he "let out a little," as will be seen.

Shortly after the Bloomer mania broke out, Dame Doughkins, unknown to her husband, gradually became tinctured with the idea of the short skirts and Turkish don't-speak-of-'ems. She had read in the village paper a graphic detail of the mode of making the dress, with so glowing a description of its appearance and advantages, that she secretly and stoutly resolved on having an outfit, if it were just to say that she had "followed the fashuns." In this determination she received the approval of a neighbour, one Mrs. Rhuty Tute, a friend from town, who used to pay her a monthly visit, and bring down more gossip and scandal than would fill a volume the size of "Cooke's Complete Voyages," even if it were printed in agate, which, as all booksellers know, takes in a vast deal of matter to the page. Mrs. Rhuty Tute was a sort of Mrs. Malaprop, a cross between that loquacious old lady, and the present Mrs. Partington, with her brain full of whimsical conceits of dress and fashion, and a tongue that ran with painful intermission.

Several letters passed on the subject of this Bloomer costume, and before long Mrs. Rhuty Tute, overflowing with intelligence, posted down to the farm, where she found her friend up in arms and eager to meet her. Oh, such a chatter as they had! She had, of course, brought with her patterns and plans, matter and material, for the new costume, of which poor Jedediah was all in the dark.

"Now, I do say that this stuff will look superb," exclaimed Mrs. Rhuty Tute, displaying two-and-a-half yards of peach-coloured silk, and feasting her gaze on the figures of it. "Mr. Smith, the shopman, says that it is so scarce because it's a little out of season."

"Well, I guess he's about right," said Mrs. Doughkins; "I haint seen naar-*ee* peach tint for a good long time in these parts. That's to make the petty-loons, I reckon."

"No, dear, that's for what they calls the 'visite'—they calls 'em on the stage a tunic, but Mrs. Bloomer says its wulgar to use stage words in society, and so we calls 'em 'visites.' It is wery like the common mantilla what everybody wears."

It was arranged that a Bloomer dress should be at once prepared; and the ladies proceeded to work. Mrs. Rhuty Tute directed the patterns, and Mrs. Jedediah plied her needle according to instructions.

"Dear me, how Jed will look when he sees me dressed all up in this! He wont know me, will he?" asked the dame.

"Wont he, indeed? To be sure he will, only he'll say you look ten years younger," replied Mrs. Rhuty Tute.

"We'll never say a blessed word to him until we get all ready."

"Not a syllable. We'll take him quite by surprise," continued Mrs. Rhuty Tute, winking her grey tabby eyes, and puckering up her mouth with an amiable leer.

And ardently these worthy ladies bent over the materials of their new enterprise. When Jedediah happened to stalk into the apartment, they slipped the Bloomer trimmings aside, and supplied their place by a roll of sober-looking patchwork. He, good easy soul, never dreamed of what was going on, although an occasional glance at Mrs. Rhuty Tute seemed to indicate a tacit objection to her presence. A bevy of lively little French milliners never chatted so familiarly over gilt finery as the two Bloomer converts. Mrs. Rhuty Tute once or twice absolutely grew playful, and went so far as to say that she wouldn't have cared a pin if she had been born a man—the trousers were so easy. One little box contained studs and ribbons and tassels, and another contained pretty pearl buttons and wristlets of various patterns, all of which Mrs. Rhuty Tute had brought with her, by way of creating a modicum of astonishment in the bosom of her friend.

After the dresses were completed, it was decided that they should be worn immediately after dinner. Jedediah would be gone to the barn, and by the time he got back all would be ready. The arrangement then was, that Mrs. Doughkins should be attired first, as the description she had read in the village paper did not clearly enlighten her as to the manner of getting into each respective habiliment, and her friend's assistance was, under the circumstances, almost indispensable. The secrets of a lady's dressing-room are held, and properly too, sacredly inviolable, so we will content ourselves with merely imagining that they must have had a funny time in assuming the new garb. Mrs. Doughkins, at the best of periods, even when about that which she thoroughly understood, was never remarkable for grace or aptness; so we have a right to suppose that she—fat, chubby little creature as she was—suffered some mental agitation, though momentary it might have been.

Peleg, a servant-man, had been two days borrowing small looking-glasses, on the sly, from the neighbours around, for which subornation Mrs. Rhuty Tute had graciously rewarded him with two cents, and a Christian injunction not to spend the money foolishly. Peleg, by the way—we may as well mention it—heeded her advice to the extent of being found that same night in a state of dreamy intoxication, having taken up lodgings with his head on an elderly sow, who, grunting dismally, made a sort of refrain to Peleg's "snore," which was not of the most harmonious character.

Much fuss and fidgetting over, the ladies were at last ready. Mrs. Rhuty Tute laughed at Mrs. Doughkins, and *vice versâ*. Mrs. Rhuty Tute said, with a pain in her side, that Mrs. Doughkins looked like a "saucy dumplin;" and Mrs. Doughkins could not do better than tell Mrs. Rhuty Tute that *she* looked like a "saucy dumplin" too. Mrs. Doughkins could not walk, but waddled somewhat after the fashion of an ancient duck, when emerging from a favourite pond; and Mrs. Rhuty Tute, be it said to our horror, actually kicked up her heels, and threw a ball of yarn on the floor for puss to play with. Down stairs they went, tittering and shaking their heads, into the large dining-room, from which they could command a view of the barn; and they had scarcely pounced into a couple of high-backed, crooked-bottomed, easy chairs, before in walked Jedediah, with a hoe upon his shoulder, whistling a bar and a-

half of "Yankee Doodle," just at that particular portion of the air where the words infer that he (Yankee Doodle) "came to town on a spotted pony."

Jedediah started. Were it a pair of fat fairies he was gazing at? They did not move, and he brandished his hoe with an attitude of defiance. All at once Mrs. Rhuty Tute jumped from her seat, which so alarmed Mrs. Doughkins, that she trembled from head to foot.

"Jerusa*lem* Crin*kums!* is that yeou?" shrieked Jedediah in one breath, his eyes starting almost out of their sockets, while his beaver toppled over off of his head, "What in the name of all that's superhuman now and for ever, till kingdom come, and all the time henceforth and hereafter, have yeou been and done?"

"We—we—we're B—Bl—Bloom—Bloomers!" stuttered Mrs. Doughkins, almost frightened out of her wits, and holding on to the chair with both of her hands by way of support.

Mrs. Rhuty Tute smiled.

"You're what!" again shrieked Jedediah, running his fingers through his carrotty hair, and giving his "bed ticks" a long hitch—"What, what the Jehu is Blu-mers? Look a-here, Mrs. Rhuty-toot, you're a passal of fools—neow!"

"Mr. Dowkins!" exclaimed Mrs. Rhuty Tute reprovingly, "Beware, Mr. Dowkins, what you say to sensible persons, or you may repent such conduct."

"Re—pent yourself—what do you mean by Blu—mers! Chaw me up for gun waddin' if I understand what this means—neow!" replied Jedediah in a high state of excitement."

Mrs. Doughkins by this time slightly recovered herself and stood up, which caused her respected spouse to advance a foot, a foot and a-half or two feet back.

"Consarn my skin if yeou don't look like a couple of lost Turks; du tell me, Betsy 'Melia, where on earth did you get such riggin's out. May I be catasplasm'd in several places if I ever saw the like since Deacon Miller's cousin, Ike Barebones, told me the world was commin' to an end when it didn't."

"Why, now I'll tell you, Mr. Dowkins, we're sensible females, as you ought to know," said Mrs. Rhuty Tute, with an affectation and earnestness that caused her friend to look down at her plump feet (squeezed into small shoes) in astonishment; "and as Jonah of Arch said when she was crowned Queen of Spain, women of mind have a right to express themselves."

"Consarn your women of mind!" interrupted Jedediah.

"Hear me out, Mr. Dowkins; it's not often I speak, and when I do, I want to be heard!" continued the lady.

"Now, look a-here again, Mrs. Rhuty Boote——"

"Rhuty Tute, if you please——"

"Well, Rhuty Toot, or Rhuty Brute, or anything yeou like—that's a darn wilful mistake—yeour tongue runs faster than a squirrel up a sycamore, or a bullet eout of a rifle. Hold me under a pump, and sleuce me a-drippin' if I wouldn't cut my throat with a biled carrot, and be an orphan, if my tongue waggled like yourn—by *Jehu!*"

"Mr. Dowkins!" screamed Mrs. Rhuty Tute, growing very red in the face, and seeming somewhat strange and uncomfortable in the costume —"Mr. Dowkins, do you mean to expeach my integrity?"

"I don't care a toad's blessing what I peach or apple; but I mean your tongue runs wus than aunt Sally Scraggles, and her's runs so bad they had to put a mustard plaster on her neck to draw the words t'other way."

"Jediah, Jediah! you're behavin' rude to company," chimed in Mrs. Doughkins, flouncing about with an awkward gait.

"Yeou go and take off them Turkey things, and not make a geoose of *yeourself!*" replied Jed., jerking his Jack of Diamonds waistcoat, and adjusting his beaver. "If Deacon Dunklehead, or any of his daughters, were to come in neow, they'd think yeou'd gone stark mad, so they would."

"I tell you agin, Jeddy, I'm a Bloomer!" said Mrs. Doughkins.

"You're a Squab, more like—why yeou look like a couple of greased injuns on a spree, half *men* and half women—go and take 'em off."

"We wont do it, Mrs. Dowkins; we wont, just for your imperence!" said Mrs. Rhuty Tute. "Will we, dear?"

"No, I guess we won't; we want to be Bloomers!" coincided Mrs. Doughkins.

"Yeou wont, wont you?" bellowed Jed., throwing his hat down with a flourish. "Yeou say yeou wont?"

Mrs. Rhuty Tute nodded with a spiteful leer.

"Well, now I want it understood, Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins, its not often I get my Ebenezer riz, but may I be made into hard cider and drank at 'lection day, if yeou don't go and take off them vulgar-lookin' half trowsers, and that scimpy lookin' frock, I'll go right off and dress myself in petticoats, and ride straddle into town on the grey mare."

Mrs. Doughkins screamed.

"I tell yeou I'll do it," continued Jedediah; "neow, you'd better take 'em off. Will yeou take 'em off—speak quick, or I'll have the grey mare saddled in less than a flash of greased lightnin'."

Mrs. Doughkins was alarmed, and looked at Mrs. Rhuty Tute, who seemed somewhat taken aback by this strange menace.

"No, she wont!" exclaimed the latter lady.

"Yes, yes—I—I——." Mrs. Doughkins was about to say she would, but her friend gave her such a thrilling look that she did not finish the sentence.

"Very well! Hey, Peleg, saddle up the mare," hooped Jedediah. "Neow, Betsy 'Melia, where's your blue geown and the Sunday fan; I'll turn all the drawers inside out, wus than a young earthquake;" and seizing the hoe he made a rush for the stairs, and after him flew the "Bloomers," as fast as their respective obesity would permit.

"Oh! oh! he'll ruin my fans," screamed Mrs. Doughkins, waddling up the stairs, and shouting at the top of her voice. "And my blue gown, and my red shawl; O yes, yes, Jeddy; I'll take 'em off—I'll take 'em—indeed I will!"

Jedediah, as good as his word, before the Bloomers reached the dressing-room, had pulled out the best bureau drawer, and commenced

ransacking its contents. The linen and hosiery fell in a shower on the floor.

"Oh, don't Jeddy, don't; and I'll never be a Bloomer agin';" imploringly screamed his wife, wiping the cold perspiration off her face, and sinking at the foot of the bed.

"You're sure you'll never put them flap-jacks on your legs agin?"

"Never!"

"As true as yeour name's Betsy 'Melia Doughkins."

"Never!"

"Then I won't take yeour red shawl, and yeour blue gown, nor the Sunday fan, and ride straddle into town on the grey mare."

"No, no—no, don't," she blubbered.

"I wont."

And in less than half an hour, though Mrs. Rhuty Tute told her she was "an astonishin' weak woman," Mrs. Doughkins had shed the "costume," and resumed the good old skirts of every day life, much to the satisfaction of her husband, who gave her a kiss, looked black at the visitor, stroked his frowsy beaver, and vowed that after all said and done, he was the "condarnest happiest cretur alive, if people wouldn't pizen his wife with new notions."

It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Jedediah Doughkins has never since attempted a "Bloomer."

FOURTH OF JULY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Reader mine, how are your nerves to-day? In sound condition, say you. *Eh bien*, you will perhaps consent to follow us through a page or two of what we may, for the nonce, term an explosive, noisy sort of literature.

Fourth of July in the United States! It is the signal—the "banner on the outward wall" for sin and shooting crackers, pedantry and pinwheels, oranges and orations, sky-blue toilettes and sky-rockets. A day when patriotism pops and bursts about like so many bottles of sillery—when little boys are decked in their holiday-suits, with pleasure in their eyes and copper coins in their pockets—when political parties give dinners, and embryo orators pour out the waters of eloquence as freely as the fountains in Trafalgar Square—when interesting young misses and matronly mammas throw off restraint to indulge in the pretty fires of portable pyrotechnics.

Fourth of July! It is a day, in the United States, in a manner inscribed to the Goddess of Gunpowder. Ælius, in the classic fable, dedicated one day in the week to burn incense to the memory of Jupiter; and the patriotic, liberty-loving citizens of the United States set aside this day of every year to explode gunpowder, by way of commemoration of the Declaration of Independence—the spirit of which document is still cherished with characteristic national fervour. It has often struck us as being an odd way of celebrating an event in the annals of history by

burning, whizzing, and streaming fireworks. The whole country, from the borders of Maine to the mouth of the Mississippi, is a scene of din and smoke, reminding us of the murky clouds of Waterloo, or the tumult of some of the old Grecian frays in the time of Xerxes and Darius—only the danger in the present case is not so imminent. Shops are shut, tradesmen suspend business, and even bankers and usurers seem to agree that toil shall have a gala-day. The young throw care to the canines, and the old cry "Nepenthe." The rich and poor alike make merry.

The day is ushered in with ringing of bells and firing of small-arms. Old pistols, that have rested peaceably in their undisturbed neglect the whole year, are at this period hunted up and pressed into service. Rusty cannon, that time out of mind have been deemed valueless, are overhauled, and, like worthy time-worn veterans, again "thunder o'er the plain," with the vigour of former days, proving that though rusty and disregarded, they have not lost their *strength of voice*. From various house-tops, just as the day is dawning, flashes of flame may be seen momentarily breaking on the hazy light. Occasionally a roguish boy, prompted by that indefinable love of mischief peculiar to the masculine gender at an early age, will be observed on the tiles as early as four in the morning, exploding squibs and "torpedoes," to the horror of the family, who, not yet out of their beds, and being suddenly awakened from their genial daybreak slumbers, are frightened out of their senses, and wonder what *can* be the matter on the top of the house. Perhaps the young rogue aforesaid has been industriously "saving up his money" for three months, in order to purchase the noisy toys, and has smuggled them in his bed-room the day before, not sleeping a wink that night, in the joyful anticipation of hearing them crack and fizz in the morning.

This is a day replete with hopes and fears, promises of enjoyment, and feelings of pleasure to all classes of society. Hasty breakfasts are in order, and then all is life and excitement. The streets are full of both sexes, the most of whom are young people, smartly dressed, and to all appearance out for the day. A picturesqueness of thoroughfare not peculiar to the panorama of American street-life may be seen. Soldiers dressed in gay uniforms are hurrying to their armories, in all the blaze of martial importance. Volunteer corps being numerous, the Fourth of July is the universal parade-day, when "Washington Greys," "National Guards," "State Fencibles," "Union Blues," and a legion of companies, are to march through the streets for the purposes of discipline and commemoration. Drums briskly clatter, and fifes scream in concert, which, together with the ceaseless detonations of the fireworks, may give the reader an idea of the confusion, excitement, bustle, and clamour that reigns around.

So many scenes of stirring novelty are everywhere transpiring, that unless we contrive to speak of them in order, we shall get sadly bewildered, in striving to draw the various outlines of the day's festivities. It is scarcely necessary to say that the Americans are devotedly patriotic, and their *amor patriæ* amounts to a passionateness peculiar perhaps to few nations. The Fourth of July, then, is hallowed with all possible enthusiasm—that is to say, in a sly corner of every one's heart a sacred spark gently reposes, which, if fanned by the breath

of opposition, would blaze with the fiercest vigour. They do not hold, albeit, that their great National Holiday should be distinguished by dull sober quietude, or that any prescribed conventional sanctity is required.

It would be entirely foreign to their temperament; and so, to give it *éclat*, it is created a brief era of relaxation, merriment, and commemoration. As we have before intimated, its celebration is *universal* (to be minute in inconsiderable facts), except to the retailers of fireworks, hotel-keepers, and public conveyancers, all of whom are making capital out of the popular enthusiasm, something on the principle that hay is made while the sun shines. Everybody is on the wing—the streets, roads, alleys, and lanes are in a flutter of life, and it would seem that the heart of the vast country was afflicted with a spasmodic palpitation. The handwriting on the wall of popular feeling is, HIC ET UBIQUE, and the restless populace uphold the principle of the proverb with Figaro-like earnestness.

Perhaps the most distinguishable feature of the day is the reading of the "Declaration of Independence," the duty of which, if done in public, devolves on some recognized orator, who, by general request, is appointed to the important office. A large common or park is usually selected, where a temporary rostrum is erected, around which thousands of good citizens cluster, in the pride of republican presence, to listen to the simple yet eloquently powerful language of a document signed by fifty-six pure-minded, unfeignedly honest patriots, who stood prepared to sacrifice their all on the shrine of Freedom, and of whose memory the Genius of Liberty has reared a glorious monument, for the respect and admiration of the world.

It may be, that, after the reading, speeches are made by the leading politicians of the district, irrespective of party, who on this occasion bury their prejudices and extend the right hand of fellowship on the broad platform of universal freedom. These remarks not only apply to the large cities and towns, but also to minor villages, although there are exceptions, as, in limitedly-populated places, cases may occur where no one with sufficient pretensions to oratory can be found to undertake the task. It requires a little nerve, and a gift of the *os rotundum*, as Hazlitt would write it; so that the honour generally falls to the village lawyer, or perhaps his clerk, if he be ambitious and self-possessed; or if both of these swerve, the parson kindly consents, and, as a *dernier ressort*, the doctor has been known to come forward at the last moment, when all doctors should come in, *i.e.*, at the *death*, and look his patient in the face in a new character.

Cases are frequent where the Declaration is read after family prayer in the morning, by either the head of the family or one of the sons that may be getting on towards manhood. It will be clearly inferred that the Americans do not in anywise neglect the decrees of their forefathers. The injunction of the venerable patriot, John Adams, is stamped on the eternal memory of the nation, and the written response seems—*Esto perpetua*. The memories of those fine "old Yankee gentlemen" are still fresh, and every name enrolled upon that Declaration of Independence is deeply cherished by their kinsmen. Each separate autograph, from the bold flourish of John Hancock, the chairman, to the palsied

tracery of Stephen Hopkins, is looked upon again and again with the same honest glow of enthusiasm, the same feelings of devoted gratitude. There they are, indelibly written on every heart in lines of gold: those fifty-six names, and brave and pure-hearted creatures too, deserving all of their apotheosis.

Now for another page of the book of this holiday.

Dinners and Feastings. We may probably be asked what affinity exists between bills of fare and patriotism? We will reply: the same that so intimately and inseparably allies apple sauce and Michaelmas, turkeys and New Year's Day, hot-cross buns and Good Friday, mince-pies and Christmas. What are those lines from Pope?—

> "The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
> Lies through their throat, or I mistake mankind."

In all of the large cities—take, for example, New York, as a great metropolis second only to London in point of magnitude and interest—the various political sections and societies make a great point of this day in the celebration of a grand dinner. It is the old gentlemen and young orators that are in the lavender of happiness here. The first from a gastronomic inclination; the latter because of the opportunity afforded them to launch out on the exhaustless theme of patriotism, which is never so welcome as after that peculiarly indifferent, listless satisfaction following the enjoyment of a good dinner.

The young Fourth-of-July orator is a class of himself. He awaits with a resignation amounting to positive fortitude the annual coming of the day. He reads the speeches of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Monroe, and marks the good passages—those "bits that will tell," and make the wine goblets clatter and the napkins quiver under the breasts of rubicund-visaged old gentlemen. He selects strong words and fiery expressions to weave into his declamations; also one or two classical anecdotes, in order to assume an air of learning. When the day comes, what high feather he is in, to be sure! The first thing he looks at in the morning is his notes, which are to remind him of several anecdotes of Washington, and a tribute to the memory of the old veterans of the Revolution. He is certain to speak of Washington as the great and good man of his times. As Achilles, the son of Peleus and Thetis, was the bravest of the Greeks in the Trojan war, so George Washington was the greatest chieftain of modern times. He will perhaps relate the anecdote of the Roman warrior that bit off the head of the woodpecker because the soothsayer said that if the bird lived his house would flourish and Rome decay. This he will instance as a specimen of by-gone single-heartedness, and only such as existed in the days of Claudius in Rome, and General Washington in America. He is safe to tell his hearers that if there were a war to-morrow, he would feel a pride—a glorious (a pet expression) pride in taking up arms in support of his country. Of course he would, and so would everybody present, if the case demanded it. This last appeal will gain for him a rattle of the glasses, and perhaps some bravos, from the maudlins at the end of the table, who have fallen back in their chairs. What between the wine, the provender, and the patriotism, the Fourth-of-July orator always gets

red in the face when he speaks, as if the crimson of his subject, by some unaccountable influence, insinuated itself into his system. What we call the crimson of the subject, is the never-failing recital of the victories of Bunker's Hill, Yorktown, and Trenton—all of which fields present to the enthusiastic mind stirring scenes of blood and carnage. The Fourth-of-July orator does not drink water between his rests and pauses. He disdains any fluid short of champagne and brandy, which seem to invest, not only himself, but his subject, with additional spirit. Your temperance cold-water orators are apathetic patriots at a dinner-table, being too definite and punctilious to stir up the mass. Sentiments red-hot from the furnace of the heart, and words as strong as Sampson's locks, are in demand. Milk and amiability are good things in their way, but to-day *aqua vitæ* and enthusiasm suit the popular system. All the time this mental fire is going on inside, the fireworks and guns are blazing away incessantly without; squibs sometimes fall at the orator's feet, and if, like Charles the Twelfth, he does not move at the burst, he is unanimously voted as a fearless champion of the Rights of Liberty. *Viva!*

All public dinners are discussed with more or less fuss and bustle; but a Fourth of July dinner seems to surpass all others in these respects. Some stages of the proceedings of what is called by the printers in England a "way-goose" are tolerably extravagant; but these are eclipsed by far. The waiters seem more vivacious, and the guests more uproariously enthusiastic than on similar occasions. How the little men—those of brief duck-legged architecture—do appear at these festivals! We could almost suspect them, if we were to judge by seeing them eat, of having sold their birth-rights, like Esau, for a beef-steak. Talk to them of walking in military processions. Fie! They repudiate labour in whatever shape, preferring to glorify the day of Independence by a grand demolition of turkey, with copious washes of golden sherry or libations of sparkling moselle.

Everybody that *is* somebody, and even those who are to a certain extent considered nobody, for at least a fortnight before the "Fourth" have pockets full of tickets to sell, for this or that grand dinner. It is dangerous to walk in a hurry along a principal thoroughfare, as every friend you meet is sure to stop you, in the hope that "you'll just purchase a ticket for the 'Greys' dinner—it will be such a beautiful affair;" or "your appearance would add so much to the *fête* of the Sons of Temperance, to be given at the —— Gardens." It may be that you have promised your family to dine at home on the "Fourth," and consequently object to being present at any other dinner saving your own; but the friend is importunate. He was never known to take "no" for an answer; and in order to disentangle yourself from his meshes, you are in the end compelled to take a ticket, and march off with it in your waistcoat pocket, with the idea that dinners are a bore when they are so unceremoniously thrust upon you.

We have said that these dinners are got up on a scale of magnificence. Extravagance exerts her golden wand without limitation here; but the good denizens deem it patriotic, occurring only "once a year," and wink at the prodigality. Old misers, as close-fisted as ghouls, re-

lax their avarice to-day, and give their souls and bodies a respite from the iron drudgery of life. The milk and honey of yore flowed not freer than do the dainties of life. The expense of every object conducive to pleasure, from a squib to a dinner party, is most unequivocally and systematically damned, as surely as he in the play would have been had he dared to cry—"Hold, enough."

"But we must get on with the dinner.

After the cloth has been removed, the speeches and toasts commence. A band is in attendance, and a regular series of toasts, similar to the following, are given and drunk with enthusiasm:—

The Day we celebrate—may it ever be remembered with gratitude and patriotism. Air—"Yankee Doodle."

Our country always right; but right or wrong, our country still. Air—"Hail Columbia."

The Union. Air—"Star-spangled banner."

The President of the United States—His noblest prerogative a faithful execution of the laws. Air—"President's March."—(Three cheers and a tiger.)

The Army and Navy—their brilliant achievements proclaim their glory. Air—"March to the Battle Field."

The Memory of General George Washington—the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen."—(Drank in silence.)

The Constitution—the palladium of our political and religious liberties; upon a faithful adherence and strict construction depend the perpetuity of the American Republic. Air—"Jefferson's March."

State Rights, the surest guarantee against sectional encroachments. Air—"Calhoun's March."

The Heroes of the Revolution—May their posterity emulate their noble example. Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The Independent Press—the faithful guardians of the people's rights. Air—"Franklin's March."

The Centrifugal Force of the Constitution—May it link these confederated States into the unrelaxing embrace with which the earth clasps the sea."

Education—the fountain from which a nation receives power and prosperity.

Woman—Heaven's choicest gift—her true value cannot be estimated. Air—"Green grow the rushes, O!"

The last is never forgotten, which is but a commentary on the deference exercised towards the sex in the United States.

We will now say a word about the military pageants.

This is also a very great day for the military, which, numerous as it is, appears in all its strength. In order to give the reader a clearer idea of the general muster, we will take for example the City of New York. The Commander-in-chief of the volunteer forces issues an order for general parade, which is well responded to. The line is formed very frequently of ten thousand soldiers, which being comprised of various companies, in different habiliments, the effect is picturesque and imposing. A route of march is selected through the largest and most important streets, and gaily the bright lines make their way through crowds of spectators, with dogs barking, handkerchiefs waving, powder cracking, boys shouting, the populace cheering, and the polished bayonets of the soldiers glittering like gleams of flame in the rich sunlight.

It is a cheering solace to the soldiers while marching (the reader bearing in mind that it is a hot day, with Fahrenheit perhaps at 96 deg., and the perspiration starting from every pore) to know that bright eyes are beaming on them from every window. How the cambric flutters in the breeze as it is held by white and jewelled hands! The soldier glances aside, and meets perhaps the gaze of one who is dear to him—she has promised him that she will be at a certain station to see him pass in his regimentals—he returns the approving smile, and marches on with a heart lighter than the lounging townsman, who only lolls at his window, on a damask couch, to witness the great parade "drag its slow length along." It would seem rather a labour than a pleasure to walk uninterruptedly three or four hours in the hot sun, dressed in thick garments; but it is the perpetuation of an old custom, and the volunteers nobly sacrifice not a little comfort to conform with it.

July is an intensely warm month in the States, and by some weather-freak, the fourth, of all days, is the very fiercest. Shirt-collars, after ten o'clock in the morning, do not pretend to stand, but fall over, bedrenched like welted mullein-tops. By the time the soldiers are dispersed, they look half-cooked, and perhaps their gay uniform is dotted with small incisions made by the banging of the fire-crackers over which they have unconsciously passed. Yonder is a group of the "State Fencibles," in scarlet coats and blue breeches. They have come on from the City of Philadelphia, by invitation of the Brooklyn Continentals, to participate in the festivities of New York. We will draw near them, and hear what they are saying.

"Well, Josh, how do you feel?" says one of the group, addressing a short, thick-set man, with a very red countenance, over which the little drops of water are coursing playfully, and pushing each other off at the end of his chin, "I'm pretty nearly used up myself."

"Feel," replies the short man, applying his handkerchief to his face, "just as if I'd been six weeks in an oven eating hot coals. Hang me! if I think the general should order out the division when it's so terrific. My countenance ran like Niagara Falls while I was in the lines. I'll lay a dollar you could track me like a watering-pot all along Broadway!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laugh the soldiers in noisy concert.

"Phew, isn't it hot?" remarks another of the group, removing his hat, and taking a long, deep breath. "I've a proposition: suppose we go over to the Astor House and take a sherry cobbler all round. It'll do us good; and then we will get ready for dinner. What do you say, boys?"

"I wonder where Colonel Page is," remarks a stout man; "he'll dine with some of the politicians, and make a speech. The colonel is a long-winded little fellow, and never gives up the ship for trifles."

"Not he!" chimes in a fourth red-coat. And accordingly, the group take the pavement in little squads, with the determination of refreshing themselves at the Astor House. We will not see them as far as the dinner-table, for we can rest assured that they are booked for a plate and napkin in good quarters. Now that the parade is over, uniforms dot the streams of pedestrians every way the eye turns, but they look

fagged and weary under the scorching sun. Some hasten to divest themselves of their heavy regimentals; others content themselves with a simple rest, and then hie to one of the grand dinners we have spoken of. Away they go, each bent on a different destination, but all in the pursuit of happiness. By nightfall, the scarlet is scarce, it having been cast aside for the more sober garb of citizenship. The sabres, sashes, and epaulettes are carefully hung up in great closets, while formidable guns and inhospitable bayonets repose harmlessly in their cases, unconscious of the admiration they have elicited from the wondering gaze.

* * * * *

The sun has gone down in the heavens, and left a track of gold and purple shooting its soft feathery rays of light over the drifting clouds. The dim etherial twilight now steals in with its edge of grey, confusing the vision and robbing the light of that intangible silver which lends such beauty to the day-god's reign.

What was that cluster of stars that fell with a sudden hiss into the blue waters of the bay? A sky-rocket? True—it is time for the fireworks to commence; and now we shall have the really brilliant phase of the festivities of this day of jubilee. Bang! bang! bang! Hear the incessant reports of the guns in the distance, each one gleaming with its jet of flame. Hark! A cannon, far, far out on the river, has sent its boorning messenger to wake the echoes along the banks of the Hudson. Turn an ear to the city, and the noise is terrific. Glance along the vista; how the little shooting-crackers sparkle and coruscate, as if the stars had condescended to come upon earth, and have a regular flare up, just for the fun of the thing. We must keep a bright look out for them.

Whiz go the rockets, cleavingly into the air with many a snap, crack, and whir! Some shower silver stars, others red—as if a cherubim had thrown away a handful of rubies—perhaps green, orange, and blue. How magnificent the spectacle! High and loftily it mounts, like the impatient bolt of a war-horse; gradually the sound diminishes; we hear a gentle report, like a pistol discharged high in the air, and then the scattered lights dance on the bosom of the darkness with fairy-like brilliancy. Now they flicker and run in grotesque circles; all expire save one, which seems coquetting with the air currents—ah! it's turn has come; like a bright hope quickly crushed, it has fled, and all again is dark and solemn above.

Once more the air is stirred by drifting flakes of emerald fire, that, illumining the space around, reveal tens of thousands of spectators collected with upturned eyes, gazing at the pyrotechnic wonders. Up bound the serpents—orange and brazen. How they twizzle and fizzle with their bright curves in the soft night air! Then the Roman candles pop out the little red balls of fire, suggesting to the mind an endless visitation of electrical sugar-plums. The wheels flash and dart forth their spiral threads of light—every revolution raining a myriad of golden flecks, that fall like Jupiter's artificial shower on the couch of Danæ. Then there are larger pieces of fireworks—such, for example, as the Temple of Liberty, which, with its columns of lurid flame, wreaths

of metallic brightness, and the name of WASHINGTON, in silver lights, quivering through the lucid arches, form a scene of dazzling beauty, momentarily enchaining and bewildering the gaze.

This grand display is the omega of the day's expenditure of gunpowder. The boys have singed their finger-ends finely all day long in exploding square, red-covered packs of Chinese shooting-crackers, the queer characters on which, we confess, we were never able to decipher, being as mysterious to our comprehension as that ornamental work one sometimes observes on Welsh smock-frocks, the peculiar twist of which we find it impossible to define. The city smells at night as if it had undergone a fierce bombardment, what between the fumes of the sulphur and the lingering odour of the pistol-shots. On every side a wad may be seen smoking, or a shred of tow burning with a dense smoke. The usually red pavements are charred and blackened by the blasts of powder, and even the sides of the houses seem more gloomy than usual. Till past midnight the noise and din are continued. Whichever way the eye turns, we care not where the gazer may stand, a coruscating gleam flashes on his view, either high in the air, or just darts like a will-o'-the-wisp around the peaks of the steeples in the distance.

The morning papers abound with accounts of accidents the next morning; some poor unfortunate having lost an eye or an arm by the premamature explosion of the guns or rockets. It must be expected that where so much danger is present all cannot escape unharmed; and our only wonder is, that the celebration of the day is not attended with more disastrous results than usually occur.

By the dawn of the fifth, the last rocket has mounted to the clouds, and a farewell squib frets itself into atoms on the ground beneath. The patriots by this time have laid aside pistols for pillows—the little boys have done following the soldiers, and are enjoying sunny dreams of candy and fireworks—the orator has blended his harangue with a snooze; and so we leave the Fourth of July commemorators all alone in their respective glories.

SCRAPS OF NAUTICAL NONSENSE.

O never go to sea,
Or over you'll be keeling,
'Tis such a very extra-
Ordinary feeling!—TONY LUMPKIN.

We often hear people boast of having been at sea, and sit and chat by the hour of the pleasant times they had on what they are pleased to call the "laughing waves;" but for our part we must confess that we never thought tumbling about the damp decks of an old vessel much of a laughing matter.

Dear reader, in the course of your natural existence have you ever ventured out of sight of land? Perhaps you have run over from Dover to the marine City of Boulogne, and had a toss on that frightful of all waters, the British Channel; or it may be that you have luxuriated at

Ramsgate, and gazed with an eye of curiosity at the obelisk erected to commemorate the landing of George the Fourth, or smiled as you thought of the pleasant fiction connected with the architectural wonder, called "Jacob's Ladder." Or now we think again, it may be that once upon a time, during the season at Brighton, you took it into your head to steam it over to Dieppe—that ugly old fishing town on the coast of France—which the author of the "*Mémories Chronologiques*" would have us believe was founded by Charlemagne, and pointedly honoured at various periods by the visits of the Emperor Napoleon. How do we know that you have not been to each of the Cinque ports, for the matter of that, by way of a pleasure trip, just long enough to feel a slight *mal de mer*? All quite probable, to be sure. For our own part, we have been to sea several times, and are fully cognizant of the dreary sensations it produces. The Bay of Biscay tries one dreadfully—the English Channel is voted unanimously atrocious—and the Atlantic Ocean, at certain periods, may with safety be called unpleasant, to employ the mildest term that this moment occurs to us.

The nauseous prostration of sea-sickness no pen can "well" describe. Imagine a torch-light procession of political celebrators in the *cerebellum*, with an Irish wake in the *cerebrum*, and the entire possession of your abdominal precincts by an intermittent and deathly languor, and perhaps we convey a "faint" idea of the feeling. But we do not design to give our friends the dumps by relating the miseries of this illness, but rather to communicate a few little adventures we experienced on our first voyage across the Atlantic some year or two ago.

We left New York on a bright beautiful day in September, in a first-class liner, bound for Liverpool, and our heart beat at the glorious prospect of "going to sea!" The idea was new to us then, for we knew nothing of its plagues and perils. There was something so romantic in the mere consideration, that we did not "think ahead," as the skipper expressed it; nor did we care to nip in the bud the pretty posies of imagination that our vivid fancy had created. When we had been out a day or two, however, these flowers began to fade very fast. We saw nothing but sky and water—

"The blue above and the blue below,"

and everything began to appear sort of upside-downy. The day of embarkation our memory was haunted by innumerable fragments of maritime poetry. We stood upon the deck, and looking out on the waters, with our arms folded, and a dramatic curve of the lip, thought—

"What a noble sight is the calm blue sea,
When the monarch of day goes down."

Then we would stroll around the cabin, and peep into the state-rooms, or chat with the man at the wheel, and presently more poetry would occur to us. The great expanse of waters was sublime without question—

"Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round."

O! yes, the very thought was prodigious. By-and-bye we would grow confidentially vocal, and—

"A home on the rolling deep,"

was suggested by this "Life on the ocean wave."

The second day it was dull and dreary—not a beam of sunlight fell upon the dark mass of waters, and somehow or the other, our poetical feelings had all vanished. After breakfast we felt heavy and sullen, and, coming on deck, we like to have broke our nose by bumping against the capstan, and still further discomfited the equilibrium of our nerves by tumbling successively over three coils of filthy wet rope. Not a shadow of a stanza obtruded itself on our disturbed mentals; sentiment had given way to sickness; and long before it was time to dress for dinner, we were reluctantly compelled to seek the confines of our state-room, and undergo a dismal perturbation of bile that almost inevitably falls to the lot of inexperienced landsmen.

Some people love lingo, and such may go to sea. We got sick of nautical phrases, and vainly endeavoured to escape the torture of the first mate, who was perpetually commanding the sailors to "let go the main-topgallant haulyards," or "double-reef the mizen-topsail," or "luff half a point" (pint, he pronounced it). Then the second mate, during his watch, appeared to think of nothing on earth but some outrageous expression in which to indulge his authority. His favourites appeared to be—"Clue up the main-royal," "Set the fore-topmast studding-sail" (pronounced "stensil." How the sailors clip their words!) "Brace by the yard;" and there was no end to one expression that we have heard so frequently in nautical pieces on the stage, always shouted by the sailor of the play—a bluff honest fellow, very tall, who chews pigtail, and talks a great deal to a lot of dirty-looking men, whom he is sure to call "lubbers." We mean that elegant sentence, "belay, there!" If a sailor touched a rope, the odious term was sure to ring from one side of the vessel to the other, so that we grew weary of hearing it. There was a great deal more said about "spanker-sheets," "weather-braces," and once in a great while, one of the tars would request our "timbers to be shivered," which request we are happy to record nobody took the slightest notice of, or possibly we might have gone to the bottom.

There was one grand relief to the tedium of our passage in the shape, or more properly "shapes" of several decided characters among the passengers. We confess a love of waggery, and although we will not "lose our friend to have our jest," yet we will go a long distance, and over a very jagged road, to witness the caprices of "Father Fum" We had almost seventy steerage passengers on board returning to the land of their birth, and their place of abiding was anything but Elysian, the steerage being a decided cross between a stable and a respectable pig-stye. There was one corpulent old man among these, a faithful portrait of "Bacchus," as he is represented in the pictorial mythology. Everything was complete—the white beard, jolly red nose, vacant leer, and so on; and to carry out the resemblance, as it were, he constantly sat astride a cask of water on the main deck, selecting it probably in

preference to the softest plank he could pick out for his comfort. But it was the cabin that afforded the fun. One of the passengers, a very tall, slim, sour-tempered personage, who wore spectacles and a speckled cravat, had taken the journey with the view of improving his health, and in the course of a casual conversation with him, we discovered that he had a whimsical desire to grow fat. Although he was a distant, ill-grained man in his manners, we found that this feeling amounted to little short of a monomania. We met him generally after dinner on deck, and one day proffered him a cigar.

"Thank you, no," said he, decliningly. "I fear smoking produces emaciation."

"There seems to be a diversity of opinion on that subject," we remarked. "The proselytes of Walter Raleigh say nay, while some of Graham's madmen run out against the 'weed' fearfully."

He attempted a smile.

"Come, you'd better try one. It's a luxuriant Havanna—an unexceptionable brand," pressed we.

"No, thank you," he concluded, after a moment's hesitation. "I fear the results, and already I am ghastly slender."

Our captain at dinner one day remarked, that soup produced flesh. The lean man heard him; his eyes sparkled for a moment, and for weeks after he eat little but broth. Frequently would we hear him suborn the steward to make him soup in the evening, and as often observed that worthy functionary of the vessel slyly conveying to the stateroom of the patient a huge bowl of some wishy-washy preparation, reeking with pepper, and sending up its curls of transparent smoke among the beam hits.

There was a great scarcity of books on board, and nobody appeared to be supplied but our meagre friend, who had a small library of entertaining novels, which he bluntly and uncourteously refused to lend under any circumstances. Everybody run out of reading matter, having consumed their stock of books, newspapers, advertisements, and every thing printed; and, to make it more provoking, this man would set about the cabin with a pile of tempting, delicious-looking tomes by his side, upon the covers of which we were "bound" only to gratify our latent curiosity, feeding on their contents only in imagination. (It is an astonishing fact that one always feels most disposed to read when books are scarce.) These books finally got to be positive eyesore, when one of the passengers, a young gentleman, laid a wager with us, that we would not be able to borrow "Macauley's England" from him, and he would give us three days to do it in. We accepted the wager—a bottle of "London Dock"—and set about our task. All at once we were the constant companion of the lean man, and every day we raked up all the anecdotes we remember ever to have heard wherewith to amuse him. Sometimes we extracted a laugh, sometimes only a smile; but it was certain that we were getting into what folks would call his good graces. Finally, we said to him one day, as if it were by the merest accident, "Gracious me! how you're picking up in flesh."

"Do you think so?" he returned. "Well, I'm not able to see it myself."

"I'm sure you are; and I would not be surprised if this voyage were to make you absolutely fat."

This was a clincher. The slim man from that moment was our friend. He entirely altered the tone of his manner towards us, becoming in a degree confidential and communicative beyond conception.

The next day, in the course of conversation, we again referred to the improved state of his body; and, by way of conclusion, thought that if he went on improving so rapidly he would acquire a plumpness as surprising as even Daniel Lambert himself.

He laughed, actually gave vent to a series of self-satisfied chuckles, and before we parted he interrogated us on the state of our literary stock.

"Well" said we carelessly, "the fact is books are rather scarce, and if you can spare it, I should like to borrow 'Macaulay's England.'"

"Spare it! with pleasure; anything else I have is at your service:" and immediately he produced what we desired. We hurried to our friend with whom we had the wager. He gazed upon the volume with an eye of distrust, thinking we had possibly, by some power of hocus-pocus, possessed ourselves of a duplicate copy of the same work. But no, we had won, and fairly, and the "London Dock" was drunk in a series of libations, much to the enjoyment of the passengers. All of those who were fond of reading took the hint, and immediately discovered with us, that the lean man had got suddenly fleshy. The consequence was, in less than a week his books were pretty thoroughly distributed, and we all had as much as we could do in the way of wading through light literature.

There was an old lady-dowager on board—one who fancied that she belonged to the *crême de la crême* of society, as Mrs. Trollope would say—nervous, talkative, and distressingly officious. Nothing was afloat but she had a finger in the pastry. You could not breathe but she knew it; and a young man, her nephew, who accompanied her, was an edition, in "boots and beaver," of his garrulous relative. They had been rambling over America in search of novelty, to dispel *ennui*," to use the language of the dowager herself. The nephew was one of the "nice young man" species, between that and a man-milliner, with a little *essence de Patchouly* to make him odoriferous. He wore his hair combed sleekly down on his cheeks, and his nose seemed obstinately determined to crook at the end, something like a parrot's beak, or the head of a shepherd's staff. His complexion seemed to us a dingy pink, about the colour of what ballet-girls call "fleshings," which are worn so much in fairy spectacles, when the wearer appears as a nymph, or a naiad, or some other gauze-petticoated immortal. But for all this, the youth thought himself "handsome," and his aunt called him "purty"—what an abominable word—when speaking of him behind his back, at least a score of times a-day. Once per diem he would contrive to fancy himself ill; which, happening just about ten minutes before dinner, was sure to call forth a world of maudlin sympathy from the old dowager. If there is anything provoking it is talking of constitutional infirmities over plates. Dinner is no time to discuss physics. Light repartee, or witticism, are far better concomitants of the meal.

Heliogabulus, and that other old epicure—what is his name—Apicius—who it is said committed suicide because his fortune was reduced to five hundred thousand dollars, fearing that sum would not purchase him a choice of luxuries during the remainder of his life—either of those old fellows would have choked that old dowager, as certain as fate, she was so full of the delicacy of her nephew's health at meal-times.

Among the lady passengers was a very pretty, plump, French-looking little blonde, named Marie. Her grace and winning manners charmed everybody, and most especially this delicate youth, who was eternally after her when he heard the rustle of her robe in the cabin. It was very plain to be seen—no ghost having any "earthly" reason to resume vitality to tell us—that Marie did not care a pin about her adorer (for such he called himself, we believe), but rather tolerated his blandishments and amative advances for her own amusement. Some time after his presentation to Marie, we observed the young man every day laying on his back in the sun in a very conspicuous place. We said nothing, but could not divine what possessed the fellow to lay so much on his back, the sun being hot enough to peel the skin off his face. Still he did it, and still our wonder grew. It came out in the end that little Marie, having told him playfully, and of course in sheer irony, that he had a handsome profile, the conceited lout was eternally on his back to show it to the best advantage. One of our companions chancing to be a tolerable sketcher, he drew endless views of side-faces, of all kinds and patterns, on every piece of baggage we could find that belonged to the ninny. The discovery of these chalk portraits cured him of his folly, and he never laid on his back again that voyage to show his facial outlines.

Before we dismiss this gentleman, we have another incident to tell our readers, just by the way. Off the banks of Newfoundland, which we know by the misty vapour that constantly overhangs them like a white pall, we had a dead calm. We lay like a huge bird motionless on the waters, and everybody was in arms to fish. Some sought for hooks, others for lines, and a few hunted up the bate in the shape of chuncks of pale-looking pork. Everybody felt piscatorial, even "Young Profile," for he consented to leave pursuing Marie to indulge "on his own hook" in another quarter. After considerable ado, he purchased a tackle from one of the steerage-passengers, and prepared to hook the finny fellows that gambol in the sea. Such a time as he made of it to be sure. First, he was so alarmed lest a drop of salt water should get on his hands, and he was on the point, he said, of hiring one of the sailors to pull up his line when the dolphins nibbled. We told him that was unpardonable, and, after considerable expostulation, he made up his mind to "go into things about right;" that is, use his hands like other white men, and not be as particular of those useful appendages to the body as if they were rose leaves or the wings of butterflies. Soon he rid himself of his coat, stripped up his sleeves, and throwing out his line for deep-water fishing, placidly awaited the sinual from the bonetas, skipjacks, or albicores—the fish of these parts—just as they should honour him with their attachment. Seeing him so comfortably seated, one of the young men and ourself could

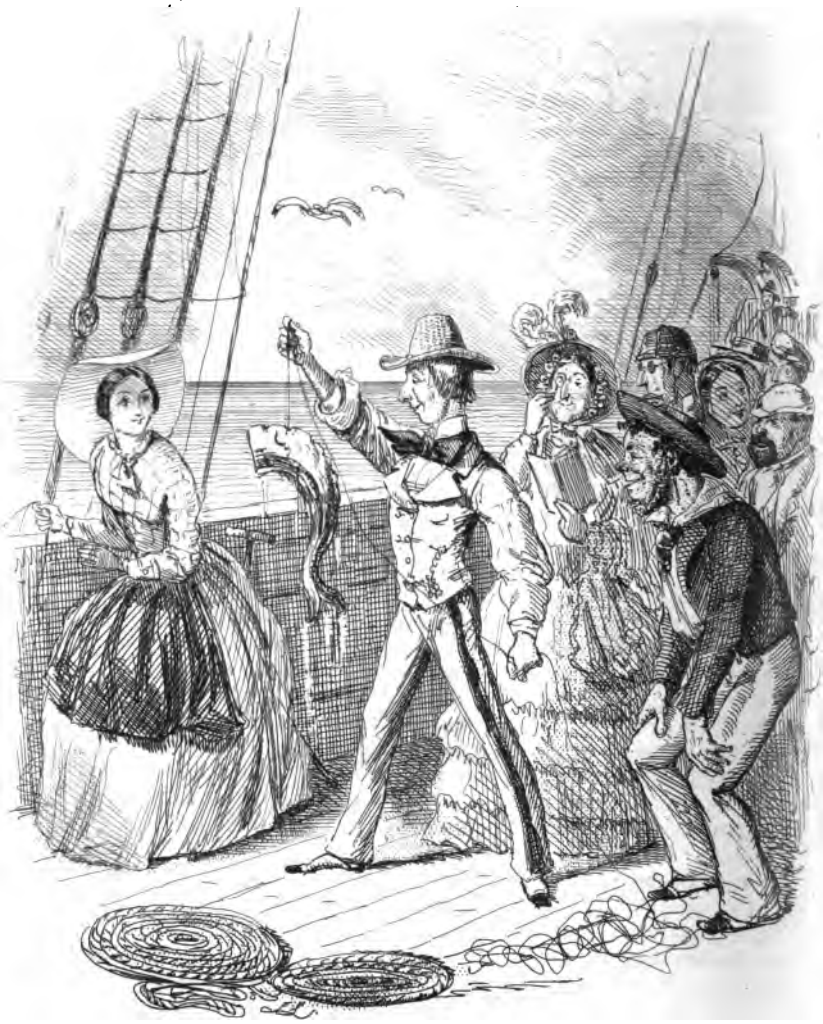
not resist the chance of having a joke. He had then been fishing for an hour and-a-half without the slightest success, and of course felt a little vexed at the luck. We drew him aside from his line, which he made fast to the taffrail of the vessel, and on some pretence detained him in the cabin for a few moments while our companion drew in his cord, and, sticking the tail of a huge codfish on his hook, threw it back again into the water. When he got back to his line, a a young lady, who was in the secret, and who was fishing just beside him, told him that she was sure she had seen his cord move in his absence.

"Do you think I've got a bite at last?" said he, gaily, as he toyed with the line. "It feels heavy, and resists the current. I must be in luck."

We all drew near, and hand-over-hand! and up came the cord, dripping like a drowned serpent. It was no small task; and "Profile," as he groaned under the resistance of the wet line, appeared willing to bet there was a prize—an agreeable sur-"prize"—at t'other end. A few more groans, and up came the hook, the codfish-tail faithfully dangling on it. As he knew no more about the appearance of fish than a hippopotamus does of the use of the quadrant, he burst out in extasies. Everybody kept a straight face, and looked with eager eyes.

"Bless me!" shouted he, "no wonder he pulled so hard. See, I've got nothing but his tail! He is partly gone; but half a loaf is better than none!" And his pulling the line so hard as to sever the body of a fish from the tail was his great boast. His old aunt petted him like a child for the exploit; and both never knew any better, but were firmly under the impression that the fish broke in half from the effect of his pulling so hard.

We have said before that our old dowager travelling companion was annoyingly officious. She *was*, indeed, and a laughable illustration of her ruling propensity happened off the "Banks." The lean man, or flesh-fancier—just as the reader may choose to call him—had been industriously engaged in fishing, for four weary hours, without the slightest success. Wearing a narrow-brimmed hat, his hatchet face was burned as red as a vitalized "cake" of vermilion; but still he fished on with commendable perseverance, watching his line with admirable steadiness. At length he was favoured, and caught a beautiful young dolphin, which capered about the deck, and finally quieted itself with becoming forbearance to die a cruel, and we might say, if we wished to make a pun, in-"deck"-orous death. The lean man was delighted, and immediately turned again towards the water to ascertain whether there was "any more left of the same sort," to use the words of an American itinerant. The fish had not been out of the water more than a moment or so, before long bustled the dowager to see what was going on, when her sharp old optics fell upon the scaly captive. Stooping down, she picked it up, and patting its plump sides for an instant, and caressing its bleeding gills, said, "Poor little thing! it's a shame it should die such a wicked death. I'll return it to its native element." And, behold! she threw it over into the water, and then toddled down to her state-room with the internal conviction that she had



Mr. Profile's Great Catch.

performed a high act of Christian charity. Nothing was said; and presently, the angler caught another. He had fished quite six hours; and his pair of dolphins would make him an excellent fry. His mouth became a "Niagara Falls" at the idea. Judge of his surprise and mortification when he learned the fate of his first fish! He almost shed tears. To think he should have sat nearly a half a day in the broiling sun, and then the result of all his patient industry to be ignominiously snatched from him by a meddling old woman. It *was* provoking, without doubt. As a consequence, he was cut out of his "fry" by getting into a dreadful "stew;" and dolphin No. 2 was surreptitiously "hooked" in the end by one of the urchins of the steerage, to cut up for bait. Our lean friend never again attempted to fish that journey; and we verily believe he used to haunt the dowager in her dreams, for she related at the breakfast-table, one morning, that she had seen in her sleep a man with a dolphin's head standing by her bedside all night, with a savage-looking knife in his hand, which he protested he was about to bury to the hilt in her matronly old heart. When she awoke, and found it was all "the baseless fabric of a vision," her joy, she declared, knew no bounds; for she felt then she was still a happy widow, "live and kicking," with a jointure of £400 per annum.

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We were five days tempest-tossed. Such a time then among the ladies, and the Lesbian nephew, we never saw before. The dowager was frightened out of her wits; and every plunge the vessel made would excite her to the utterance of something intensely pathetic. Our captain was a hale old fellow, bluff and brave—good-natured in the main, but at times austere—who snapped his fingers at a storm, and turned up his nose at a hurricane. Even a white squall would not move him, we don't care how sudden it made its appearance; and besides all this, he had somehow or the other fallen into, perhaps, what might be called a very *brusque* habit of saying just exactly what he thought. The second day of the storm the sea ran fearfully high, and a strong nor'-wester seemed to impart vitality to every object in the cabins and state-rooms. All at once, tables took it into their "heads" to perform sundry queer antics; and chairs, trunks, and other moveables behaved very disreputably indeed, reeling and pitching about as if they were diametrically opposed to everything in the temperance way, and had made up their minds to have a jolly spree, regardless of what was right or proper. What heightened the effect of this illusion was, all the furniture of the cabin was painted *blue;* and there stood in the middle of the cabin a large rocking-chair—a sober, venerable-looking specimen, too, which was tied fast to the floor. It appeared to gaze sturdily on the scene of confusion, without a single move, seeming a very "Father Matthew" of furniture among the dizzy revellers.

The second day of the storm, the wind increased in strength, and the waves lashed the vessel worse than ever truant urchin caught it from "iron dominie." People that had boasted of escaping the sea-nausea were now pouring out their libations to Neptune over the bulwarks, and making any quantity of wry faces at the bitterness of their bile. It was raining dreadfully; and the young man, whom we shall ever call

"Profile," if we live a thousand years, and never turn grey, insisted upon it that he would feel better if he were on deck. The dowager thought otherwise, feeling that, if he went, he was sure to be washed overboard; but no—go he would, she vainly endeavouring to detain him by pulling his coat-tails, and protesting, between her gaspings, that, if he lost his life, she never would leave him a penny of her property. Muffled up in a large travelling *chdle*, tied firmly around under his nose, with a very elegant Florentine straw hat on, he staggered up to the deck above, where he found it difficult to maintain his equilibrium. The wind whistled through the lattice of rope and spar; and, all at once, the elegant and expensive hat that adorned the head of the aforesaid youth was whipped from its lodgement, and the next minute tossed a white speck on the wild waves—one instant just seen, and the next far, far down a vale of white foam.

"Captain, captain!" roared the fellow, gazing sorrowfully over the taffrail, "I've lost my hat—a beautiful Florence straw hat. It cost me forty florins in Naples! Dear, O! dear, O!"

The captain just at the moment was giving orders to the man a the helm, and did not distinctly comprehend the lamentation.

"Captain," again shouted he, "I've lost my hat overboard! indeed, indeed, I have! See, there it goes!"

"D—n your hat, sir!" bluffly replied the captain. "What of it? It's gone, and that's the last of it—a toy for the fishes."

"Oh, don't say that, Captain; for aunt will get frightfully nervous if I lose it. Only think—it cost forty florins. Do man the life-boat, and see if you can't recover it! do, there's a dear good captain!"

The idea of lowering a life-boat from her tackles in a tempest, to save a straw hat from a watery—what shall we say? not *grave*, certainly; but that will convey the idea—was so stupidly droll to the captain's pristine mind, that, notwithstanding the serious aspect of the weather, he broke into a series of rough guttural cacchinations, which were only ended by the youth's suddenly disappearing from the quarter-deck, in consequence of a sharp gust having unceremoniously precipitated him side by side with sundry coils of stout rope.

Another day, when it was raining in torrents, and the wind still fierce, the young gentleman diverted himself by looking at the porpoises skip in the briny hillocks at the prow; and being absent rather long from his aunt's cap-strings, the old lady grew anxious, and determined on hunting the truant. Arraying herself in a peach-coloured silk skirt (silk, on shipboard is good), with a coiffure of rich Pomona green lace, she ascended to the deck, and then *hoisted an umbrella* as a means of protection, which was no sooner spread than it turned inside out, with an ease and grace that would have made old Neptune crack his sides, if he had been anywhere about, and seen it. The best of it was that, notwithstanding its alteration of form, she continued to hold on to it with a firm grasp, until it pulled her to the side of the vessel; and then over it went, having as travelling companions her fine lace *coiffure*, false curls, and "fixins," which, dancing about in the stiff air at a great rate, finally settled on the summit of a large mass of black waters, and disappeared in an abyss of spray.

As we have intimated, our captain was not over and above polished in his manners, although a fine-hearted and brave man. The second or third day out, at dinner—during which he presided as grand carver, and consequently sat at the head of the table, he inquired of the dowager what he should send her in the way of meat, addressing her as plain Mrs. Grace, which was her name.

"*Lady* Grace, if you please, captain," correctively suggested her nephew, "Profile."

"Lady Blue-fire-and-blazes, sir!" roared the captain. "I never depart from ship etiquette at any risk. Shall I help you to some meat, madam?"

No sooner had he uttered this somewhat uncivil speech, than my Lady Grace, as her nephew insisted upon having it, arose from the table in a high tantrum, and retired to a state-room. At tea, her place was vacant. The captain glanced at it several times; and at length the steward brought him a card, on which was written:

"*Lady Grace will feel favoured if Captain ——— will send her meals to her room the remainder of the voyage.*"

He read it aloud, and simply turning the card on the other side, wrote with a pencil that he borrowed from his right-hand neighbour:

"*When Lady Grace thinks proper to come to the table, there's oceans of grub at her service. We think too much of her society to be deprived of it in this way; although, if ill, we'll give her anything the ship's stores afford.*"

She pleaded indisposition for a few days, and had her meals in her room. Finally, as time wore on, she mustered courage to once more appear at the board, which she did with any amount of well-gotten-up *hauteur* and dignity. Her nephew pronounced the captain "a nasty man," "an unpolished brute," and various other as-enviable cognominations; but these were all thrown away upon him, for he was as hard as steel, and heeded the wrath of the youth about as much, possibly, as a lion would the buzzing of a tiny but respectable house-fly. We fancy the voyage did "Mr. Profile" good in many respects, and cured him of several mental diseases that he did not dream salt air would benefit.

THE AMERICAN FIREMEN.

An Englishman accustomed to a conflagration once in ten years, and the heavy horse-drawn engines that rattle through London streets when an alarm is given, has no just notion of the extensive character of the fire host of an American city. There is as wide a difference in the whole system and management of the fire department as can well be conceived; and were not the aim of action the same, *the extinguishment of the fire*, a paramount likeness would scarce exist. *Imprimis*, the engines are pulled by men instead of horses; and the machines themselves, differing somewhat in the principle of operation, are characterized by an architectural embellishment of surpassing beauty. In point of

numbers, too, we suppose there are more engines (by which we also mean what are called hose-carriages) in the single city of Philadelphia than in ten of the most important cities of Great Britain. Each engine in an American city has a regular charter, and an organized number of members, who hold stated meetings, are subjected to a code of regulations and rules, and governed by a president and minor officers, appointed by vote.

The interest felt by each particular company for its "machine," as the firemen term the apparatus, we can only liken to the zeal manifested for favourite horses in England on a Derby Day. The lower order of citizens become so attached to the engines that they lounge about them a great portion of their leisure time; and out of this affection arises a clanish spirit of rivalry that frequently evinces itself in acts much at variance with that fraternal feeling of concord so essential to the harmony of society. Each apparatus has its devoted followers. Men and half-grown youths swear by the speed and efficiency of the "machine" which they favour. The enthusiasm amounts to an absolute worship; and we do not exaggerate when we say that the abstractive affection between many men and engines is stronger than the nearest tie of human relationship. This "object love" arises mainly from associations. The ambition of first reaching a fire seems to be the prevailing idea, the excitement of which engenders considerable interest. Of course, the engine that first arrives at the scene of a catastrophe is the trumpeted one of the occasion, and the members receive all due honour for their energy and promptness. Each engine-house is provided with a comfortable hall, where the members frequently congregate for the purpose of discussing questions concerning their duties; and from these meetings spring a fellowship and concordance of sentiment, the influences of which could be scarce else than conciliating.

The most lamentable feature of these local-engine organizations is the jealous spirit of rivalry they superinduce. Many companies are pitted against each other from a mere feeling of envy, which often developes itself in a bitter quarrel or a contested combat when the opponents meet. These *fracas* are frequently carried on to the destruction of considerable property, and in many cases attended with loss of life. In Philadelphia, where the engine feuds seem to be more common than other cities of the states, there have been as many as *ten deaths* resulting from the quarrels of firemen *in one year*.

It is not the firemen alone that catch the infection of discord; youths and lads but just out of their swaddling clothes enter into the feeling, which is regulated by the neighbourhood in which they reside; the nearest engine to their home being the object of their advocacy. These youngsters, with often older ones at their head, form into bands and bodies, and select as their head-quarters a particular corner or vacant lot as near the engine-house as possible, where they loiter night and day as circumstances admit of their presence. Of course this is not the characteristic of the youth of all society, these bands being composed of what are conventionally termed "bad boys," principally the children of poor and dissolute people in the suburban districts of the city. In the populated bounds of the metropolis proper these marks of

youthful demonstration become less evident, and, with many of the respectable companies (and there is even an aristocracy here) there is no visible surrounding contention.

In the lower districts of Philadelphia, the engine affrays sometimes become a matter of such serious consequence that the authorities have to order out extra police to quell the outbreaks. Fights, disputes, and broils of the most violent and ferocious character take place, during which the inhabitants are thrown into a state of desperate confusion, which is only quieted by the conduct of the belligerents. On these occasions not only do men participate, but the boy-gangs really do the most mischief. The names they select for themselves strangely suggest the idle, reckless character of the association. One party will term themselves the "Killers," another the "Bouncers," a third "Black Snakes," a fourth "Red Blooders;" and, by the names cut on various fences we have noticed, the "Snappers," "Jumpers," "Sharks," "Gayheads," and "Death-fetchers." It may be, as an example, that the "Killers," "Sharks," and "Bouncers" fraternize; if so an understanding extends among the members of such; but should any misunderstanding divide them, woe to any of one gang that fall unguarded into the clutches of the other. These divisions and unions constantly occur. The sabbath-day is not unfrequently chosen as the period for pitched battles between various of the bands, in which stones, clubs, missiles, and pistols are introduced without reserve. The reader will understand that these mobsmen are only outside *hangers-on* to the interests of the engines; but the original motive of quarrel is primarily based on a regard displayed for particular companies.

But the firemen with all of these drawbacks on their standing as a body, merit much consideration for the zealous disinterestedness with which they rush into danger for the purpose of preserving property. Fires being numerous, the engines are almost in constant service, and the members in turn work diligently for many hours without the slightest idea of remuneration; endangering their health and prostrating their energies by an order of labour the most laborious. A more patient, determined, and generous class of men cannot be collected from the civil ranks; and, did not the division of feeling in relation to other companies drive them into the commission of deeds of violence, they would occupy a high position socially and morally.

An alarm of fire is the signal of vast commotion in an American city. The loud bells of the various engine-houses toll with frantic clamour the noted strokes according to the direction of the alarm, which afford the firemen a clue to action. Men and boys rush hither and thither pell-mell, overwhelmed with expectancy, doubt, and excitement. Some rush immediately to the engine-houses, where assuming fire-hats, capes, and belts, command the rope and dash forward at once; others having only time to divest themselves of their coats, without assuming the fire garb, start off in their shirt sleeves. Some join the engine in the streets, and though the rope may have only five struggling members at starting, the line is soon formed on the way. The apparatus being numerous, the clatter and confusion is beyond expression. In the neighbourhood of the fire, if it rage fiercely, are thousands of human

beings, each with an emotion glowing on his countenance. The shrieks and calls of the firemen through their horns, the wail of frightened women, and the wild crackling of the red flames, produce an effect that only a scene of desolation can combine. The streets are flooded with water from the plugs and leaky hose; the heavy tramp of men, the bickering whoop of the boys, and the crash of falling timbers, all—all make up a spectacle as stirring as it is fearful.

But by far the most pleasing feature in the career of the fire department of a great Atlantic city is their Triennial Parade, that is celebrated with so much pomp and unanimity. On this day all feuds are forgotten; the hatchet is buried, and the olive branch of peace is twined gracefully in the botton-hole of every fireman. This parade is a gorgeous display, and is got up regardless of labour, cost, or sacrifice. The engines, which are beautiful specimens of handicraft, and in many cases very expensive, are at this period repainted, garnished, gilded, dressed with flowers, and ornamented with brilliant devices. The parade is formed of all of the engines thus decorated, some of which are dragged by horses and others by the members, dressed in elegant equipments. In many of the streets along which the *cortège* passes are constructed triumphal arches covered with foliage, flags, and flowers. The glorious stars and stripes flutter in the breeze at almost every turn, and the windows are crowded with ladies waving handkerchiefs or tossing roses to the gallant firemen as they pass. Every brick seems to have given birth to a pennon; and the slender tree-tops gaily whirling in the air-currents seem merrily to shower sunshine and flowers upon the bright pageant.

Here is an available location; we will watch the procession countermarching from this expansive bay-window. We glance up and down the street, and the *coup d'œil* suggests a vast bed of variegated tulips and silver lilies, disturbed by some invisible spirit of action; nothing but banners, flags, streamers, bright costume, and the most vivid objects of fanciful invention meet the view. The column advances, and brilliant beyond description it is.

First comes the chief marshal, plainly but elegantly dressed, mounted on a spirited jet-black charger, and accompanied by twelve special aids similarly mounted, with rosettes of blue ribbon gracefully adjusted on their lappels.

Now we have prodigious alarm bells, supported by coloured frameworks of wood, placed on wheels, and drawn by horses richly caparisoned. Ringers are in attendance, and a rude pæan is sounded on the "bosom of the palpitating air." Oh! these bells, bells, bells, as poor Poe wrote it—

> "And his merry bosom swells with the pæan of the bells,
> Keeping time, time, time, in a sort of Runic rhyme.
>
> * * * *
>
> To the throbbing of the bells—the sobbing of the bells,
> As he knells, knells, knells!

A novel feature next approaches. It is a cavalcade of firemen, composed of a representative from each of the various companies participating

in the festivities of the day. The riders are four abreast, and the elegance and diversity of their costumes form quite a gorgeous and pleasing spectacle. The squadron has assumed the form of a deep, hollow square, reminding one of the angles of an antiquated palace court-yard.

A train of carriages, containing a number of well-dressed, respectable men are next in order. They are officers and committeemen of various fire associations.

And now begins the picturesque portion of the panorama. A brass-band, with an overplus of bassoons, step gaily along, venting a gush of distracted melody at every stride. With the exception of the very corpulent man with the cornet, the *toute ensemble* is musicianly.

Four sleek, black horses, in sombre trappings, with plumes coquetishly waving at their heads, are attached to a large, magnificent engine, the gallery of which is surmounted by a large spread-eagle. A silken canopy is also formed over the whole, at the sides of which hang garlands of drooping white roses. Accompanying this engine, are at least one hundred and fifty members plainly equipped.

This is followed by what is termed a "hose-carriage," a light fairy-like machine, that would seem at a glance more fitted for the gambollings of Puck and his elfin cotemporaries than the visitant of the disastrous scene of a conflagration. The carriage is painted black and striped with gold, while the frontispiece is ornamented with a well-executed coat of arms of the city. The members are attired in dark trousers grey coats with large metal buttons, black leathern capes, and hats, with gold letters forming the name of the company.

A "Hook and Ladder" company are next in the line. They muster numerously, and display a beautiful banner trimmed with cherry and blue satin and silver stars. On one side is an inscription showing it to be the gift of the ladies.

Another engine follows, the body of which is black, striped with bronze and silver. The galleries and upper works are completely covered with the most magnificent bouquets and garlands that the taste of Flora could devise. The panels on the ends of the body of the engine, and those of the gallery, are ornamented with niches, in which are placed dazzlingly brilliant representations of the genius of "Liberty," which is the name of the apparatus.

To proceed in detail in this manner would, perhaps, weary the reader; so we will group the incidental features for the sake of brevity.

As the procession advances it brightens in aspect. Company after company succeed each other, attired in every conceivable variety of fanciful fire equipment. Black and gold, now blue and silver, and dotting the line, a relief to the glitter, is found in a quiet, unpretentious drab, a subdued claret or staid, sober, old grey. Many of the horses attached to the larger engines are led by African grooms richly dressed as Turks, the folds of whose turbans Ali Pacha might safely admire in the very depths of Pera. Tribes of Indians in wampum, and feathers, and bead-embroidered feet, lend their picturesque assistance in completing the grotesqueness of the celebration.

These whoop and dash along much to the fascinating horror of the romantic little boys who congregate near them in very wonderment, and

march by their side the whole of the route, just for the purpose to hear them whoop savagely. It will readily be inferred that these Indians are not the *Simon Pure* aborigines, but ordinary white men, costumed to order by some respectable theatrical and bal masque dispenser of togas and terror, who can get one up for a few shillings to resemble a great Sachem or a Sicilian peasant at ten minutes' notice.

One or two of the companies may have a dozen or so placid, sedate, queer-looking Quakers in white wigs and broad-brimmed *chapeaus*. This character instalment generally affords the fast men among the spectators an opening for a volley of badinage, which is given and received, however, in the best humour. Here and there may also be seen a group of jolly sailors with any quantity of pigtail and nonchalance.

The banners amount to a multitude. Some of them are surpassingly beautiful, composed of satin—blue, white, green, maroon, or pink, as the case may be, trimmed with gold and silver bullion, and bearing graceful devices in poetry and mythology. On many are exquisite paintings by the best artistes, representing scenes of history, antiquity, and art; or medallion heads of the great men that America has produced in her young career—Washington, Franklin, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Adams, Clay, and others of similar statesmenship position. The appearance of this long line of banners from a high point of view is extraordinarily imposing, suggesting a huge, richly-tinted ribbon, shifting with capricious motion in the bright sunlight.

The variety of the engines, the modes of decoration, and the elegance of the designs, afford a world of interest. The more graceful hose-carriages, with their rich mountings and delightful frontispieces, also claim a large share of attention. Some of the latter are painted in the most graceful colors beautifully blushed, and adorned with arabesque border etchings. The panels in many cases are embellished with pictures chosen with pure artistic taste; while the frontispieces, swelling proudly forward like the—but we wont make the simile, for fear of displeasing the ladies—present specimens of the painter's delightful art, which would grace a niche of the Louvre. Mythological subjects exceed, with once in a while an incident of historical importance. Jupiter, Mercury, Pluto, Venus, Europa, Psyche, and a lot of *people of that class*, are brought forward pictorially with the most unexceptionable taste.

It is not only the elegance of the apparatus—the cleanliness and polish of every portion of which is a distinguishing feature—that we have to take captive our admiration; flowers of gorgeous hues, twined by thousands of fair fingers, are suspended from every point of the engines; wreaths and coronals the most *fantastique*—bouquets the brightest and sweetest—devices, the result of refined ingenuity, are placed where taste has pointed her "slender reed." Every bush and flower-garden has been ransacked to supply gifts for the occasion; not a rose is left blooming, and the lilies have been wantonly torn from their "parent stems" to deck the procession. The city seems offering up incense the sweetest that flowers can yield, and the sun goes down on as bright and brilliant a carnival as the United States numbers among her festivities.

LOOKING-UP LODGINGS.

n either side of Piccadilly as far as Apsley House
iron Duke was passing, with a tottering step), found
gh May Fair, and scanned at least a dozen capriciously-
terraces in Bayswater, and yet could not see a solitary card
se suggestive words, "Lodgings for Single Gentlemen." Of
, we did not hope to find idle apartments at the residence of the
uke, Cavendish House, nor any of those great walled-in mansions that show their protective fronts along Piccadilly; but it was not absurd to suppose that in some of the windings through which we passed at least one fair housekeeper would have felt disposed to "share her cottage" with a stranger of moderate income.

We got back into Regent-street, stopped in front of a picture-shop window, and gazed listlessly at a crayon sketch of the head of a Madonna until we fancied we could see love-sparks dart from the dove-like eyes of the print, when we rallied and brought our mind to bear on the facts of our mission.

Our heart, with crimson confidence, asked our head a question—

"What do you wish?"

"Lodgings," promptly returned our head.

"Then look for them, and don't stand idling your time and endanger me with yonder picture."

After this pulsation became natural, and our scattered senses were garnered and ready to obey the will.

"Lodgings! Yes, that's the question. Where shall we go? Regent's Park is an airy locality, and easy of access. Kentish Town is too far off; and, besides, one must pass through that terrible wilderness of cheap shops, Tottenham Court-road. Hoxton is a nuisance; and Pimlico as yet unsettled. Kennington Oval is retired, but a bridge must be crossed; and to see St. Paul's twice a day, scowling upon its concomitant brick and mortar, is dreadful. Over the Thames will not answer, so on to Regent's Park."

A cab soon set us down at the "York and Albany," and we prepared to lounge through the Park Villages. We were in a world of villas, places, crescents, and cottages, and, better still, many neat printed labels informed the passer-by that the inmates had no objection to divide the house, if early application were made.

"Rosebud Cottage"—a pretty name certainly, but the apartments were unfurnished, and that would not do. The next card was idly suspended in "Orient Villa." It was what enthusiastic young ladies would call a "love of a place," with the greenest of window-blinds, and a plate on the door as bright as the koh-i-noor. We knocked, and a smart Abigail made her appearance.

"I see you have apartments." And we affected to look indifferent.

We were ushered into the parlour, and in less than ten minutes, by a remarkably slow watch, a young lady, with every indication of a hasty

toilet—for the powder was awkwardly and effectively distributed on her countenance—glided into the room.

We did a bow. She dropped a curtsey.

"You have called to see the apartments, I presume," she remarked. "They consist of a first-floor drawing-room and three bed-rooms. Perhaps you will walk up and see them? They're not in good order to-day, for the family we had—a Captain Epplelet, of the 'Blues'—only left yesterday."

It is a remarkable fact that all landladies have *just* parted with their lodgers, who, by some miraculous coincidence, seem to have been either military men or young noblemen of broken fortunes.

"I'm sure the drawing-room will please you, and two of the bed-rooms overlook the Park most delightfully. Captain Epplelet used to say the breeze was charming. He was very sorry to leave us. In fact, I thought his eldest daughter, Matilda, would have broken her heart *the day they moved.*"

We saw she was forgetting herself, and, not caring to remind her that the family had only left the day before, merely remarked, "Poor thing!" and declined instituting any examination, as we only desired a drawing-room, with sleeping and dressing apartments contiguous.

"We can't let the rooms separate, I'm sorry to say," she continued; "for more than one family in a house gets to be a trouble. There was a stout gentleman here this morning from America, a stock-broker, I think, somewhere at the West-end, who was very much pleased with them; and if it hadn't been for the rent, I think he would have taken possession at once."

"What is the price?"

"Nine guineas per week, and dirt-cheap at that."

Our conversation, after this last stroke, was vividly brief, and we were once more on the *troittoir*. Nine guineas, indeed! was the woman out of her senses? One could have blue plush in a fashionable square at half the sum. We walked on, and the next pasteboard annunciation swung carelessly from a fuchsia-branch in a bay-window. Rat-tat-tat-tat! went the knocker, for there was no bell. An "elderly young lady," of the spinster breed—with a high forehead and a shower of short, crisp, corkscrew curls raining around her occiput—gave vent to a salutation, and we entered the hall.

"Apartments, sir?" she asked.

"Yes—" and we paused. Was it Miss or Madam? The chances were in favour of the former, so we gave her the benefit of the doubt, and swallowed the signification.

"Walk up-stairs, sir."

We were conducted into a drawing-room, carelessly appointed with what seemed to be long-used furniture. A cottage piano, centre table, lounge, Canterbury chiffonnier, and chairs, comprised the set-out.

"You must excuse the room; it's all upside down"—the old story—"for we're just making some important alterations and additions to the house."

"Pray make no apologies," said we, looking at a plaster-of-Paris Cicero on the mantel-shelf, with his nose broken." What apartments have you?"

"This drawing-room and a bed-chamber. We've had the Mooney family living with us the past three years, and they would be with us still but for young Mr. Mooney: the son's getting an idea into his head that he must go to Australia. You've doubtless heard of the Mooneys of Bond-street? The family we had with us were near relatives."

The conclusory portion of this remark was embroidered with what old lexicographer Johnson would have growlingly called a "damnable double knock," that caused our companion to shudder for a moment like a water-lily in a tempest.

"Dear me! what can that be?" remarked she, with a long-waisted, maidenly sigh. "Who dares to knock in that costermonger manner? It is shocking, I declare." And her little corkscrew curls twisted themselves a degree tighter in the intensity of her emotion.

We heard the rich, pristine voice of an Irish servant, below, say to the applicant, whoever she was—

"Will you be plazed to walk up, missus?" And before an expert market-gardener's wife could have shelled three early-pea pods there appeared over the balustrades, like the moon rising behind a cloud, the ample crimson face of a massive elderly woman, dressed semi-genteel, with a prodigious array of flounces, and three young children —one very lank, and two extremely chubby — clinging nervously to her frock-skirts. In another moment she entered the room, and the children seemed to disappear in the folds of her flounces, as gnomes do through "flats" in fairy pieces.

The two ladies interchanged address, and we placidly backed into the music-stool, and managed—by twiddling the fringe, noticing the position of the key of D in the scale, and confusedly exerting ourselves to translate the title of a Polish ballad that ended in "ski," and which was adorned with a picture of a heavy snow-storm, that looked like an extravagant shower of plumes doing an agitated minuet, to cool and gratify a red-hot landscape — by these gentle means to occupy the moments.

"I've been recommended here by a friend in Eaton-square to look after apartments," said the new comer, puffing very much, and by an instinctive waggle shaking the children out of their hiding place. "Do excuse me, I must sit down; I've walked all the way from the 'York and Albany,' and am almost done up."

We were the happy medium of introducing a chair to the lady, and she ensconced.

"Come here, Sacchy, this moment," exclaimed the lady; "why will you annoy your grandmamma when she's so warm;" and the next sound was the unexpected crash of poor Cicero's head against the fire grate. Sacchy, as she was called, was the eldest of the three "hopefuls," and in passing over to the chair, she had stopped to put her little fat finger on the broken nose of the inanimate orator, which resulted in the fall aforesaid.

"Good gracious!" screamed the lady of the house; "my Cicero broken! It was a parting present from the Mooney's, and I valued it beyond all price."

"How very unfortunate!" soothingly observed the grandmamma of the young delinquent. "Did anybody ever hear of such a calamity! O you naughty, naughty Sacchy—how can you be for ever in mischief?" and she strained her eyes to such a terrible size, and looked so meaningly at the child, as to cause the little thing to burst into a loud shrill cry, in which the other two joined.

We felt a waggish desire to touch the piano lightly, for the purpose of making an accompaniment *delicatto* to the squall, but the position of matters would not warrant such a vagary; and we could only contrast the quality of the sobs, and count the tears as they crept sorrowfully along the little pug noses of the juveniles. The lank one, who was a boy just out of pinafores, resembled a lollypop in long hose more than a Christian, and if there could have been estimated any difference in the strength of organs we should have awarded the superiority to the young masculine—it was a sort of bass cry, with *staccáto* spasms of a most peremptory character.

Order at length restored, the conversation was resumed.

"In regard to the apartments, Miss"—and the old lady referred to a card—"Miss Nibbles, that's the name, I believe?"

The other inclined her head, and adjusted one of the short curls, thereupon, simultaneously.

"Who did you require apartments for? This gentleman here has called on the same errand," remarked Miss Nibbles.

"For myself and these dear things," said the old lady pointing to the little ones, who were now sniffling at a great rate, with very red eyes. "They are grandchildren left to my care. Their mother, my poor daughter, died only six months after Julius, there, was born; and it is now my duty to look after and protect them."

"I'm very sorry to tell you," said Miss Nibbles, in a soft note-paper sort of tone, "that we don't take children; we find them so very troublesome at this season of the year."

"Don't take children!" and she repeated the exclamation with a hauteur most lofty. "And pray, Miss, what earthly objection can any reasonable being urge against three pretty little dears like these, I should like to know?"—and once more on her feet, the children, with the promptitude of unfledged birdlings, half disappeared among the flounces as before.

"I've no objections against those particular children, but all children, and young children especially," reasoned Miss Nibbles, mildly: "you must know yourself, Madame, how inconvenient they are—young people *will* be young people, the world over," and she cast a mournful look at the fragments of Cicero among the silver hearth shavings, which the old lady did not fail to observe.

"I suppose you allude to the broken-nosed man that was on the mantel," exclaimed she with a sharpness of manner, and producing a huge fan, which she swung to and fro with remarkable energy; "that was pure accident; but don't suppose for a moment I want to forget it—oh no! I've a pair of Kossuths and a bust of Scott at home, that you can take your pick of, if it comes to that."

"You wrong me, Madame," remarked Miss Nibbles calmly, "I was

A Row at Miss Nickleby's

not thinking of poor dear Cicero, although it was a gift from the Mooneys. As for the Scott, and the pair of other gentlemen you mentioned, I've no wish for them," and with a serenity of face actually prodigious under the circumstances, she rang the bell.

"Tut, tut! Miss, I don't go about breaking other people's furniture without paying for it"—and, if it were possible, the crimson of her physiognomy grew even deeper than before. "I suppose you take me for a mere speculating apartment-hunter, but I'll prove to you I'm no such thing. There, Miss Nib-bl-es, there," and she grandly threw upon the table a half-crown as she supposed, but which turned out to be, in her confusion, a smooth penny. The awkward discovery of this mistake somewhat unstarched her dignity, and she thumbed her long crochet purse with a nervousness quite exquisite to the short curls on the opposition side.

"Well, that's very odd, I declare," said she, turning the purse inside out, and beating it against the fan. "Could I have given a half-crown to that rascally conductor? Come here, Julius—where are you?" —and she drew him from out the balzorine—"Didn't I give you a penny in the 'buss?"

"No, grandmamma, it was an 'alf-crown," squeaked the child.

"Good gracious, Julius, why didn't you instantly hand it back to your dear grandmamma?—naughty boy, let me have it this moment."

The youngster, instead of obeying, sculked back to his muslin retreat, and a ventriloquial sniffle was all that could be traced of him.

"Come, Julius, dear, let me have it, like a good child; and you shall go and see the otters dive at Regent's Park—that's a good boy," and by an ingenious personal wabble she again brought him to light, in a posture as pitiful as could be well divined.

"Come Julius, love, hand it to grandymamma."

"N-o!" blubbered the boy.

"Pleasy, like a dear," and turning round to Miss Nibbles, she remarked, "He's very delicate, and must be humoured."

"I want it for brandy-balls, please grandmama," responded he, clutching the coin in his tiny pocket, and staring at the pictorial snowstorm on the pianoforte. "O—o—o—B—o—o—o!"

A series of coaxing was found of no avail, and in the end the lad was prostrated on the floor, and while his sisters held his hands, the old lady wrested the coin from his tiny fingers. Kicks, struggles, sobs, despoiled frills, and groans, were blended in one exhilarating *pot-pouri*. Miss Nibbles seemed shocked half out of her senses at such a scene in her drawing-room, and the scattered ballads in the Canterbury seemed to sing their own tunes in the *melée*.

As we remarked, the untimely discovery of the half-crown had thrown the large lady off her stilts, for the time being; but the dignity found its way back with the silver, and casting a withering frown at Miss Nibbles, which caused the *young* lady to start back a pace with fear, she threw the coin upon the piano, exclaiming, "There, miss, I trust you see I've paid, and well too, for the broken man on your mantel;" and uttering a sort of domestic cluck, the children surrounded her—the masculine distilling tears *à la* Knaresborough. She flounced

out of the apartment, down the stairs, through the hall, and, giving the door a barbarous slam, soon disappeared among the copse of the park.

"Most singular female that," remarked Miss Nibbles, when the colour got back to her cheeks. "Without scandal, I might term her a perfect monster."

"Motherly, but proud," we remarked.

"Proud! I like to see proper pride, but this is out of all character;" and instinctively, as it were, Miss Nibbles serenely took possession of the half-crown, and again gazed upon the fragmentary Cicero with a sigh.

We found time was on the wing, and a peep at our watch brought Miss Nibbles back to the notice of our call.

"Really, sir, I owe you ten thousand apologies for keeping you in this manner: that horrid creature drove the apartments out of my mind. Perhaps you will step in and see the bed-room."

We did so. The chamber was well furnished with numberless specimens of crochet impossibles on the chairs, and various pictures of still-life about the walls. The bedstead, wide and comfortable, stood soberly on its posts, and pleased us: it looked like a bed that had arrived at the years of calm discretion.

We re-entered the drawing-room. Miss Nibbles playfully touched G, as she passed the piano, and gave the red curtains a poke that induced a little shower of dust to descend from the gilt cornices, and alight on her row of curls. Foolish maiden!

"You must excuse the drawing-room," urged she, smilingly; "it's all in the rumples; but when we get in the new sofas, and the curtains to match the chairs, I think we shall be all right again."

"Curtains to match the chairs?" repeated we, interrogatively; "do you intend going to that expense?"

"Oh, yes, sir; we've ordered them of Drape, of Regent-street: and we'll have the piano tuned—by-the-way, sir, do you play?"

"Umph! slightly. Can manage to thump a strumming accompaniment to 'Young Agnes,' and one of Balfe's ballads."

"Ah! you gentlemen can always do better than you say."

"And some say better than they do. That's my case."

"O, sir!" and she seemed to be tracing a figure on her apron that resembled at a glance one of the ruined columns of Nettley Abbey.

"Now as to price—that's the grand point."

She named the sum.

"And you'll have the piano tuned, and curtains to match the chairs? This last seems highly important—in fact, I may say, that would alone induce me to take the apartments."

"I find you are particular, sir"

"Not at all; but when curtains match the chairs it is *primâ facie* evidence that one will be comfortable."

"La! sir, what a funny thing!" said Miss Nibbles, and her face wore the confused aspect that it will when the "spirit within" is more or less puzzled as to whether it ought to be gay or serious.

We continued.

"O, yes, there is no question in my mind as to that. We all have our crotchets. Montaigne loved tom-cats; Maximilian would not sleep on a couch unless stuffed with roses"—

"Is it possible! Did any one ever hear of such extravagance!" interrupted she.

"Henry the Eighth had *his* queer notions—those I wont mention; Marc Antony actually had a pet tiger; and Izaak Walton admired grub-worms. Is it singular, therefore, that I should prefer to have the curtains of my drawing-room match the chairs? I ask you, Miss Nibbles, on reflection, is it?" and for once in our life we looked a mixture of melo-dramatic seriousness and intention.

Poor Miss Nibbles! She seemed bewildered; her eyes rolled and wandered from one object to another, and she at length exclaimed—

"It is not, sir; it is all very natural!"

"I'm glad you admit it," continued we. It shows taste, judgment, tact, discretion! Consider the apartments mine from Monday next (it was then Thursday), and by all means let the curtains match the chairs."

In less than a week we directed our letters from "Butterfly Villa, Park Village East, Regent's Park," and our hostess had prepared every appointment entirely to our taste.

"PICTURESQUE DRINKABLES."

The French people used to have the credit of inventing everything pretty and fanciful; and to stroll around the avenues of the Palais Royal and glance at the bewildering medley of grotesque *bijouterie* so artfully arranged in the shop-windows, or saunter observantly the length of the Boulevards for half-a-day, one would be willing to accede the justice of the reputation. But however France may pride herself on her flimsy whimsicalities of taste in mere ornament, the United States claims a consideration for her *liquescent contribution* to the great Bazaar of Fancy. While Paris may distance all competitors in the fashioning of capricious solids, New York stands out boldly for her display of fantastical liquids. In eating, France is unquestionable; in drinking, America is on the topmost rung of the ladder. A Parisian pastrycook has more adroit modes of moulding meal and milk than the imagination would seem to suggest; and a Yankee restaurateur comprehends the infinitude of variety and kaleidoscopic combination of all liquids.

In a New York *café* the usual programme of sherries, champagnes, burgundies, hocks, and ports will be found at all seasons, with their more fiery neighbours, the brandies, gins, rums, and similar alcoholics—not to slightingly omit the milder editions of malt pleasantries, in the way of ales, porters, and particularly brown stouts. These are stand-byes for all times and all seasons; but when the roses look in with June, and the collars lie over-moistened in July, then it is the tribe of "picturesque drinkables" crowd forward for consideration.

The liquid list is hanging on yonder fountain. We will read it—

FELLOW CITIZENS—PRAY OBSERVE.

MINT JULEPS.	ICED PUNCH.	ORANGEADE.
SHERRY COBBLERS.	SHERBERT.	MINERAL WATER
BRANDY SMASHES.	CHAIN-LIGHTNING	(Twenty syrups).
SNOW-STORMS.	(Very cool).	"TOM AND JERRY."
PEACH-TINGLERS.	LIP-FREEZERS.	"WIDOW'S TEARS."
ZEPHYRINAS.	EGG NOGG.	"YOUNG MEN'S DELIGHT."
&c., &c.	&c., &c.	&c., &c.

The "Mint Julep" is the most fashionable drink of the summer season; and when the large goblet is diamonded with bits of ice, that rise like a miniature Alpine glacier with a coquettish forest of mint garnishing the sides, and the summits crowned with a couple of rosy strawberries, the appearance, to begin with, is hugely fascinating in warm weather. The "Sherry Cobbler," composed, as its name expresses, of sherry gratefully blended with saccharine or liquidated rock-candy and ice, ranks in popularity next to the juleps. Both are imbibed through straws or glass tubes kept for the purpose. The "Brandy Smashes," "Peach Tinglers," "Snow Storms," "Widow's Tears," and "Iced Punch," all claim their share of attention; and delightfully cool, grateful, and satisfactory they are to the tutored palate. These drinks are ingeniously modified from each other; as, for example, a Snow-storm would be a close cut between a Cobbler and a "Lip-freezer," with the addition of a quantity of shaved ice crumbled on a carpenter's plane. Lemon-peel and spice would play important parts in an Iced Punch; while "Chain Lightning" and "Zephyrinas" would shake hands and settle down into a "Young Man's Delight."

The ornamental and light icy coolness of these draughts make them especially acceptable when the mercury of the thermometer is desperately on the rise. A warm negus and a hot "go" of brandy, that Englishmen enjoy on a steaming July day, are "dead letters" during the warm months on 'tother side of the Atlantic. An American would as soon think of refreshing himself at this season with a smoking mixture as forswear his country and dissolve the Union. But give him a sparkling mound of ice, a bunch of fresh green mint with its "golden fragrance," a half-dozen ripe round lemons, and a jorum of the ardent, and he would experience no special difficulty in building up an afternoon's conviviality.

We have often observed in the pleasure-grounds of Kew, Richmond, Hampton, and other places of rustic resort, certain jolly, old gentlemen, happy in the possession of huge tumblers of reeking hot spirits; and a glance at their oozing rubicund faces made us regret they did not better comprehend the art of enjoyment—as found in summer drinks. Instead of being receptacles of boiling infusions, how much more refrigerative and satisfactory would they find iced preparations of light wines *à la* American. But *chacun à son goût*—and then the value of ice in the two countries is a commercial consideration not to be lost sight of.

There can be no doubt that the gratefulness of these fanciful drinks, or, as we once heard a temperance fanatic term them, "Spirit-demons

in holiday disguises," tends greatly to the system of early drinking prevalent in the United States. The eleven-o'clock-in-the-morning julep with the lunch of the *café* is a received fact, and not confined to an exclusive circle. Young men in the incipiency of their teens, caught by the delicacy of these ingenious draughts, learn to quaff deeply and freely before manhood has determined the strength of their physical constitution—and here may lie the only pernicious effect arising from the palatableness of the conventional beverages of the country.

An American *café*, or, more properly, "drinking house"—for, unlike the French *cafés*, coffee and tea are not served in the general saloon—is appointed in the most tasteful style of art. Behind a bar of grained wood, curled maple, rosewood, or ornamented oak, as the case may be, the top of which is ornamented with a slab of polished marble, are ranged a procession of elaborate cut-glass decanters, with silver labels placed on each, denoting the contents. Above these is a splendid mirror with an arabesque frame, which is jauntily protected from the tarnish by a light suit of yellow gauze. In the centre of the bar rises a miniature fountain, curiously wrought, that never wearies of sending forth little ribbons of rose-water on the rich petals of charmingly-arranged bouquets that perfume the air for many feet around. About the apartment are placed lounges, centre tables scattered with the periodical news of the day, easy chairs, ottomans, and a niche or two may boast a marble intention of somebody notable in mythological or modern heroics. The dainty-papered walls are hung with oil-paintings and choice engravings. In this latter respect many of the saloons are desultory picture-galleries; and not a few Holbein's, Snyder's, Corregio's, with here and there a Vandyke and Titian, have found their silent way transatlantic-ward to adorn the Silenian haunts of American revellers. Many of the hotel-keepers display much taste and some artistic knowledge in their pictorial collections and museums of *vertu*. Others, again, line their walls with ill-executed portraits and indifferent subjects, merely for the sake of an exhibition of ornament regarded essential in establishments of this sort.

The system of serving liquor in America is regulated differently from Great Britain. A barmaid, to begin with, would be a *rara avis* in the young country; and therefore, instead of having your "call" apportioned by a wholesome specimen of feminine plumptitude in bright ringlets, the decanter is placed before you, and the quantum regulated by your own sense of gentlemanlike prudence. But what answers in one part of the world will not do in another; especially where the gentle pressure of taxes regulates habit.

There is a certain cosiness and domesticity noticeable in an English bar—especially in the country—that one never finds in America. Taps, mugs, and Barclay and Perkins's assurances are supplanted by "sticks," "flies," and silver goblets. Instead of a comfortable young woman in balzorine, we find a dapper young man in his shirt-sleeves, as brisk as a bee, and all smiles and activity.

In point of fact, an American bar-keeper is a genius of his own class. He is generally a smart, personable young man, with an immense predilection for very white linen and whiskers. The arrangement of his hair is

a great consideration, his happiness much depending on its gloss and smoothness. A "parting on the wrong side" would rashly endanger his equanimity of mind, while a deficiency of pomade might affect the serenity of his usual temper to an extraordinary extent. What traditional reasons this class of people have for so fondling their locks we confess an entire ignorance. The bar-keeper comes from the middle ranks of life, and is of an observant turn of mind; his occupation gives him a physiognomical knowledge of faces, and he has a happy faculty of distinguishing between the man that "one glass more would not hurt," and "the man that has just had enough." He reads at a glance the outlines of the confirmed toper, and the mere amateur of imbibition. He can tell with sybilline prescience whether a man is "completely broke," or if he has a few sixpences left for dram-indulgence. In a word, there exists a psychological understanding between the bar-keeper and his patron, the minute shadows of which none but an adept of vast experience can fathom.

And the bar-keeper is a dashing convivial fellow "out of business." He dresses in *fast* colours, frequently keeps a fast horse, and is much courted by the young men on town. He is sure to be addressed as "Bob," or "Charley," or "Tom," with an affectionateness of tone and manner that indicates exquisite familiarity. It is one of his inviolable practices out never to let anybody pay for a drink but himself, and he thereby gains the reputation of a "first-rate good-hearted fellow"—in fact one of those men that "you could do anything in the world for," his liberality—nay, prodigality—is so captivating. No matter how large the concourse of drinkers, he "stands the shot"—the sympathy between his hand and his pocket is so great.

It is in these "picturesque concoctions" that the bar-keeper displays his peculiar skill. He can grasp two tumblers in either hand, and artfully maintain a pair of streams without the loss of a drop, or the slightest confusion. If he chooses to elaborate his dexterity, he can toss the streams behind his back from one tumbler to another with a miraculousness and nicety, of which it is thought only jugglers are capable. He minces a lemon as perfectly as Louis Quatorze is said to have executed a pirouette, and spins a goblet with superhuman confidence when the brittleness of the article in question is duly considered.

We are wandering. *Revenons á nos moutons*, as the French advocate expressed it. So to get back to the "fancy drinkables," it is curious how an American misses them when travelling abroad. To conjure up the spirit of a julep in a distant country is a favourite expression; and as the sound of the *Ranz-de-vache* was said to have affected the Swiss shepherds in a foreign land, so does the recollection of a "sherry cobbler" produce a most inordinate longing when away from home.

To illustrate.

We once met in Geneva, sitting in the gardens under the very shadow of a statue of Rousseau, a young man who boasted of being an immense traveller. The blue water of the Rhone—or, as Byron calls it, the "river-child" of the lake—was mingling its waters with its "delightful parent"—the Alps on one side, and the peaks of the Jura on the other, rose majestically to view—a golden haze was stealing along the horizon

—and, not to grow unnecessarily poetical, every object around formed a scene of grandeur and beauty. Our friend gazed curiously about him, and turning, said—

" This *is* a grand sight, I must say."

We concurred.

" The lake's as clear as crystal, and delightfully calm."

" Charming."

" Those cloud-wreaths about the Alps almost inspire one."

" I can easily imagine it."

" There is no question of it. This is one of the sweetest, calmest views in the world ; and I only want one thing now to make me perfectly happy."

" What's that ?" we inquired.

" A well-iced sherry cobbler !"

Bearing in mind the quantity of sour wine the aforesaid person had drunk during his stay in Geneva, we did not so much marvel at the ridiculousness of the request.

* * * *

Although American ladies, as a general rule, set their faces against liquor, no matter how ingeniously commingled or introduced, yet at evening parties or pic-nics, the cobblers, if made mild in taste and magnificent in ornament, foregoes excommunication. Three or four of the " dear creatures" love to select long firm straws, and joining their little white foreheads until the tumbler has a perfect canopy of curls, all sip at one time through the slender tubes—now sipping, now chatting, now laughing. Merely for the occasion, we will call one Fanny, another Sue, the third Blanche, and Lisette the last of the group. Fanny and Sue are cousins, perhaps—perhaps not—but certain it is, the former expresses herself warmly in favour of the julep before them.

" Girls, I dont care what you say," for Fanny has a little positive will of her own ; " this is what I call particularly good. What do you think, Lisette ?"

Lisette, who has extremely long eyelashes, and a pair of red lips of voluptuous expression, replies that " she *must* agree as to its palatableness."

" My respected ma says its very bad for young people," says Blanche, with the corners of her mouth contracted; " but on this occasion I humbly beg leave to differ with her."

" I like it better than water-ice, infinitely," says Sue, taking a long sip and a long breath alternately. " It makes me as lively and full of spirits as a dose of ether."

" Well, girls, shall we have one more—just *one* more ?" proposes Fanny. " Two among four of us is nothing."

" If you are sure it won't get in our heads," remarks Lisette.

" Get in our heads ! Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughs Blanche. " The idea —dreadful—Ha ! ha ! You might as well wonder whether it'll get in our boots. Ha ! ha !"

And then the group chatter and giggle. Blanche tickles Lisette with her straw while her head is averted, and then asks her, with a wicked

innocence of face, whether the flies are troublesome. She has a delightfully tiny wheaten combat with Fanny, and ends it by affecting to receive a mortal wound in the ringlet. At length the fresh cobbler arrives, embellished with new straws, and soon four darling pairs of lips are industrious in a small way, with the occasional variation of a droll exclamation, and the inquiry—

"DEAR ME, ISN'T IT NICE?"

WHAT CAME OF A RUFFLED SHIRT.

AN ADVENTURE.

WHILE resting in San Francisco, after the toils of an arduous route from Panama, over hill and mountain, covered with every variety of luxuriant growth, I was induced by a friend—an old schoolmate, and as brave a fellow as ever sought fortune in a far-off country—to join him in a trip up the American river, and pay a flying visit to the mines. I had grown weary of the dulness of the California capital, and, therefore, did not require much persuasion to fly the motley metropolis, and seek new adventures among the treasure-seekers, knowing well, that if I were not too easily prostrated by the intensity of the climate and the wildness of the country, I should certainly experience changes that might in somewise administer to an innate love of novelty. We tucked what apparel we wanted in a brace of stout carpet-bags, and attiring ourselves in coarse suits of deer-skin, set off with a cavalcade consisting of three heavily-laden waggons drawn by twelve oxen, accompanied by five horsemen, and the same number of pedestrians, all of whom chanced to be going our way.

If there is one thing more than another in this singular country that may be regarded as an oddity, it is a white shirt. Not that shirts in themselves are oddities—by no means—but it is that particular colour, or no colour, as the reader may choose. An abundance of striped patterns—blue, brown, yellow, pink, orange, red, and even purple are seen, but rarely such a thing as a distinct *white*. I frequently saw a shirt that had *once been* white; but long before it reached the El Dorado, it had resigned all pretensions to its primitive purity. My friend, Tom Bruce, being a singular genius, the day of our departure, out of some eccentric whim, put on a clean white shirt. The collar was starched to the extreme of stiffness, the bosom ruffled in the most unexceptionable *mode*, and, by way of finish, the wristbands were laced and fine-stitched to a degree faultless. Tom looked a Beau Brummel in this dainty vesture.

"Why Tom," said I, eyeing him with an expression of curiosity, what does all of this mean?" and I pointed at the elegant garment aforesaid.

"Oh, never mind," returned he, "I've a strange whim. I was looking over my duds this morning, and what did I find but this fine shirt. It's one I had made to go to a number of club balls last winter in New

York, when I was paying my devoirs to little Nelly V——; but no matter, I'm agoing to wear it just for luck, as we Gothamites say, and see what it brings. Mark my words now, and I'll bet you a dime that this very shirt at which you gaze will get us out of a fix before we get home."

I laughed at Tom's words; and as the garment of the same class that I wore was a yellow ground, ornamented here and there with what had been intended to represent pointed poplar trees, but which in reality looked more like pinched pickles, from the fact of their being shapen to the quaintest extreme, like that popular condimental vegetable—why, the contrast was to an extraordinary degree grotesque and impressive.

Tom's shirt was the point of every inquiring gaze. The master-teamster, a red-haired Englishman, who had emigrated from somewhere in the neighbourhood of "Brummagem," as he called it, was so struck with it that he liked to have opened his eye-gates to accommodate a flood of tears, so forcibly did it remind him of one which his master, a greengrocer, had worn "at home" on holidays and great occasions.

We had not proceeded more than a "bluetrail," as they term ten miles in that country, than we struck into a beaten road to the north-east, and were full upon the prairie. Here we met a party of Kanakas going home to Honalula, and for a trifle I purchased a pack-mare, on which Tom and myself rode alternately. This animal was the most perfect realization of stubbornness—a pig was docile to her—and we were sorry we had meddled with a beast so unworthy of even humane consideration. The more we petted her, the more she exhibited her headstrong contumaciousness. If she was required to go to the right, she was sure to incline to the left; and if there was a waggon-rut in the path, there was no help for her stumbling over it. Tom would mount her and take the carpet-bags, while I walked behind and used the gad, as I had seen the Mexican *vaquero* do; but this was no avail; she only reared on her fore-legs and threw up the dirt in our faces with her hind ones in derision of our efforts. Then Tom would descend, and I would take his place; he had a sinewy arm, and would "lay on" to the fullest of his strength, but it availed nothing. Then we would both walk, and swinging the carpet-bags over her *à la panniers*, like virtuous wood-cutters in the olden time, we besought our beast of burden to advance, much to the amusement of every species of nation that we passed on our road.

I have read in "Ye Chronicles of Merrie England" of sundry racks and tortures, invented by certain wicked men, and concealed in subterraneous passages under a well-known edifice, called the "Tower of London," where Anna Boleyn and other notable persons have left their heads at certain bye-gone periods; and although my usually amiable nature revolts at anything in the shape of punishment, yet I freely confess that if I could have applied the severest of those tortures to that mare, I should not have hesitated a moment to do so. The nursery story of the old woman who invoked the aid of a certain stick to beat her pig, and because the stick refused to perform such an office, was finally consumed by fire, is not a parallel with our case, pre-eminent as that celebrated nursery incident may appear in confirming the fact of animal

obstinacy. Our *cortége* had got so far ahead of us from the delays, that we slipped the mare's bridle over her head, and walked in advance of her. Then only, and on such conciliating terms of compromise, would she condescend to be guided by us.

"Well, curse me!" said Tom, finally, after exercising every spark of his ingenuity to induce the creature to carry one of us—she would bear me longer than Tom, because he was the heavier of the two—and throwing back his sun-burnt sombrero with the air of a man deeply perplexed, with just a shade of mortification resting on his brow—"Well, curse me! if that mare wouldn't astonish the Browns, and they say that nothing surprises that numerous family. You may depend on it she's been trained to this unyielding stubbornness. Would'nt I like to have her harnessed to a bark-mill in Pennsylvania. Perhaps she would not work then. *Perhaps* not, or I'd take the hide from her as close as a nutshell. Come along."

"By the bye," suggested I, "we have not given the dragon a name. Is there any precedent in nature, mythology, or anywhere else for the matter of that, to out-do this wretched beast? Think, Tom, think. When we first bought her, I thought of calling her 'Bess,' but the name is too musical by far, is it not?"

"Bess!" quoth Tom, in a positive rage—his eyes dilating as he dragged the beast with a smart jerk—"Bess, I think you said. I wouldn't disgrace the name by applying it to such a surly, perverse specimen of female horse-flesh;" and the mare at this moment relaxing her rein, stopped to browse on a tuft of long rank grass which overtopped a spring. "Hey! get out of that, you old jade! Come 'long!" and he pulled the rein with such a quick snap that, half frightened out of her wits, she jumped forward and ambled as prettily as could be for a short distance.

"Well, Tom, have you thought of a name for her?" said I, after a few moments had elapsed. Tom held his head down, and appeared to be brooding over our mutual vexation, and did not hear my question. I repeated it. He started slightly, as if disturbed from a reverie.

"I've just been thinking," said he, in a half-musing manner, "of a match for this varmint; and he took the gad from my hand, and turning around, gave her a cordial salute over her haunches as he spoke. "It puzzles me to the extremest to think of a proper name. Diogenes was a cynical old scamp, but that's a masculine name, and then he had some good traits to admire. Xantippe, the wife of Socrates, was a Tartar, but then she could't have been so completely lost to all feeling. Let me see, who else is there? Oh, it is time thrown away to think. Let us call her 'Hag,' simply 'Hag,' and be hanged to her."

"Be it so," rejoined I, in accordance.

And "Hag" was the animal's name from that moment.

The first day of our journey up the river was over a soil of deep fine sand, slightly mixed with loam. We passed a number of private ranchos, the property of early settlers. The river, for many miles, was only forty or fifty feet from us, and at intervals it flashed on our view in the bright sunlight, dazzling our gaze; then it gracefully receded, and was lost, as it were, in a gentle declivity, when presently it reappeared,

brighter and more magnificent than before. The current varies; in some places it is as placid and serene as a lake, while in others it dashes along with a force madly impetuous. The spring floods were not yet at their greatest height, and the stream appeared only a few yards in width; yet the overhanging banks, which jutted far over, and seemed to kiss the water's edge, bore unmistakeable evidences of the manner in which they had resisted the furious career of the wild tides.

Night gradually stole upon us, and our commander-in-chief ordered a halt. Our place of encampment was a hollow between two slightly-rising knolls, which my companion, Tom, christened, "First Night's Nest"—they have queer names in California,—and his fiat was respectfully marked, although he was not the discoverer, certain traces of ash-heaps and broken crockery giving assurance that there had been visitors there before us. Our next care was to procure wood to feed the camp fires, and Tom and myself were deputed to assist in the important search. We held a consultation.

"What do you say—shall we take the mare with us or not?" inquired I of Tom, who stood surveying the creature in question with his arms folded.

"To the fiends with her!" roared my companion, "she'll keep us back;" and he had not more than uttered this laconic observation than, prancing on her fore-feet with almost superhuman agility, the mare threw up such huge daubs of mud that one alighting on his peerless shirt-front, garnished it in the highest possible style.

"Ha! ha! ha!" and everybody that witnessed the sudden caper echoed the cachinnatory gust, "Ha! ha! ha!"

Tom did not say a word, but picking up a sycamore twig, coolly commenced scraping off the dirt. A storm then grew on my friend's brow, and approaching me, he said, in a tone of voice that indicated the most malignant anger, "What did you pay for that mare?"

I named the amount.

"Will you sell her to me for the same sum?"

"Why, Tom, what are you a-going to do. Not speculate on her, I hope."

"Never mind; will you sell her?"

I smiled.

"Tom continued, "if you will sell her to me, I'll shoot her on the spot, the old hussey." He glanced at his shirt bosom. "Look at that! Isn't it enough to make a nervous man tremble with rage?"

I ridiculed the fanciful anger of poor Tom, and he was soon dissuaded from his purpose, otherwise he would have bought the provoking animal for the pleasure of despatching her on the spot.

Staking the horses and oxen to the rear of the waggons, with ample hide lariats, we marched off in different directions to search for faggots. Sufficient being procured, we lighted our camp-fires, while others unpacked the waggons and brought forth the provisions. Salt pork and hard crackers were among the *luxuries* of our supper; but rough as the fare was, the day's journey made these deliciously welcome. Our commander-in-chief, a stout round-shouldered hoosier, from one of the far-west States, proposed that we should retire early, and resume our

march by day-break, to which the greater part of the company agreed, and disposing themselves in coarse blankets, were soon wedding slumber in the most approved fashion of gold adventurers.

As the depredations of the *coyotes*, or prairie wolves, are frequent, Tom and myself, although we were both weary, signified our intentions to our leader to keep watch that night, and, without a word, we were chosen sentinels.

It was a bright, clear night, and the moon in unclouded splendour riding in a sky altogether Italian, beamed on every object with such soft brilliancy, that we could define the distance for miles around. With the exception of the waving of the giant grass that grew profusely in all directions, the snoring of the men, and the occasional restlessness of the oxen as they tugged at their lariats, all around was wrapped in the most inspiring stillness. Making a circuit of our little camp, we found everything secure, and couching on two large stones beside the blazing faggots, that sent up a red mass of smoke and sparkles high into the air, Tom fell to humming an old melody that he said reminded him so much of home. Soon after, he did not say a word, but rested his eyes on the glowing embers, and seemed absorbed in meditation. Not caring to disturb him from his reverie, I followed his example, and gradually my thoughts reverted to my pleasant home, and the many happy associations connected with it. As the air was keen and searching, I pulled my blanket closer around me, and resting my elbows on my knees, fell into a gentle doze. I had not been long in this position before I was startled by Tom's making a desperate leap, as if pursued by a wolf.

"What's the matter?" cried I, coming to my feet as suddenly as the alarm warranted the movement. "Tom, what made you start?"

My companion merely replied by putting his finger on his lip, and the next instant drew a revolving pistol from his huge belt.

"Hush!" whispered he, in a faint tone, tucking the folds of his blanket in his breast; "I'm sure I saw a man skulking around the provision waggon! Hush!" I had neglected to take my weapon from my carpet bag, but seizing a heavy brand from the fire, stood side by side of my companion, in an attitude of defence.

"I fancy you're mistaken," said I. "You've been dreaming. Listen, there's scarcely a leaf stirring. You must be deceived."

"No," replied Tom, as before, in a quiet whisper, "I'll be sworn I saw the figure of a man in the shadow of that waggon. Come with me;" and drawing me gently by the arm, we proceeded to the place where he thought he had seen the intruder.

A diligent search proving fruitless, we again seated ourselves beside the fire, which was gradually dying away, and wished with all of our hearts that the morning was come, with its genial sunlight, to disperse the mists that by this time were settling on the rolling prairie.

"I thought you were wrong," said I, looking around on all sides over the vast expanse that everywhere met my gaze. "I'm certain that if any of the Indians were on our trail we could see them, the moon is so bright to-night."

"It may have been a shadow, a spectre, a vision, or whatever you like; but I'm as certain that I saw something as I see this pistol this

minute before me. Besides, you don't know how these red-skinned devils approach travellers. They creep through the long grass on their hands and knees."

A cold chill ran through me at this intelligence. I had not thought of this secret mode of attack. The grass being extremely long, it would readily conceal the body of a full-grown man in a stooping posture. Without saying another word I hastened to Hag, and took my pistols from the carpet-bag. Just then we both started at the same instant.

"Don't wake the men, except an emergency demands it," whispered Tom, cocking his weapon. "I was right; I saw the grass move by the large waggon."

Glancing in the direction referred to by my companion, I perceived the long herbage parting as if cleaved by a body of enormous width. It was a moment of anxious doubt.

"Who goes there?" shouted Tom, in a gruff voice, pointing the revolver, the barrel of which gleamed in the bright moonlight.

There was no reply, and the rustling abated for a moment.

Tom repeated his interrogation in a more decided tone.

"Who goes there? Answer, or I'll fire!"

Again the demand was unheeded, and "Hag," uttering a dismal bray, sent forth a scream that caused even the sleepers in the waggons to turn heavily in their slumbers.

"Blast that beast!" hissed Tom between his teeth, his face assuming the wildest concern; and then he shrieked—"Who goes there, I say again? One minute more, and as true as Heaven I'll fire!"

He kept his word, and before the time he had given the intruder to report himself transpired, he blazed away with his revolver, that sent such a shower of red-hot balls whizzing into the grass as "First Night's Nest" has never witnessed since.

The sleepers at the first fire were up and roused to action. Our commander-in-chief was as brave as a lion, and, seizing his carbine, proceeded to examine the grass with the utmost caution.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, addressing my companion, "you were right. See this;" and stooping he picked up a heavy stiletto, the sheath of which was covered with rust. "He dropped this in his fright, whoever he was; and now I'll look;" and he read by the light of the moon a number of Mexican characters engraved on the hilt, which clearly denoted that the Spanish roamers were lurking not far distant. Our commander continued—

"Let every man get out his weapons. These hounds are on our trail, and he whom you have seen is a spy that has been sent to learn our movements. I have crossed this route before, and unless the dogs are shown battle, they will follow us to the end of our journey."

Providing ourselves with long stakes of sycamore, or scraggy oak boughs, which we used as flambeaux, weapons cocked in hand, our blankets tucked closely into our girdles, we parted company, and, in squads of three, scattered over the vast prairie, carefully examining the tall grass, which we pushed aside with our feet. Three men were left to guard the encampment, and in case of surprise from any quarter, a . lwas to be fired as a signal. Tom, myself, and the red-haired

teamster composed our squad, and the latter individual was in the greatest possible alarm lest, as he walked, he should stumble over the "henemy," to use his own expression. His knees trembled under him, and his scattered hair falling down over his dingy unwashed face, his eyes at the same time starting from their sockets, the singularity of his whole appearance was so provokingly odd, that even at this moment, beset as we were by danger, neither Tom nor myself could repress a smile.

"By gad! vouldn't I like to be in Brummagem just about now, with the kinchins and the dame," said the man, half frightened out of his wits as the breeze blew a spark from Tom's torch in his face. "Was that a shot?"

It was a glorious spectacle to cast the eye round and behold the flickering firebrands gleaming over the tops of the tall grass. As far as the eye could reach, nothing broke the view—not a tree was to be seen; and except here and there that a patch of fragrant wild flowers served to diversify the grand level, it was an endless continuity of rank herbage.

A sharp report of a pistol to the westward broke upon us.

"Ha! the signal!" exclaimed Tom, waving his branch, and scattering the scintillations around. "There's a surprise!" and, without a word, we hastened in the direction of the shot.

What was our joy and surprise, on reaching the spot, in discovering our commander-in-chief and the men standing, with an expression of triumphant satisfaction depicted in every lineament, over the prostrate body of a stout, strong-built man, clad in a pink calico shirt, yellow breeches tied with ribbons, and a broad crimson sash fringed at the ends, in which were stuck a brace of formidable stilettoes. He was a Mexican robber.

Our commander's party had stumbled over the fellow as he lay crouching in the grass, and before he could use his weapons, one of the men dealt him such a blow with the stock of his gun, that he fell stunned in the manner we found him when we came up. Our next care was to pinion his arms, which we did with a stout cord, and, disengaging his weapons from his sash, our commander, shrewdly suspecting he was a spy, and that a rendezvous was not far off, questioned him in regard to his associates. As he would give us no satisfaction, but maintained a sullen silence, we stationed him in the centre of a group of the men, in order to avoid the possibility of an escape—these *rancheros* are desperate villains—and retraced our steps to our encampment, the fire of which having been replenished by fresh bundles of faggots and dry yellow grass, was crackling and throwing up dense volumes of smoke.

At the suggestion of our commander we formed a council of war, and ranging ourselves, Indian fashion, around the fire, placed the culprit in the centre of us. Here we had an opportunity of scanning the features of the depredator, who stood with his eyes bent on the ground, his round swarthy face heightened by the red glare of the blaze that fell upon it. He was somewhat above the middle height, of muscular frame, and his complexion was rendered far more sombre in its colour from the contrast it bore to his dense beard and moustache. His eyes were full and of piercing brilliancy, and his nose prominent and slightly aquiline.

Disposed as we were around the pile of glowing wood, attired in our grotesque costumes, with the robber in his gay suit, and the waggons, oxen, and horses standing near, unconscious witnesses of what was going forward, the bright moon streaming in a mild blue sky, with a silver mist settling on the earth, the scene was quite picturesque.

Our commander then proceeded to question the intruder, and sternly demanded of him his reason for skulking about our camp, contrary to all principles of law and order.

"You are a spy; and unless you satisfactorily explain your motive for being in our company, or tell where your band is concealed, you shall die the death you merit."

The robber heard these words without moving a muscle, or even so much as betraying a sign of uneasiness.

"Am I, then, to understand that you refuse to comply with our wishes?" pursued our commander.

The culprit slowly raised his eyes, and endeavoured by a sharp struggle to disengage his arms from their fastenings. Tom cocked his pistol at the same moment, and the Mexican's brow darkened with rage.

"Listen, senor; we desire no trifling. Where are your companions? Speak, or you die on the spot!"

He then growled an expression in broken Spanish, and by an inclination of his head implied that they were in the westward.

"Will you conduct us to them?" asked our leader.

The robber's face brightened at this query, and he signified his willingness, accompanied with an impatient movement of his legs.

Our commander meditated for an instant, and seemed to fathom the meaning of the Mexican's cheerfulness to comply with his request. There was danger of a superiority of the number of the robbers, and great loss of life might ensue from a rash rencontre.

A number of the men conferred together, and as it was near morning, and we desired to make all haste in our journey, it was agreed that we should not sacrifice time, and venture what was still more valuable, life, in pursuing these Mexican desperadoes, but keep the spy we had captured a close prisoner, and determine in the future in what manner to dispose of him.

The grey lines of light that flew along the edge of the horizon, and the soft flush of crimson in the dim west, told the approach of morning. Already the coyotes were howling in all directions, and flocks of prairie-hens skipped stealthily through the long weeds, billing like a parcel of Scotch pipers. All was bustle and life. A portion of the more dainty of our company got breakfast, which was minus coffee, a deprivation which in travelling is severely felt; others washed the dishes, an unpleasant duty to trowsered humanity; while others harnessed the oxen, and got the waggons in readiness for starting. Notwithstanding the commotion our adventure had caused in the little camp, it soon subsided, and all was as tranquil as before. It was unanimously agreed that the spy should walk pinioned behind one of the waggons, and he was accordingly secured to the foremost of the procession.

As my companion, Tom, was in a facetious mood at having discovered so important a villain—for villains now-a-days are deemed of the

highest consequence, if we can credit the newspapers—he signified his intention to curry our old pack-mare. Her coat being rough and frowsy, it added to her otherwise ungainly appearance, and the opinion seemed mutual that a good brushing would be of service. Finding an old snaggled curry-comb in the boot of one of the waggons, Tom led out the creature, and tying her to a stake secured in the ground, went industriously to work, commencing at her short curling mane and thick-set neck. She was passive under this part of the operation; but he had no sooner passed the implement down to her fetlocks and pastern than she set up a terrific neigh, and dilated her nostrils in a frightful manner.

"W-o-a, Hag, stand still!" shrieked Tom.

But the more he inveighed, the more Hag snorted.

"W-o-a now! w-o-a!" and he patted her so caressingly, that she suspended her demonstrations of distress.

"You must be more careful, Tom," said I, looking on and suppressing a smile at his solicitude. "Use her tenderly; see, her knees are scratched."

Tom again fell to work. He went on for some time, but did not dare to touch her legs.

"Now she's quiet, I'll try her haunches," said he, and passing the comb down that vicinity, she uttered a loud wail, and kicking up her legs with tremendous force, sent Tom flying into the fire, burying his head in the smouldering ashes, and blacking his elegant white shirt in such a manner as to metamorphose him completely. I ran to his assistance, and after some little trouble rescued my ill-fated companion. He was charred from head to foot, and a piece of live coal having touched the tip of his nose, that organ reminded me somewhat of Bardolph's red and *numerous* feature in the play.

"Did you ever see such an unlucky devil," said Tom, the hot water starting from his eyes. "Ain't I a model for an artist? Why a dustman would look pale by comparison. I ask you in a *friendly* way, what ought to be done with that old hussy?" and he pointed at Hag, who, seemingly half-conscious of the damage she had done, stood winking her large dull eyes, and looking stupidly on, occasionally giving her shaggy tail a lazy switch, as if satisfied that she had performed a Christian duty.

"My advice is, that you let her alone, and think no more of improving her dress. She's an unworthy object of your tender regard," I said, in a soothing tone.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," cried Tom, brushing the ashes from his garments; "I'll make a bargain for us to ride in the waggon—I can easily arrange it with the red-headed teamster—and if our commander will permit it, we'll bind that Mexican robber on her back. We'll thereby have a double revenge. He's pretty heavy, and she'll have the trouble of carrying him, and he'll be shaken to a jelly by her capers. What do you say?"

I assented at once, in consideration of his recent misfortune.

Tom gained the commander's approval, and without more ado we strapped the spy on to her back, somewhat after the manner of Mazeppa. The robber begged hard to be allowed to proceed as had first been arranged, vowing with many curses in his broken dialect, that the mare

would crush him to death. But the punishment was too well-merited, and he was obliged to bear the infliction.

Tom was in high glee as he witnessed the mutual discomfiture that his plan occasioned. Those modern and familiar tortures—tossing in a blanket and bestriding a rail—were indeed eclipsed. Hag would snort and strike her sides violently; then pitch forward, and fall on her fore-knees; then, rearing up, would roll downwards, with a heavy fall, and endeavour to shake the burden from her back; again, she would plunge madly from side to side, throwing her hoofs high in the air; and then, what was worse than all, lying flat on her sides, and tearing up the ground with her iron shoes, she would bury the victim in the wild grass until he groaned with despair.

It was now broad daylight, and the sun rising in its majestic loveliness made all bright and glorious. The air was keen and bracing, and stratas of fleecy clouds, edged with gold, were flying like spirits along the sky. The wild bees were out on their busy mission, and seemed to rest on their wings to inhale the perfume of the passing breeze, while the dewdrops were lovingly clinging as though loth to leave the half-open buds of the prairie flow'rets. Even the oxen raised up their huge heads and sniffed the sweets of the fresh morning air, and the horses, which the night before had shown themselves dull with langour, bristled up full of spirit, and appeared anxious to perform their tedious round of drudgery.

We resumed our journey at an early hour, and, with the exception of Tom and myself, who had been up all night, our party was full of life and energy. The incident of the past night had served to inspire the adventurers in a wild and unknown country with a feeling of superstitious romance, and its effect was in the pleasantest manner perceivable. From the fact that there were many of us by nature endowed with feelings of the highest sensibility, and being for the most part treasure-seekers, far from our homes of affection and comfort, we were alive to these impressions of adventure, and enjoyed to the full anything partaking of a fictitious interest.

A snug bed of blankets and straw being made for us in the baggage-waggon, myself and sentry-companion, with his laurels as a hero fresh on his brow, turned in. Tom drew himself up in the form of something like a figure 4, and burying his head in the blankets was soon in Dreamland.

Although fatigued with watching and travel I happened to be in just one of those moods when Slumber stands at a little distance off in the most provoking manner, defying you to embrace her, despite your wooing. I laid for some time watching the large flies alight on the broad wet noses of the oxen in the rear of us—and such fandangoes as those flies indulged in were, to an observer, fraught with a tricky oddness. It seemed as if they had adopted this particular spot as a playground, and were enjoying themselves at a game of hide-and-seek. Buzzing around in the air, and executing an incredible number of fantastic evolutions, one of these large green insects would settle, walk around the rim of the great nostril, and finally creep in. Soon, another fly would perform a similar movement, and seeking, as it were, for his

playfellow, would dart after him with a noisy buzz. Then out would fly the twain, and off they would go a short way into the air, and strike each other with their mottled wings. Then they would run with amazing rapidity the full area of the nostril, pausing once and awhile to indulge in some gambol known only to insects, and away as before, only one up each of the circular chasms. After staying there for a moment, with seeming cautiousness they would creep to the edge and appear to peep at each other with a glance of discernment; then out they flew again, and, poising for a second in the air, would hurl themselves with a noiseless clash, and shoot up far out of sight. The poor oxen trudged onward all the time with a patient tread, little knowing what a field of pleasure their broad brown noses were affording the merry insects of the prairie.

Nature exhausted soon exerted her sway, and ere long, like Tom, who was snoring by my side, I dropped to sleep; when I awoke it was past four o'clock in the afternoon, and I found myself at a stopping-place on the road, called the "Blue Tent." We had left the forks of the road where it diverged towards the first digging, at Mormon Islands on the river, and the rolling prairie we had traversed now gradually broke into steep hills, covered only with grass, or occasional rocks near the top.

Looking out of my travelling bed-room, which I did without the trouble of pushing aside curtains or raising windows, I found the "Blue Tent" to consist of a log-house of rude construction, with no second story, and a large chimney, from which the smoke was issuing in thick black masses. Why it had been termed the "*Blue* Tent" was to me a matter of mystery, as I could see nothing about it to warrant its name—unless it were, being a hostel, and provided with the best brands of stimulating *agua ardiente*, its patrons were made *blue*, we could divine no reason of the application. This, by the way, however, the Blue Tent, wrongly or properly named, was right welcome, and I descended from my apartment, and took a view of the premises.

A small stream of pure water trickled by the door, and flowed shiningly on into an adjoining meadow. The water seemed so clear and sweet, that I at once thought of applying my parched mouth to its smooth breast. As I stooped to do so, a stout, sunburnt man, in a broad sombrero, stepped forward and bade me desist. Denied one of the common properties of life, I asked the meaning of his interference.

"You may not be aware of it," he said, pulling a tin cup which was suspended by a hook of wire to his belt; "this stream is private property, and you must bargain with the landlord before it can be touched."

Our commander stepped up and informed me that he was about to make a bargain with the proprietor of the "Blue Tent" for water for the *cortége*. Of course then I arose.

The landlord was a dumpy, fat, jolly-looking person, with a face full of benignity and perspiration, and we soon came to terms—that for a dollar we should have sufficient water for both the men and horses; a demand which our commander readily assented to, remarking at the same time to me, as I was about to expostulate on the propriety of pay-

ing for what appeared so plentiful, that the terms were nothing but reasonable, considering the great scarcity of spring water in that section of the country. As this was mere custom, I, nothing loth, yielded, and for the first time in my life, paid for a draught of fresh water.

The scenery around the "Blue Tent" was diversified and picturesque. The small valleys at the base of the hills, and the gently sloping declivities, were covered with irregular groves of white and live oak, forming clear expansive vistas. On these trees, troops of squirrels, with their feather-like tails waving in the wind, were galloping about the evergreen branches in the wildest merriment. A long green mead, powdered at intervals with dainty patches of wild flowers, lay like a strip of fairy verdure in the back-ground. We found the brightest selection of colors. There were white, blue, and violet; the orange and lemon, fading into the liquid tint of the amber; the Tyrian purple and soft lilac; the deep crimson, bright scarlet, and modest pink, blended beautifully with the rich silver grass, filling the air with fragrance. These floral gifts, growing in the most luxurious profusion, are the *natural* products of the country.

While the animals were being refreshed with deep draughts of water, Tom lighted a calumet, and with his hands placed leisurely on his back, took a stroll around "Hag" and her load of villany, and with a twinkle of his eye, in which we read the highest satisfaction, turned and said—

"Well, I think she is served out for her tricks with me, the old dragon—eh?"

I nodded assent.

"She's as knowing as a fox, and curse me if I don't think there's a dash of the reynard in her breed," he observed, laughingly. "But, I say, she's played the devil with my linen," and as Tom looked down on his bosom, of erst as white and stainless as a lily, his countenance fell. "There's no doubt of it, a white shirt in these parts is a rarity, and I fancy these ruffles will make the miners stare. I'll put on my pink ranger, and have this washed if it's possible."

Off he started, and in a few moments was in the kitchen conferring with the hostess. She, by dint of the promise of an exorbitant fee, promised to "do up" the garment, *à la mode*, in two hours. She said she had no flat-iron, but would substitute the scoured bottom of a bran new tea-kettle to do the pressing; and true to her word, in a few moments the laced article was floating in a barrel of suds, and in another half-hour we beheld it fluttering on the clothes-line. I afterwards witnessed the old lady's substitution of the new style of flat-iron, and considering the awkwardness of the implement, the shirt actually looked well, although a Parisian *blanchisseuse* might have scowled at the fold of the ruffles.

As the journey before us was extremely tedious, and having business in San Francisco, we mutually decided on remaining at the "Blue Tent" until the following day, when our host informed us that a caravan would be passing on the homeward route. There were all sorts of luxuries, too, in the way of beef-steaks, onions, and black tea, to be procured where we were, and so we abandoned our original project of

visiting the mines. Disposing of "Hag" to our commander, we enjoined him to take good care of the beast, and on no account to let the spy give him the slip. He promised us that our wishes should be complied with, and signified his determination of taking the Mexican captain to the mines, and setting him to work in the gulches under a constant guard. This we highly approved of, as it was turning the rogue to some account, and keeping him out of mischief for a brief season at least.

That same night the *cortége* departed, and, with many expressions of regret on either side at so soon parting company, they took up their line of march, and Tom and I were left to ourselves.

After a hearty meal, we were put to sleep in hammocks suspended from two tall sycamores at the back of the cabin, where we lay looking at the stars through the lattice of boughs and leaves until past midnight. These hammocks are cozy contrivances, and one feels as if he were, after the fashion of Mahomet's coffin, placed something between heaven and earth, with no thanks to a board floor for support. I slept soundly till daybreak, and with the exception of a slight numbness in the limbs, felt as much refreshed as if I had been pillowed on a couch of down in the grandest chamber of Hampton Court.

Notwithstanding the earnest assurances of the landlord that he was in hourly expectation of a caravan going to San Francisco, none came, and we were compelled to stop over another day at his house. We amused ourselves during the time with shooting at eagles and wild geese —we only shot *at* them, for our pistols would not reach them by fifty feet—and of making garlands of the wild flowers that we plucked in the meadow. These unsatisfactory pastimes, with strolls over the hills in search of minerals, constituted the principal of our enjoyments, and, seeking our hammocks at an early hour, went through the same course of counting the stars and chatting about home and the "girls we left behind us."

A third day came, but no caravan, and we were getting frightfully tired of the monotonous course of life at the "Blue Tent." I had almost made up my mind to alone seek my way back to Sutter's Fort, but the landlord and his wife assured me that I would either fall a prey to the coyotes, or to a surety be murdered by the Mexican rancheros. On reflection, the danger was so apparent, to say nothing of the want of society over the dull prairie I had so lately crossed, that I thought it advisable to make the best of the matter by choosing the lesser of the two evils.

As the charge of our host was anything but reasonable, and as his spouse—an elderly little dumpling, as broad as she was long—seemed to exercise a deal of authority over the public arrangements of the house, with a careful eye to the financial interests, we found our stock of cash going with prodigal rapidity. Every article ordered we were compelled to pay for on delivery, and as we were seeking adventure, we lived to an extraordinary degree, what would be termed in England "fast." Tom was lavish in the extreme, and considering the position of matters, and where we were, it was heart-rending, and decided assassination to the largest purse, to hear him demand his "steaks and hot slap-jacks"

with such apathetic coolness. A written code of stipulations, pasted up in a conspicuous manner on a fast-ticking Yankee clock, informed us, that as "Provisions were scarce and dear, it was necessary for visitors to be strictly punctual in their payments;" and this gentle hint being coupled with the fact that the hostess was uncompromisingly particular in her claims, we had, adopting the Californian expression, to "pony up" at every turn. Each meal cost us, jointly, three dollars, and the hammocks fifty cents; and as the caravan did not make its appearance, on the fifth day of our sojourn we were penniless.

Roving about among the grassy arroyos, scrambling through the tall grasses and over the hills, a change of linen became highly necessary, and Tom once more resumed his white shirt. As he came parading out in front of the house, I observed our hostess watching him with a close gaze; and as she turned on her heel, and walked back into her mansion, she said to herself in an audible tone—

"Well, 'pon my life, there's a comical idea, for a man to be wearing ruffles, and hasn't got a tester to pay for his hammock. Sich people ought'nt to receive charity, and I'll give 'em no countenance."

"There, Tom, did you hear that?" said I; "the old lady is out on your ruffles, and she'll show us no quarter in consequence. Mark my word, that shirt has so gone against her ideas of propriety, that she'll not give us a thing more to eat without a pre-payment, and you know we haven't a shilling to bless ourselves with."

"Hang her!" relied Tom, pulling out his empty pockets, and scattering a few crumbs on the ground, "I'd have her know that this is no common sample of handiwork. She's too fat to appreciate this fine stitching, and such needle-work overcomes her nerves."

"That's not the point," said I, moodily, "it doesn't better our condition. However, there's no use of being cast down, something must soon turn up."

"And will as sure's you are born," interrupted he, "what's the quotation? In the bright lexicon of youth—which interesting period of life we have passed somewhat—there's no such word as—"

Before he could finish the sentence our attention was suddenly arrested by a group of wildly clad men, issuing from a clump of scraggy oaks before us, which, as they drew nearer proved to be Indians. They followed each other in regular file, and kept time to the thumping of a rude drum, about the size of a water pail, that sent a hollow reverberation over the hills.

"Here's strange company," said Tom, with an apparent misgiving as to the nature of the new comers. "I wonder if they are friendly. Ho! landlord, who are these gentry in wampum?"

A glance at the face of the individual addressed plainly indicated that nothing was to be apprehended; for no sooner did he obtain a glimpse of the beaded file, than, without even answering Tom's question he hailed to his wife at the top of his lungs:—

"Mab, Mab, the Injuns are comin', and Whitetop's with them!"

Mistress Mab dropped a basin of broth at this intelligence, with so much precipitation, that she scalded her fingers, and wheezing loudly, made her way in front of the house. By this time they had halted on

the margin of the stream, and their chief making a sign to them with his bow, they all set up a rude howl to the overcoming din of the drum, after which they ran up to the hostess, and shook her warmly by the hand. Bestowing her greatest favour on the most gaudily dressed of the group, who was a tall, muscular man, she said:—

"Well, now, White-top, I'm so glad to see you. How well you're looking; and, my soul's alive, what a pouch of gold you've got. You've had rare luck, or I'm no prophet.

White-top received these words with many signs of pleasure, and, without uttering a word intelligible to us, cast his eye at a long leathern pouch that hung by his side, and soon entered the hostel.

His tribe, some sixteen in number, were partially clad in every variety of gay and tawdry costume, obtained at the trading ports, and wore moccasins of buckskin worked with beads. Their heads were ornamented with long feathers, dyed red and yellow, and most of them had broad metal rings dangling in their noses. Their complexion was a dark mahogany, with high cheek bones, wide mouths, noses nearly flat, and hair straight, black, and coarse, with low foreheads, and small jet-black eyes. They were the remnant of a once powerful tribe, we afterwards learned, from the head-quarters of the Sacramento, known as the "Friendly Squatters."

Refreshing themselves at the stream, without even as much as asking permission, with gestures of the most incoherent character, they entered the "Blue Tent," and partook of a feast of bear-meat, which they had brought with them, wrapped in a blanket, and roast acorns, and then washed the whole down with deep drafts of whisky. After this, they gradually re-appeared on the plaza, and scattered themselves about on the grass, with their legs crossed, and smoked a rank weed which they cure, in long pipes, and sent clouds of strong-scented smoke rolling and reeling into the breeze. Presently the chief, White-top, appeared, and coming in the direction where Tom and I were seated, made a motion to us to approach him. We did so, and in a series of most inexpressive pantomime, which was interpreted by the host, intimated that it would give him pleasure if we would join him in a friendly pipe. We assented in the blandest manner; and first taking a whiff from a long bone-handled calumet, the bowl of which was hollowed out of a thin and almost transparent stone, he passed it first to Tom, who followed his example, and then to me acting in the like manner, although I most honestly confess, not without some feeling of repugnance, as I was always partial from boyhood, when I did indulge, to my own private *meerschaum*, and no thanks to my neighbours, while the operation of puffing was going on.

I observed that while the Indian chief was smoking he occasionally ogled Tom's white shirt in the most significant manner, and seemed to regard the ruffled portion with a gaze of curiosity. This did not escape my companion, for every now and then he adjusted the plaits on the bosom, and set them out to the greatest advantage, no motion of which was lost on the chief. After we had done smoking he pulled the stem from the bowl of the calumet, and thrusting them into a fold of his sash, leaned over on his arm, and, with an expression of interest in his

brilliant little eyes, examined closely the seams of the wristbands, and plucked at the lace with his thumb and fore-finger, as if striving to divine what the closely-wove threadwork could be.

"That's something of a novelty, great chief," said Tom, exchangeing a glance with me. "It's what we call a white shirt; and that," he continued, pointing to the ruffles, "is linen cambric and lace. Do you admire it?"

The chief appeared to comprehend what was said to him, and nodded his head affirmatively.

"Will white man sell shirt, eh?" said he, in an imperfect accent, speaking rapidly. "I like to have him—he be great thing for squaw at home in west."

The Indians in speaking of their home invariable say it is in the west. White-top, with a number of stange gestures, continued—

"I give you gold for white ——" and pausing for a moment I perceived he had forgotten the name.

"Shirt," I remarked, promptingly.

"Yes, shirt—much gold—what you take, eh?"

"I'll leave it to your own will, great chief," said Tom, who not knowing what the Indian might be induced to give for the garment, tacitly desired, like a true Yankee as he was, to drive a bargain on the most advantageous terms. But the chief did not fully comprehend him.

"I say, I'll leave it to yourself—give me what you think it's worth," pursued Tom.

"I'll give you gold-ounces," and he numbered five on his fingers.

"Good!" said Tom. "For five ounces of gold the shirt shall be yours," and speaking aside to me, *soto voce*, said, "That's a fair figure, is'nt it, old fellow?"

The Indian, unshackling his pouch from his side, spread out a bit of cloth on the ground, and poured a pile of precious dust, and balancing it in the palm of his hand, as if it were a scale, handed it to Tom and said,

"There! white shir' mine;—ounces," and he repeated the process of numbering on his fingers.

Tom received the payment with a glow of satisfaction, and quickly laid the garment before him. No sooner did he receive it, than holding it high in the air, his tribe gathered round him and viewed it with signs of delight, not unmingled with wonder. The chief then folded it with great care, and tucking it in his sash, shook us by the hand ardently, and walked slowly with the assembled red-men into the house.

"Well done," said I, slapping my companion on the shoulder.

"I told you something would turn up;" and as Tom spoke, he dangled the little bag of gold exultingly. "Now we've got lots of the 'ready,' and if old Dame Mab does'nt wrap up every word she utters in a smile, we'll cut her acquaintance, and leave the 'Blue Tent' in disgust."

When the old vixen learned from the Indian what had taken place, and that our finances were so greatly repaired, she was all smiles and condescension, and could not do too much to promote our comfort. It was all thrown away upon us, however, for purchasing a batch of bear-meat from the Indians, we cooked it in an oak glen, and slept on a bed of leaves. It never rains but it pours, and one stroke of good fortune

was quickly followed by another. The next day after this adventure, to our great joy, a caravan that was going our route, made its appearance, which we joined on the payment of a trifle, and in five days from the time we turned our backs on the 'Blue Tent,' we were home—or rather, once more in San Francisco.

It was fortunate for us that we met that party of Squatter Indians, and still more that Tom had taken it into his whimsical head to wear a ruffled shirt.

EGOTISM'S LAST SHIFT.

"He'd shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty."

HALLECK.

Of all the bores (and we never think of bores without associating the name of Angus Reach with them—not that Mr. Reach is a bore, but his analysis of the characteristics of the class was so delightfully truthful) that infest the avenues of society, decidedly the most wretched, painful, and forlorn is the man on huge terms with himself—that sect of persons who are ever overflowing with their own importance, and regaling their conceit by pouring into one's ear at every point some matter indissolubly connected with their own immediate concerns. We can pardon a moderate amount of vanity in a man like Julius Cæsar, and have no wish to see genius so confusedly modest as to shrink like a sensitive plant when it is approached; but we do object to hear a man's tongue perpetually wagging of its owner, when there is so much else in the world to claim a share of its action: it shows bad taste, want of judgment, if not ill-breeding.

We have a case "in pint," as the old settlers say. Mr. Coningsby Calcutt is a musician and an author; writes his own words and sets them to music himself, with no thanks to looking up a crabbed meddling composer. He is a tall young man, with a vast organization of whiskers, Phrygian cast of countenance, and is careful never to be out of a change of neckcloths, of which he claims a ken most mighty. Coningsby dresses well, has an acceptable circle of acquaintance, shows tact in society, and, were he not so overwhelmingly in love with his own abilities, would really be a pleasant companion. This is the trouble. He is always brimming with himself. No matter what hour of the day you meet him—be it at early dawn before the dew is off the grass, or late at night when the stars rally in brilliant array—it is all the same. The old story with variations—myself! myself!! myself!!! It is the mania of self-complacency—the acmè of egotism—the topmost pinnacle of imaginative vanity.

You meet him in the Visitors' Gallery of the House of Commons, for example, while an eloquent member has the floor on an important subject. The place, the time, the interest felt in the debate—all, one reasonably concludes, would operate to make him silent. But in vain: he contrives

to edge in a few words about his pet subject. You strangely encounter him at the Opera—are so unfortunate as to get an adjoining seat to his in the pit—and your fate is sealed. Every aria that is executed reminds him of something he has just written or about to write. Not Sontag's delightful voice nor the impassioned strains of a Reeves will quiet him; and in the end you have either to resign your place and trust to the chances of after-accommodation, or be fretted out of your senses. Possibly you are overhauled by him as you are quietly stepping into the cathedral door, in the face of the priest. It is all the same: his conversation retains the old theme, and within the very swing of the censer he chaunts the "fabled story of himself." Those who feel an interest in him—which, by-the-way are few—have contrived plans to get him married; but he could not slacken his self-worship long enough to declare an affection anywhere else. His pop of the question would be a curiosity worth preserving among the archives of the British Museum—so certain would it be to contain an episode of himself. He draws pictures of his face, writes letters *à la* Toots, and posts them to his own name, and it is said has registered a vow to refer to his own talents one hundred times during every twenty-four hours. The vow, by-the-way, was needless, as the natural inclination of the man would have impelled him to the sworn number of allusions without the necessity of an abjuration.

It is the belief of those who know him intimately, that if he felt an idea struggling for existence he would interrupt Hamlet's moralizing over the skull of Yorick, or "buttonhole" a bridegroom on his way to the altar.

Ego et rex meus was attributed to Cardinal Wolsey; and our musical friend is a living perpetuation of the exclamation. Sheridan and George Selwyn are said to have possessed the faculty of ridding themselves of importunate friends by the sharpness of their wit; but it is clear they had no Coningsby Calcutts to deal with. Wit the most trenchant, and satire as barbed as a javelin, go for nothing with him.

At length our hero found a shyness affecting his friends. Good-natured persons that he had bored on a thousand occasions put their gentleness aside and boldly excused their attention. Highly amiable young ladies who permitted his calls, now by some remarkable coincidence were never "at home" when he looked in. It was evident that the breeze of public opinion was shifting to his peril.

"Never mind," soliloquized he, while arranging the hirsute verandah beneath his nostrils. "This sort of thing is all very well. It's clear everybody is jealous of me. Young ladies are never in the way—their mammas fear the ravishing influence of my poetry: *I* write from the soul, and they know it. The masculines are all dying with envy because my talents are too brilliant—that's it, without doubt. They think to prevent me launching those abilities which cause me to shine in the world of genius; but I'll trick them. I'll hire an audience to hear me talk of no one but myself—the burden of my theme shall be my own capabilities. Yes, I'll do it. It will spite those who envy me—those who are longing to possess my energies and eminent intellectual advantages. Brutus was jealous of Cæsar, and stabbed him in consequence. I must be careful, or somebody will poke a poignard into me in the dark.

But now my self-soirées will do away with the possibility of assassination. I'll pay people to hear me talk, and stern jealousy will not interfere in the matter. *I'm resolved.*"

Where to hold these "egotistic re-unions" was the next question in the mind of their projector, and soon he settled on his own chambers. *His* chambers would be better than anybody else's chambers, as they would assist to carry out the character of the design. And the audience—this was the most important consideration! Persons of considerable intellect he had no doubt could be empanelled after the fashion of jurymen; or, if this failed, there was in a large metropolis like London numbers of needy persons who would have no objections, for a small consideration, to share the sympathies of a polemical admirer of genius. The census list indicated a return of hundreds of excellent people who had no definite plan of livelihood. Many of these were professional men without practice — briefless lawyers, publisherless authors, and surgeons whom destiny had so be-devilled as to prevent them from ever being "called in." Of how many should the coterie consist? Say nine, the number of the muses, and the remarkable unit of the table; nine would be a comfortable figure to manage in case of disputative mutiny. Nine was tacitly agreed upon; and he then caused to be printed the following document:—

"BOAST CHAMBERS.

"I, Coningsby Calcutt, musician, poet, and gentleman of ancient lineage, having descended from William the Conqueror, and still retaining a portion of that ancient monarch's blood in my veins, I am happy to state, desire to form a coterie consisting of nine intelligent men, who will assemble once every week to discuss the current political, social, and artistic topics of the day, and look upon me as their prime minister and HEAD in all things; for which accession of opinion and service, I will pay one shilling per meeting (supper and malt included).

"One important stipulation *must* be, that I shall talk of myself and my productions *ad libitum*, and that the most devoted attention will be paid to everything I may advance.

"Snubbs, sneers, jeers, or fleers not to be indulged in on any account; no sly winks, or laughing in the sleeve, if my personal comparisons be strong. Though I were to class myself in eloquence with Socrates, in knowledge a Bacon, in courage equal to a Spartan leader, and swear my virtues are purer than were Agricola's, the inference must be gravely endorsed at the peril of a forfeit. No prediction is to be contradicted, no caprice denied.

"When a member has found a more profitable mode of spending his time, a week's notice will be required; when he can retire by bestowing a mighty compliment on the 'Prime Minister' and treating the remaining members with a pot of half-and-half each.

"John Tobin and Halleck never to be quoted, for reason of certain opinions they have irreverently expressed in certain poems, which by no means meet *my* approbation.

"Notice.—I enclose the above hasty circular to ——of ——. Will

he consent to become a member at the above specified terms, bearing in mind the stipulated conditions? An immediate answer will oblige."

Now to whom should these circulars be addressed? He overturned his card-basket, and ransacked his memory. Finally, he could muster twelve idle, intelligent, careless people, nine of whom would be glad to pick up a trifle provided there was no labour to be accomplished. He folded the dozen, and directed them; in due time replies were returned, and exactly nine of the twelve accepted the overtures. It was an easy way of earning the fractional part of a pound, to say nothing of a moderate supper, an amusing display of egotism, and the tolerant sacrifice of an evening's sentiment.

Coningsby Calcutt is therefore happy. He holds his levees as often as his purse permits, and rattles away to pensioned sycophants at one shilling per head. He declares it the cheapest and most certain method of commanding attention; for no one is so rash as to blight any fair flower of speech he may have the hardihood to create. Paid attention is better than free neglect, in his opinion, though Coningsby's vanity is evidently on its last legs.

CHRISTMAS PANTOMIMES.

Christmas in England and Christmas in America differ slightly in various points, though in the general phases of the festivities of the day there exists a close and, we may say, a copied resemblance. The English delight in perpetuating the customs of their fathers. While other nations in the strife of popular progress forget old traditions, and neglect time-honoured usages, the true Briton still cherishes that which his ancestors decreed; and, by conforming with their whimsical old notions, displays a trait of ancestral regard and unswerving faith rather to be admired than otherwise. Other nations kick down the fashions of past days without even advancing in the scale of progressive enlightenment. Look on the continent of Europe, and we find a tardiness and incertitude absolutely painful. The French are too vivacious and transient to honour old customs; the Italians too lazy; the Spanish too ardent in passing events; and the Russians by far too inert. We may, perhaps, except the Germans, who stick to "faderland" and its opinions with a stolidness and inflexibility quite refreshing. Commercial enterprise and a social revolution might serve as excuses for forgetfulness of the antiquated reminiscences of the past, but we note nothing of this sort on the Continent; and yet England, with all her wealth, power, and onward spirit of advancement, still finds time now and then to devote to the pastimes and enactments of the venerated dead. Experience has taught us that there is a solidity and dependableness about the real John Bull that characterise no nation on this side of the blue Atlantic. A Scotsman will sometimes change his kilt; the blarney of an Emeralder puzzles us; but in dealing with an Englishman we know exactly where to find him. He never changes his views of friendship,

unless some unaccountable circumstance interposes to enforce a sterling reason.

We commenced talking of the Christmas festivities. We like the mode of conducting these sports in "merrie England." We like the decorations of holly with its pretty red berries, the legend of the misletoe (especially that portion of the legend that allows one to kiss any pretty girl found under it), the adornments of verdure and the careful display of sweets and outlandish lollypops in the shop-windows, the little festive deception of Kriss Kingle practised on the juveniles, the turkeys and plum-puddings (Ah! how nice), the games of blindman's-buff, hunt-the-slipper, and the fairy Christmas bowl; but, above all, the pantomimes at the theatres. It is the pantomimes that thrill the hearts of the juveniles, and even the children of larger growth. It is glorious fun to see clever Mr. Clown slap poor old decrepid Pantaloon, and then witness their joint endeavours to entrap agile Harlequin, who, first kissing graceful Columbine, shakes his head from side to side in defiance, quivers his bat, and then leaps with one miraculous bound and disappears through a clock-face.

If ever London puts on a suit of—not sables—no, but gaudy habiliments, it is just a week before what is termed "Boxing-night"—the night after Christmas, when all the pantomimes come out. The huge metropolis is plastered up to its neck with mammoth show-bills, incredible posters, and frightful announcements of the forthcoming pieces. The Strand, Cheapside, Poultry, Cornhill, Oxford-street, Holborn, and the various important thoroughfares, are crowded with bulletins in red, green, and black letters, telling of the "Magic Mince-pie" at such a place; the "Harlequin Tim Bobbin" at another; the "Fairy Florinda and the Swans of Pearl" at another; and so to the end of the chapter. From Chelsea to Epping Forest, if one were to glance at an old wall in hopes of finding a cheap tailor's advertisement whom you remembered advertised liberally, and therefore must be everywhere, ten to one but the ominous words "GREEN MONSTER," the "Cream-coloured Imp of the Infernal Darkness," or something else just as ugly and suggestive, would stare you wickedly and unflinchingly in the face. If a stranger who knew nothing of holiday pantomimes and their idiosyncrasies could just one fine day before Christmas be dropped down in London—say in the neighbourhood of Lambeth-walk on the Surrey side of the river—and commence reading the titles on the playbills, without pursuing the context, he would quickly make up his mind that he had made a pilgrimage to some sanguinary, enchanted hot-bed a little this side of the moon, instead of the largest capital of the first kingdom of the civilised world. We mean to say that if his sensibilities were to any extent acute, and his misapprehensive ignorance correspondingly opaque, he could not be less alarmed than was the Baron Munchausen when he saw his horse dangling to the church spire, as recorded in the scarcely to be believed adventures of that extraordinary personage. It is a delicate point to touch on; but if we were a married man, and the silken knot had been tied only half a dozen months, we should really fear our dear little wife's appearing on the promenade just at this time, for if she were susceptible to the impulses of strange impressions, who knows but what our first-

born would have a harlequin's patch on its arm instead of a "strawberry," or a miniature cartoon of a link of sausages graven on the small of its back, to eternally remind our wife when she washed her "dear little offspring" of the clown swallowing those elongated but suggestive edibles. We would not dwell on this subject so long if the anxious managers confined the blowing of their spectacular trumpets to billboards, old walls, the arches of the bridges, or even the interior of Hansom cabs; but their zeal not stopping here, manifests itself in a crowd of overgrown one-horse vans, with letters the size of a life-guard, until one is bewildered with titles and magicized almost to death. In attempting to cross a street in a hurry one is compelled to wait until a panoramic "Willow-Pattern Plate," a "King Charming," a "Queen Quiddles," and "Harlequin Bowsprit," all in a row, dawdle out of the way; and to go into an omnibus with the hope of avoiding the bills would be like going to China to dodge Young Hyson.

We have heard the proportions of the mastodon extolled for their amplitude: an elephant, viewed through a powerful microscope, would "come out" considerably gigantic, if the glasses were in good order. It is rumoured in conchological circles that there are certain fish-monsters residing in the vasty deep, the bulk of which would make even a philosopher open his eyes with wonder; but we never yet heard of anything on land, or in the sea—or even amphibious, for the matter of that—which could compare in point of magnitude and hugeness with the combined promises of the managers of London, respecting their holiday efforts. Were each promise only a grain of sand, so numerous are they that, at a moderate calculation, there would be sufficient to make a new beach for Brighton; and further, it is our humble opinion, if it were possible to convert each promise into a slab of some very hard stone, and they could be laid carefully one upon another, the pile would soon be lost in the clouds; and afterwards, there would be enough superfluous slaps left lying about to build an edifice the size of the Bank of England. We trust this will afford the reader *some* idea of the vastness and extent of the joint promises of the London managers about Christmas. And now a word as to the "titles." Mother Goose's melodies were consumed long ago; the prolific Countess d'Anois is undergoing consumption by Planché (the king of punning rhymesters); the "Arabian Nights" have very few leaves left; Count Hamilton's mythical twists of fairy imagination, and the pert sayings of the day, are or have been called into requisition in furnishing (or rather suggesting) material for scenic illustration. The airy-brained dramatist and his co-labourers then go to work in good earnest; and the consequences are, at this season, posters and pocket-money in profusion.

Suppose, just for a bit of fun, we digress here, and go behind the scenes of the playhouse, and see what those strange folks that go in and out of the little door are doing. Have you ever been there? No? Then come along—we have; and you shall have the benefit of our experience. We pass that cross, sour-countenanced man, sitting in a stuffed seat at the stage-door. He is the hall-keeper, and is much feared by spruce young gentlemen who come to inquire about the pretty

little ballet-girls that bewitch t'other sex with their tights and spangled tunics. It *has* been told us that, when fast young men have called to leave three-cornered *billet-doux* for their female acquaintances of the chorus, that they have slily slipped small coins into his hand; and, without even so much as looking at the donations, he has simply, unaffectedly coughed, and promised that "they should be sure to get 'em." These human Cerberuses could tell queer stories if they were disposed to "unlock the secrets of the prison-house;" and we were thinking that the revelations of a stage-door would not be a bad notion, if the idea was well managed.

Not to digress in a digression, we take no notice of the ill-grained remark that the hall-keeper made as we passed him, and threading a long avenue, full of what can be best described as "one thing and another," we find ourselves among a number of "flats," pieces of old forests, bits of castles, and "one-halfs" of mansions, shops, chambers, and the deuce knows what. In fact, we are at the "wings" of the stage, and looking around we see a number of well-dressed people of both sexes chatting and laughing in a careless off-hand manner, while here and there a ray of cloudy light (like a sunbeam tarnished, if such a thing could be), struggles through the crevices of a wilderness of what are technically termed "travellers" and "sky borders," suspended over the stage, shedding a dull, sickly, glare on the objects around. There is a single man—who is near-sighted and wears spectacles—in the orchestra, humming a melody, and by the aid of a gaunt unsnuffed stump of candle, transcribing it on a half-sheet of greasy music-paper. He is the *repetéteur*, and is ransacking his memory for scraps of popular airs to introduce in the "comic business" of the pantomime, a duty which the leader has left to his assistant because he has displayed much tact at adaptation. A small table is standing near the foot-lights at the "prompt side" of the stage, near which the stage-manager—a chunky pot-stomached person, with a gruff voice and bright eye—is standing with his arms folded looking up the stage. A half-shabby man in a slouched cap and round jacket, which smells *loudly* of turpentine and varnish, is standing by his side engaged in conversation. It is rude to listen to folks' talk, but as they are evidently conversing on nothing private or special, we will violate Chesterfield for once, and draw near and hear what they are saying. The stage-manager has infused a deal of importance in his manner, and now speaks. He addresses the property-man.

"Remember, Mr. Brown (property men rarely have fanciful names), to get those masks as hideous as possible for the second scene. Don't spare the rose pink and Dutch metal in the least, for those masks are—mark—the *telling points* of the introductory scenes. Tell Wilson (Wilson is the head carpenter) to see that those sinks run easily, and all the grooves had better be oiled. The gauzes, too, must be overhauled, for when we used them in the 'Spirit of the Fountain,' they looked very shab." (Meaning shabby, but the stage-manager has a habit of clipping his words). He continues—"Let me caution you now, while I think of it, in this castle scene to blend the fires as much as you can. Don't get too much red on the water-set, nor too much green on the

towers. That 'goblin oak' had better come down to the second 'groove,' and let the shadows fall back, bang against the wall." During these remarks, the stage-manager makes a great variety of motions with his hands while in the act of pointing, several of which are imitated by the clown in the forthcoming piece, who is standing at the wing, and who being a great wag, and considered apt at imitation, is always on the alert to signalize himself. Clowns, too, have another knack of pretending to bump themselves against doors, much to the surprise of innocent strangers, which clever deception they perform by dexterously rapping the aforesaid door, unseen, with their knuckles. The manager, in happy unconsciousness of the imitation, struts up to a "trap" which is undergoing repairs, and after looking carefully down it, again joins the property-man.

"Where's Wilson?" he asks.

"He's gone to see about lumber for a pair of 'flats,' sir," is the reply.

"Have you heard him speak of the changes?"

"They're monstrous slap-up," replies the other, picking a fleck of Dutch metal from the side of his nose. (It will be observed that this useful person is not very choice in his language.) Some of the 'tricks' are stunnin', and 'll make 'em open their heyes. That barley-sheaf turnin' into a Yankee yacht is reg'lar bobbish; and when the butter-firkins changes to silver teapots there'll be a dead yell all over the 'ouse. (Here the property-man points to some object in the 'flies,' and drops a remark touching a shower of Cupids during the representation of the "Floral Realms of Light," but as we did not quite catch the sense of the expression, we cannot conscientiously hazard a detailed account of this portion of the dialogue.) He pursues his conversation—"I was in the paint-room just now, to see that set of clouds that Charley Thompson's a doin' of—there's not hanythink can touch 'em, sir, an' the Cave of 'Orrors is as black as the Docks."

A tall slender man at this juncture passes across the stage at the back. He has on canvass overhauls, garnished with miscellaneous daubs of colour, as if he had been a target for painted bullets. The stage-manager beckons him, and they retire to their room to talk over certain "matters and things" concerning the scenery and pictures of the pantomime. The property-man has gone to that dingy, long, low apartment, which is the *sanctum* where he manufactures canvass legs of mutton, stuffed sticks, perpetually red-hot pokers, golden goblets, rag babies, and sham puddings by the gross. We will peep in, and see what can be defined in the dull haze that pervades the room. A pot of glue is smoking over a spirit-lamp on a table, and close beside it are a number of little books containing gold-leaf, or something resembling it, and chips of bright foil. A cart-load of paraphernalia is "kicking about" on the tables, under them, helter-skelter—anywhere. There are wooden legs (generally used by the old commodores), jockey caps, old spurs, bits of sponge (much affected by the villain of the melodramas to supply the blood when he meets his end), fictitious harps (on which many sweet imaginary melodies have been played), Indian calumets and tomahawks, Chinese lanterns, dancing jacks, parti-coloured umbrellas

(useful for "Paul Pry" or pantomimes), artificial icicles (warranted not to melt), crowns and cushions, beadles' staffs and fairy wands, canes, snuff-boxes, papier-maché pound-cakes, deceptive lemons, drawerless chiffonniers, ingeniously supposititious fowls ready trussed, pocket-books containing countless sums of imaginative bank-notes (always carried by the old uncles from India in the comedies), and if we were to examine closely we would see almost every article, only more or less *sham* in its construction, met with in real life.

It is scarcely necessary for us to ascend to the paint-room, where several artists are outlining, laying on the colour, filling in, and creating landscapes and "Realms of bliss" in short order. We would only get our trousers smeared if we went up, and perhaps interrupt the workmen; so, first glancing at the front of the house, which is covered with strips of muslin, and pausing for an instant just to get a peep at the face of that pretty girl, the *première coryphée*, who is practising a *coup* in short skirts and faded round-toed slippers, we will once more seek daylight, and leave the folks to rehearse the pantomime with a clear stage.

* * * * *

Boxing night! the theatres are besieged with applicants for box, pit, and gallery. It is not only the rabble mob that have turned out, but the flower of the nobility arrive in close carriages and tigered broughams. The private boxes sparkle with diamonds—the pit is a sea of heads—and the gallery reminds one of the clatter that

"The shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest."

Rows of pretty, plump, cherry-cheeked children are seen around the family range of boxes, teazing their mammas with questions, and laughing in joyous anticipation of the "fun to come." Tradesmen and their "nice-looking" daughters abound in the upper boxes; tall young men, with daintily-combed whiskers, and very large seal rings on their fingers, are making good use of their lorgnettes in the "stalls;" the gallery is a bewildered medley of dustmen in ancle-jacks, servant-maids, wet-nurses out of place, hawkers and greengrocer boys. All have come with the one sole object of having a good long laugh, and they generally accomplish it. The gallery-folks, who are unfortunately remindful of such points, have taken care to provide themselves with flasks of gin and spirits, which they consult frequently during the evening. The more elegant-bred private-box company have had little hampers supplied at "Fortnum and Mason's," and, in the shape of Neufchâtel cream cheese, potted shrimps for sandwiches, some marmalade and red currant jam for the children, with perhaps just a dozen nicely-pressed biffins, they enjoy a portable and savoury refreshment.

The English understand the art of being comfortable under all circumstances, and of all their holiday entertainments the yearly pantomime seems to possess more charms than the simple pastimes of domestic life. This is the only spot on the globe where the drafts of the firm of Clown, Pantaloon, &c., are freely honoured "at sight;" and in no country that we have yet visited, did Harlequin strike us as more

agile, Pantaloon never tottered with more maudlin step, Clown was never half so droll, and Columbine more aërial and graceful, than here. In these respects England is truly "merrie." Martial's proverb, "*Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est*," is very good in its way, but like many other musty apothegms, it loses its point at the Christmas period. "*Ride si sapis*," is much better, and to be preferred; therefore let us smile, and

"With mirth and laughter,
Let old wrinkles come."

NEVER SLEEP WITH YOUR PANTALOONS UNDER YOUR PILLOW.

THANKSGIVING day in New England is the signal for pies and piety; that is to say, church in the morning and a glorious dinner in the afternoon. Some of the old stock go so far as not only to set it aside as a grand occasion of prayer and provender, but also make presents and bestow trifles by way of remembrancers. These interchanges of home-sentiment work vast benefits in the end, and go a great way towards cementing the bonds of friendship and kindred. Every member of the family on this day is expected to meet over drink and platter, and the union is always attended with beneficial results. The day after thanksgiving finds New England minus of many tens of thousands of turkies and whole oceans of apple sauce; but the universal demolition is in a glorious cause; so, as Sylvester Graham says, the country is not a bit the worse off for the special consumption.

Old Aunt Eliza Lovejoy, as her friends delight to call her—for she is such a sweet, kind-hearted, domestic little bunch of a body—one or two thanksgivings ago presented her husband, Uncle Abel Lovejoy, with a pair of drab trousers as *her* "season gift," with the special charge that he was to take a great deal of pains with them—only wear them on holidays; and, in short, prize them as highly as if they were some valuable old heir-loom which could never be replaced. Aunt Eliza belonged to the Society of Friends, and, though a strict meeting-goer, she was once in a while as fond of a little pleasantry as most people, and did not permit conventional stiffness to run away with her spirits.

"Neow, Abell," the old woman said, looking as neat as a new pin in her old-fashioned plum-silk gown, with a three-cornered white kerchief thrown like a snowflake over her shoulders, "I'll give thee nuthin' this year but these drabs, an' may they dew thee much sarvice."

"Thank you, Aunt 'Liza," responded Abel. He, like everybody else, called his wife aunt. "Thee is very kind, an' I'll treasure them as I would 'th' richest' robe King Harry ever threw 'round his back," and the old man imprinted an honest kiss on the good-humoured, genial cheek of his dutiful wife.

The next sabbath Uncle Abel assumed his "drabs," just to see how they would look. He was not actuated by a worldly feeling of ostenta-

tion, but rather a pleasant desire to gratify the wishes of his wife. He did not give his mind to *mode* in any degree, but if he was comfortable his highest wish was attained. Habited in a long blue coat with full skirts, rough broad-brimmed beaver, creamed-coloured vest, with buttons to match, and his new trousers, he walked with Aunt Eliza, who was all primness and plum colour, except her bonnet, which was several shades smarter, and a happier, more contented, unassuming couple perhaps the sun never shone on. The town-folks all saw that the worthy man had on something new. Some said it was his hat, others his vest, and the more observant declared *it was* the trousers. The gossips even discussed the matter under the very wig of the parson, and one idle young minx whispered confidentially to a pew full of girls that the recent article was his neckcloth, "for she had heard Aunt 'Liza say it cost fifty cents in Brattleboro'." O the artful young puss, to breed such a fib against her father's respected neighbour. Uncle Abel was of just such an innocent turn of mind that if he had ever dreamed his new garment would have given rise to even so much as a quibble he would never have let it be seen for the world. As it was, however, he unconsciously caused an incredible amount of gossip, which, like the Fountain of Naair, exhausted itself as soon as a new subject came up.

An important business engagement called Uncle Abel to the city of Boston, which, although it bears the reputation of being a quiet, order-loving, and high-toned city, like all dominions of bricks and mortar, contains a large alloy of sharpness and its grand-parent rascality.

Consequent upon the departure of the worthy man no small measure of bustle and concern was displayed by his wife. Her little blue eyes actually swam in a river of good nature, and more expressions of honest goodness fell from her tongue while she rattled about the house than ordinary folks would have spoke in a life-time. The old man had been deputed by several friends to pay a large sum of money to creditors in the city of Boston, and as he wished patriotically to once more see the city where the monument on Bunker Hill so beautifully rears its white and solemn head, he undertook the journey with a glow of pleasure.

"Heow long du yeou think thee'll be?" remarked Aunt 'Liza, with her arms in the dough-trough, and the queer little flecks of incipient pastry elinging to her red elbows. "Not long, I dew trust and pray."

"Let me see," calculated Abel, "it'll take me five hours tew git tu Springfield, one more to Deerfield, and three from thar to Bosting; that's altogether nine hours' hard ridin'. Well I'll du the bis'ness thar in abeout—in all, I guess, abeout twenty-four more, an' then nine hours' back, countin' a little fur stoppin' an' one thing an' another. So I reckon, takin' things intew consideration, I'll be abeout tew days, ef nothin' happens an' I hev luck."

"You'll hev to sleep in that wicked place all night, wunt thee Abell?"

"Ya-as, I reckon I will."

"Oh, massy saikes, Bosting is a dreedful woe-begone place 'cordin' to all I hear. Elder Pea Green wuz sayin' only yisterday, when thee'd gone tu mill, that he read in the *Grape-root Journal and Milkweed Gazette* that a man had been 'sasinated in broad daylight on Bostin'

Common, jist bekaase he had a silver watch in his pock-it. What is this wourld comin' tew I should like to know?"

Uncle Abel shook his head with a sorrowful aspect of countenance.

"Why, Abell, neow I look, thee's got on thy new 'drabs;" go 'long with thee an' tak'em right off. Aint thee ashamed to put 'em on tu go tew sich a dreed-ful place. Why thee'll git 'em so splasht with mud they'll be clean ruined."

"Hear me, Aunt 'Liza, a-tew what I've got tu sa-a," said Abel, in as mild a tone as it were possible for flesh to employ. "It gives me pain to differ with thee in anything, but I've takin' a notion tew the 'drabs," neow, jist fur yeour sake. I guess I *must* wear 'em."

This was sufficient to change the current of his wife's desires. She was by far too amiable to oppose his wish.

"Wa-al, all I've got tu sa-a is, that thee'll tek the best o' keer of 'em, fur ef I spy a speck of dirt on 'em when thee cumes hum as big as a bumble-e-bee's nose, I shall feel hurt at thee, Abell," the old dame observed with emphasis.

"Depend on it, Aunt 'Liza, I'll be as keerful as a man ken well be," replied Abel. "An' as I'm unly goin' to stop in Bosting one night, why I guess they can't git *spilte* much."

"Wa-al, wear 'em then; an' so thee comes hum as spick an' span as thee goes, I'll never be the one tu tease thee."

A few hours after this conversation the old man departed with a blessing. Considerable of the funds entrusted to his care being in silver, he tied it up in two pocket-handkerchiefs, and placed one in each of the ample pockets of his coat for safe keeping.

In due time he arrived at the place of his destination. As he was almost a total stranger in the large city, he solicited two men, who were lounging at the depôt, to direct him to Federal-street. The question had no sooner been put, when, stumbling over an obstruction on the platform, one of his coat pockets brushed sharply against an iron column of the portico, and the well-known jingle of money ensued. The two men telegraphed each other with sundry ominous winks and nods; the taller of these was an individual of semi-genteel appearance, rather of the fleshy cast, with bushy whiskers; his companion was a shabby little man, somewhat picturesque in his tatters, with a hat on his head much too large for him, and a pair of old lemon coloured gloves, out of which every finger-nail caught the sunshine. One of his legs seemed shorter than the other, and his long springy hair fell over a face dingy and pinched with squalor. He was just such a hopeful as Saxe speaks of in one of his rhymes, who

> "——— limped in a manner exceedingly queer,
> Wore breeches uncommonly wide in the rear,
> And his nose was turned up with a comical sneer,
> And he had in his eye a most villanous leer."

The taller of the men instantly stepped forward when the question had been propounded by Uncle Abel.

"We'll show you the way with great pleasure," said he, rubbing his hand in a business-like manner, with one eye bent on the pocket

from whence the sound had proceeded that had so taken his fancy. "It always gives me and my friend delight to put gentlemen from the country right. Don't it Mr. Mutchins?"

That worthy limped still nearer to Uncle Abel's pocket, and remarked that he "simply considered it *his* Christian doo-ty."

"Na-ow, gentlemen, I'm afear'd I'll gee' thee trouble, wunt I?" kindly inquired Abel.

"It's a Christian doo-ty," again remarked Mr. Mutchins, with a grin at his companion. "Besides, ve're vat is called the city pilots, and are paid to do everythin on earth to put strangers right."

"Good for old Bosting," remarked Uncle Abel with vehemence. "Thar's more good in the wourld than Elder Peagreen wanted tu make eout. Here I meet with Christians the first moment I step my foot in teown."

"That's a fact," said Mutchins with a penitent leer from under his capacious hat. "Not only Christian, but the tip-top sort of vuns. No gammon about us I warrants; we're *bricks!*"

"Thee is what?" inquired Uncle Abel, bending forward to catch the expression.

The taller of the men broke in before his companion could reply. Bestowing a scowl at him, he turned to Abel and smilingly remarked—

"My friend here has been so long a missionary among the Indians that he's got hold of some of their queer expressions."

"Oh, I understand," replied the old man with the light of benignant satisfaction beaming in every line of his honest face.

It was evident that the latter of the rogues was by far the more artful of the twain, as he feared the slang conversation of the unpolished Mr. Mutchins might thwart the old gentleman's freedom of manner.

"So thee's been a missionary 'mong the injuns, has thee, friend?" enquired Abel of Mutchins, as they walked onward.

"Yes, sir-*ee*," replied that individual in his most insinuating tones; "I vas for two years percepter to the Kick-a-poos in Iowa, and I've a brother that married a daughter of Eagle-toes, chief of the Skywhy tribe. He got slung to her just for a shine."

His companion gave him another withering look, accompanied with a wholesome poke in the back.

"Jist fur a shine," reiterated Uncle Abel, not clearly comprehending the drift of this sentence; "What duz thee mean by *a shine?*"

"O, he means that the great chief of the—what was the tribe?" interrupted the tall rogue.

"The Skywhy's, my dear Mr. Thompson," prompted Mutchins.

"That the chief of the Skywhys desired the marriage, because there's a superstition among the poor red men of the forest that matrimony regulates the moon," explained Mr. Thompson, with a great show of deference and sanctity, at the same time, unseen by Abel, darting looks of menace at the little rogue, who quailed beneath his glances. "The indians are odd people."

"Ya-as, an' got sich queer names. I never seed an injin, but I'm told they're very fine-lookin' men," said the old Yankee.

"Oh, sir, you may well say that," chimed Mutchins again, burying himself in his hat as he spoke; "and they're an honest set of people, too. I've known an indian before now to entrust me with his watch and chain for weeks together, and I've done the same to him, and we never had the slightest trouble in the world."

"I thought the injuns didn't hev watches and chains. I had always heerd they told the time o' day by the sun," remarked Abel, with the most unsuspecting good humour.

"O, bless your life," pursued the little rogue; "there vos a day ven the injuns vere as humble as hop-toads; but since the vites has got among 'em they're just as proud as they can stick in their red skins. I've known a great Chief to have his pokit-handjerkief scented afore he'd vipe his nose with it; and some of the squaws take sich airs they vant the pampooses to learn French afore they cuts their teeth."

"Is it possible?" said Uncle Abel, opening his eyes on a wide scale

"True—true, sir. My friend's well posted in Indian customs: he could tell you anecdotes by the hour," said Thompson, with a cabalistic motion to his fellow, which signified that the sooner he cut short his conversation the better. He perfectly comprehended the roguish free-masonry, for he did not say another word in regard to the red men. "You're from the country—far?" still further enquired Thompson.

"From Vermont," replied Uncle Abel sententiously.

"Glorious state, I'm told," said Thompson, "for sheep and grazing—not that way. Zounds! here we are in Federal-street;" and before he could finish his original query the trio turned into a capacious thoroughfare.

"Neow, Elder Peagreen teold me to stop at the —— Hotel;" and Abel pulled from his pocket a large leathern wallet, and took from it a card, which he unsuspectingly passed to the shabby young man, who not being blessed with that qualification necessary to the free rendition of manuscript, handed it with an off-handishness really quite natural to Thompson, who read—FANEUIL HOTEL.

"I'm afear'd I'm really givin' thee tu much trouble gintlemen."

"Don't mention it—it's a delight to me; and besides, you know, we're the—" apologized Thompson.

"I keep forgittin' thee are the city pilots to put strangers right," remarked Uncle Abel, easing the weight of the parcels of silver in his pockets by gathering the skirts of his coat in his grasp. "This spee-che is pesky heavy."

"Can I help you in any way," archly observed the shabby loafer, bristling towards the old man with a pert officiousness.

"Neow, thank thee, friend; I shall get it changed into bank notes presently," replied the Yankee.

Thompson and Co. exchanged glances, and in a moment more they had reached the hotel.

"Here we are; and, do you know, its a very strange coincidence, I live here also," remarked Thompson: and then, stealing a side-speech somewhat theatrical, he said to his comrade, "Wait at the corner till I join you." He took the command in an instant.

"Well, as you've got to your journey's end," said Mutchins, with an *almost* hospitable smile on his uncouth face, "I'll slide off, as they say among the injuns. Good-bye, Mr. Thompson; I suppose I'll see you at the Bible Society to-morrow. Mr.—I haven't the honour of knowin' your name."

"Lovejoy," placidly remarked Abel. "Good-bye, friend. I feel unkimin' 'bliged to thee;" and filled with the warmest gratitude towards his supposed kind-hearted pilot, he tendered him a piece of silver as a reward. The shabby rogue, who was a natural born vagrant, was about to accept it, when he caught a pantomimic action of his better-mannered companion. He stepped back abruptly, as if scorning the proffer, and in doing so trod upon a loose brick, which sent a dingy jet of mud over Uncle Abel's treasured "drabs."

"O goody me! what has thee been and done!" cried the honest old Yankee. "Splasht my pet drabs after aunt 'Liza told me what she did. By Jeosophat, I'm sorry!"

Mutchins apologized as well as his breeding would permit; and, in order to dissipate the mischief, whipped an extensively tattered article from his pocket, conventionally intended for a pocket-handkerchief, but which in reality was the half of somebody's tablecloth, now converted into a more portable but less ornamental purpose. He bustled around the old man's knees, but only widened the stains by his efforts.

"Thar, thar! what's done kint be helped," said Uncle Abel, gazing at his thanksgiving memento with a lugubrious face. "We must put up with such things som'times."

And they parted—Mutchins to his post at the corner of the nearest crossing, and our more finished knave and his single-hearted victim into the hotel. Uncle Abel ordered an apartment, and Thompson, strolling into a corner of the bar-room, affected to be deeply engaged on a newspaper. The clerk in attendance directed "No. 17 to be got ready for a single gentleman."

"I'm not a *single* gentleman, na-bur," innocently remarked Abel to the clerk correctively; "I'm a married man."

"Is your wife with you, sir?" asked the clerk.

"Neo; Aunt 'Liza's hum and well, please Providence," said Abel.

The clerk appeared to comprehend the old gentleman's good-humoured error, and merely replying "All right, sir," bestowed his attention in another quarter. Thompson having discovered the number of the room, which information he most desired at the present moment, under some pretence soon left the hotel and joined his fellow rogue.

The first commission that engaged the attention of Uncle Abel was to exchange his freight of silver into current bank bills. This he did to his satisfaction; and as he felt weary with travel, he postponed the payments that he had been deputed to make until the next day, when he would be up with the lark, fulfil his engagements, and "git towards hum and Aunt 'Liza." He retired early for the purpose of refreshment.

"Neow, I'll hev a good chunk of sleep, an' teu-morro' I'll feel as fresh as a du-drap," soliloquised he, as he sought No. 17, on the second floor, his allotted place of rest. "Let me see—I've got ten hunderd and ninety-five dollars all in bank notes, an' stowed away in my wallet

snug az a mouse. I'll take car' teu git receipts for what I pay. Abell Lovejoy will dew the biz'ness right up to the handle, I calkilate. There's only one thing that worries me. I could almost sa-a from the bottom of my heart, Darn these dabs of mud, for Aunt 'Liza will be so snortin' huffy—she didn't want I should wear 'em, enny how. Deacon Peagreen 'll laff tew—th' teazin' critter's all'ays pokin' his fun at me." And before many sands had run in the hoar hourglass of old Father Time, Abel was fast—fast asleep.

* * * *

Shortly after the city clocks had startled the still air of midnight with the chimes of twelve, two figures might have been seen cautiously ascending the broad old staircase of the Faneuil Hotel. One was wrapped in a cloak, and carried a dark lantern, the rays of which poured upon the garment; while in the shadow of his companion sculked the withered figure of a smaller man with a muffled tread. Cautiously and noiselessly they glided along the corridor of the landing, and examined their way with great caution. As they gained the second flight of steps a noise in the distance startled them.

"Hist!" hissed the taller of the two, in a whisper between his teeth. "What's that?"

"Blow out the light—quick!" said the other; and they crouched with a shudder of fear against the wall. "All right; it's gone."

The noise had receded to a mere echo, and they started up re-assured, and soon gained the top of the flight, where, except a few struggling moonbeams that fell in at a window in the distance, all was dark and silent.

"It's as dark as ——," exclaimed the taller with an oath; "but I've got matches."

"Don't light 'em," whispered his companion, who was engaged in passing his hands carefully over several doors on the passage; "it 'll be dangerous, and besides we can find the room—there's projectin' figures on the doors."

It was as he said. Each door was furnished with raised numerals carved in brass to denote the number of the rooms.

"Vat's the figures, Thompson?" enquired the voice again, which the reader of course will know belonged to the philanthropic ex-Indian missionary, Mr. Mumble Mutchins, who it seems was neglecting the precepts of his bible class shamefully.

"Hush, I've got it!" and again they paused before No. 17, as the carved figures plainly indicated.

Thompson breathlessly tried the door, and it yielded to a slight push. They paused for an instant on the threshold, and then with noiseless step passed in.

"It's all right," whispered Mutchins, "the old fellow snores like a steam-engine; shall I strike a match?"

Thompson was an adroit knave, and preferred robbing in the dark, or rather by the pale light that the moon afforded. He therefore negatived his companion's request.

They groped carefully about the apartment, and soon got their hands

upon Uncle Abel's garments, every pocket of which was strictly examined, though without avail.

Mutchins at this moment made a discovery—they had not yet seen his pantaloons.

"Curse it, I hav'nt had my feelers on his trousers—have you?" whispered he.

The tall robber started with the force of the remark. He had overhauled coat, waistcoat, and even the hat and boots, and still there was no vestige of plunder.

"Where the devil can his pantaloons be?" thought Thompson, as he crept about the room and passed his hands nervously about the bed.

"'Gad, may-be he sleeps in 'em," suggested Mutchins in the ear of the other.

"Fool! don't howl in that voice or there'll be mischief," and he clutched the Indian priest by the neck to strengthen the meaning of his appeal.

Mutchins winced and crept under the bed on his hands and knees, he having the faculty of making himself small and scare to order.

A few moments' more search and Thompson discovered that the trousers were carefully rolled and packed under the pillow of the sleeper. He at once concluded that the prize they sought was there nestled for safety, and immediately the difficulty of extrication presented itself. It would have been madness to hope to remove his head, as the operation was perilous. A moment's thought, and he had hit on a plan. The old man breathed deeply, and with a calm regularity that denoted the heaviness of his slumbers. Bestowing a kick upon his little crouching companion which brought him to his feet, Thompson, without uttering a word, took from his pocket the extensive handkerchief previously referred to, and joining it firmly with a coil of stout cord that he produced from his boot, he tied it to a portion of the pantaloons that protruded from the pillow, and then slowly passed the cord out of the window.

He gazed cautiously about, and all seemed still. The window overlooked a small unfrequented street, which served the furtherance of his object. Turning to Mutchins, he found him fraudulently industrious in pocketing a number of napkins that had been intended as accessaries to Abel's morning toilette, but which laudable domestic design the knave had determined to defeat.

Thompson pressed his arm, and motioned him to follow; and casting a wistful glance at a square of mottled soap, which he seemed to leave with a sigh of forbearance, they once more steathily gained, with noiseless tread and with some interruption, the street.

"That's what I calls great doins'," remarked Mr. Mumble Mutchins, when he got safely into the fresh air, which he seemed to inhale with a gusto quite luxuriant. "I say, Tom, we can beat the world a' doin' anything of this sort, eh?"

Thompson replied only by a scowl.

"Vy, guv'ner, you needn't be so doggish. I takes no perticklercredit to myself, more than I seed you do it."

"Be silent! and obey my orders."

They sought the street into which the cord had been suspended, and

The Robbery.

by the aid of the moon experienced but little difficulty in finding it. There was one fault. It fell the length of a finger short of their reach.

"Make a back," said Thompson, seizing his fellow by the shoulders, and thrusting him forward.

Mutchins appeared to comprehend the nature of the request, and rested his hands on his knees, while Thompson scrambled upon him, and balanced himself by bearing to the wall. He grasped the cord, and wound it firmly around his fingers.

"Now, steady below there," murmured the robber in a muffled tone; "and I'll give a grand pull."

There was an effort and a struggle. Thompson by a forcible attempt brought the pantaloons flying out of the window, and Mutchins, growing weak in the knees, wavered, and precipitated his companion head-foremost on the curb. The next moment a head was seen above, and a voice heard uttering "Thieves! murder! villany!" and expressions of similar alarm and significance. Seizing the booty, the robbers fled; and a guardian of the night was, after considerable vociferation, summoned beneath the window, and the cause of disturbance hurriedly communicated. But it was too late; the culprits were not to be found, and the affair was voted a disaster.

Now for the sequel.

Before retiring, Uncle Abel had carefully placed his pocket-book in his pantaloons, and buried them beneath his head for security; and notwithstanding the dexterity of the plunderers, an accident fortunately thwarted their views. The garment in its sudden passage from its concealment came sharply in contact with the sill, and dislodged the pocket-book; and while the "drabs" went their way, the prize that prompted the operation fell unharmed beneath the window. The good old Yankee blessed Providence, and said all sorts of pious proverbs in the impulse of his gratitude, but at the same time was inconsolable on his wife's account at the loss of her thanksgiving gift.

He avers that he will never again sleep with his pantaloons under his pillow.

STEAM-BOAT EXCURSIONS BY MOONLIGHT.

The "mighty Thames," the "rushing Darl," and the "placid Avon," are all pretty pet little streams, abounding in the most genial and picturesque landscape-scenery that can be imagined; but in the matter of rivers, as every traveller knows, America possesses some of the largest and most magnificent on the globe. The Amazon, of Brazil; the Ohio, Mississippi, Hudson, and Delaware, of the United States; and the St. Lawrence, on the Canadian borders, are delightful specimens of fresh-water grandeur. To set aside the value of these streams in a commercial point of view, and the pre-eminence they give the country in natural advantages, we cannot be insensible to the varied and numerous pleasures they afford the communities that reside on their banks—and foremost

in the modes of gratification may be ranked the steam-boat excursions when the moon is gilding the waters, and the delicate pencil of eventide touching-up Nature with its chromo-nocturnal tints of subdued sableness —(to coin a word for the occasion).

An American steam-boat differs vastly in capability and mode of construction from the French and English contrivances. We can conceive nothing more cramped, harsh, and unpleasant, than a paddle up to Kew on an ill-looking, dingy, Thames boat, crowded to suffocation, with a blazing sun pouring upon your exposed head—or a spasmodic run down the Soane, with nothing to relieve the eye but a group of villas here and there in the neighbourhood of Lyons—or a narrow galvanic voyage on the Rhine, with the effluvia from the smoke-pipe perpetually flying in your eyes. Here we find fault with the *medium*; though if those rivers were broader and more capacious, certainly steam-boats of an ampler character would ere this have made their appearance.

The American steam-boats vary in many respects. On the eastern river they are luxuries; while those of the gigantic Mississippi and western streams are ponderous, unwieldy, and inelegant. A Hudson River or Delaware boat, without being ungracefully large, possesses just sufficient roominess for all festive purposes; although in justice to the western craft we would remark, they are built more with a view to the reception of merchandize than the accommodation of passengers. A vessel may be too large, as well as too small; and to our taste the eastern river boats are just the capacity to ensure beauty and comfort.

An American steam-boat floats upon the waters as gracefully as a swan. There is an absence of all that dreadful puffing, grunting, and confusion about the mechanical region, so calculated to upset a sybarite. She drops down the stream with an easy dignity, quite captivating; and indulges in no unseemly sounds or convulsive jars to mar the elegance of the impression. The large pleasure boats have two, and in some cases three distinct decks, each appointed with becoming suitableness. The upper or promenade deck (usually about two hundred and ten feet in length) is skirted with cane chairs and benches; leaving the centre and sides for the purpose which its name suggests. The forward portion of the second deck is apportioned to light articles of merchandize, and is the only place on the boat not tabooed in respect to cigars.

Aft on this deck is the ladies' grand cabin, connecting with special cabins, private apartments, and retiring rooms. Gentlemen are never allowed to cross these exclusive thresholds, except in the principal cabin, which privilege is only granted if he be so fortunate as to have the companionship of one of the fair. These apartments are furnished in the most costly and appropriate manner. There is luxury with propriety, and grandeur without gaudiness. Few drawing-rooms in the large cities exhibit more taste than the ladies' cabins. They are not over-crowded, which is something of the secret; but the mirrors, fauteuills, lounges, sofas, curtains, ottomans, and pianos are placed at becoming intervals, with a harmony of arrangement quite artistic to the eye. The severest decorist could take no exception to the want of keeping.

The gentleman's cabin is substantially furnished, with this unimportant difference, that the carpet is not so choice in pattern and quality as

that the ladies are permitted to press; and this, we fancy, arises from the predisposition of American gentlemen to indulge in reckless expectoration, without "*aim* or the fear of consequence," as somebody has expressed it. We find here no beautiful Sevres vases, filled with blooming flowers, occupying the graceful angles of the apartment; but in lieu of these, very noticeable round tables, strewn with papers and books, claim a certain share of weary leisure, that supplies in a harsher sense the absence of floral gifts. Ladies and flowers—men and newspapers, are consistent associations. The chairs may not seem as velvety as those "t'other sex" are permitted to occupy; but when it is remembered that the masculines feel no compunctions at elevating their toes on a line with their labials—particularly in a political dispute as to who *ought* to be President of the United States—the difference is reasonably apparent.

The basement cabins are divided off in systematic style for the purposes of dining, lounging, and drinking. Each boat is thoughtfully provided with a bar and barber's shop, where the fatigued traveller can have his whiskers curled in one and the cobwebs removed from his throat at the other, with a spirit of accommodativeness quite delightful under the circumstances. These are conveniences that reflect credit upon the tact and management of the conductors, whoever they may be, and which render "making one's way" on an American steam-boat quite a matter of pleasure as well as progress.

The excellence of a steam-boat dinner is a proverb: their cooks, *cuisine*, and waiters are all *marqué au bon coin*. The cooks are fatter, the waiters more deferential "ten times over," the table-cloth white, and the comestibles better than can be found anywhere else; and these are *all* great points. One's gastronomic longings are never put to the blush by a tortured *relevé* in the matter of a bilious-looking jambon, and the chickens have not that done-a-long-time-ish-ness of appearance that frightens appetite in the manner that eccentric scarecrows will put to flight the hardiest of birds. Completeness reigns throughout. The napkins are folded until they resemble cambric cartoons; the salt-cellars and their excellent friends, the pepper-boxes, are never out of your reach; and if a porringer that you desire, meet not your finger-tips, the merest effort in the world will secure it. When fasting invalids desire a change and a "good dinner," the *salle à manger* of the steam-boat is their resort, and a serviceable one we have found it.

It is the moonlight excursions that exhibit the American steam-boat in all its glory. The neatly-painted decks have been washed, the promenades arranged, the cabins set to rights, and, in short, every article aboard seems determined to put on its best looks for the occasion. The excursion is, say, twenty miles—to a pleasant country town: the month, August, and the moon is supposed to smile very brightly and delightfully on every object terrestrial. A brass and string band of considerable force is engaged, coloured lights are suspended here and there—an ignipotent echo of a Vauxhall effort; the waiters (mostly negroes) have made themselves very smart, and the extra barkeepers of the "lower cabin" are up to their whiskers in bunches of mint, lemons, pine-apples, peaches, and "the wherewith" to construct pleasant and patent drinks.

The boat in question is called the "Star of the Waters"—the Ameri-

cans revelling in pretty titles for their conveyances—and she has advertised to leave the pier at half-past eight precisely, in order to return, if possible, by midnight—a judicious arrangement to please the anxious mama's of various young ladies who may wish to "trip it on the light fantastic" by the light of the moon. The price of the trip is one dollar for a gentleman and two ladies—another thoughtful proviso, that the feminines may be abundant; and by the time the evening star twinkles through its blue shroud, the *voyageurs* assemble.

The scene grows vivid. How the ladies smile and laugh as they flit over the promenades! Here is a coquette, with sparkling eye, getting up a flirtation with a handsome friend of her beau's, just to tease the poor fellow. There is a group of girls in undulating muslin, with pink sashes and brown ringlets, all in the gayest of humours. The captain of the boat is talking with a charming young lady, splendidly attired, who has just arrived; and who, we feel confident, will establish herself as the belle of the night before the "witching hour" arrives. What an array of demi-toilettes!—skirts of every hue, and bodices fashioned with exquisite skill; head-dresses from a single white flower in the hair, to the sparkling tiara that crowns the darkest locks.

The "tickets are all in" (to use a conventional phrase of the water), and with majestic quietude the "Star" hauls off into the stream, and sets her bow towards her rustic destination. Viewing her from the pier, how magnificent the spectacle! The lights beam in roseate grotesqueness—a myriad of forms in the wildest glee are stirring about the decks—the sounds of the music steal over the waters—the waves ripple joyously by—the Queen of the Night rides lovingly in the heavens—and all tells of festivity and happiness.

We watch the boat until it is out of sight. The lights fade gradually away; the strains of the music die gently upon the ear—no more we recognize the soft plash of the waves. The excursionists have gone, and are now mingling in the mazes of the quadrille, and "making love" in the lustre of the moonbeams. Happy creatures!

UNCLE TOM.

Chapter I.

A strange old man was my uncle Tom. He was my father's only and elder brother, and, more than all, he was a bachelor; not one of those sour specimens of humanity who are continually railing at everybody and everything—more especially "the sex"—but a hearty, hale, good-natured gentleman of the old school, straight as a poplar, and his heart had as many green leaves withal. He was still a boy in feeling, though winter had begun to spread its snows over his head. He was far from hating women, though when he talked of them, or thought of them, a look of sadness would sometimes overspread his countenance; and when he saw some fairy phantom that had not yet escaped her

"teens," in the full flush of maiden grace and beauty, old recollections seemed to come over him with a deep and saddening influence.

No one ever told me the cause of this temporary dejection, and Uncle Tom seemed unwilling to be questioned concerning it. There needed no questioning. From our cottage, a smooth-worn path led across the fields to the village church-yard, which lay at about a quarter of a mile distant. Passing through a gap in the wall, it wound among the grass-grown hillocks, and stopped abruptly before a small, gray stone, which stood in the corner nearest the church, and on which this simple epitaph was engraved: Mary, æt. 18. This told his whole story; for the small, grey stone was overgrown with lichens and mosses, and I remember the solitary pathway when but a child.

Uncle Tom was not rich, but he had enough to satisfy all his wants. He had always lived with us since my remembrance, and we all had a mysterious love and veneration for him which we could but half explain. His little room on the south-west corner of the house we never entered without a special invitation; not because we stood in any fear of him, but because we respected his quiet, half eccentric manner, and were not willing to disturb his solitary studies and meditations. We were often invited there of an evening, for Uncle Tom liked to have young, happy people around him. He used to say it made him young again, and caused his silver hairs to hide themselves; and he thought a man should always have the heart of a child, no matter how much experience and life-labour had whitened his head.

During our visits to his study, we were at liberty to handle everything which came within our reach, and the room was generally in a sweet confusion when we left it. Yet this did not trouble him, it rather pleased him the more. In truth he was so good-natured that nothing could vex him; and I remember one evening when he pulled sister Ruth's doll out of his great horn inkstand, where it stood, heels upwards, like a pearl-diver, his only exclamation was, "Just as I used to be—children all over!"

Directly opposite the great arm-chair, where he usually sat during the day, hung a picture; yet it was not for us to see. A plain blue curtain was always drawn over it, which hung as silently, and always in the same folds, as if it had not been withdrawn for many years. I knew it was the portrait of a young girl, and very beautiful; for one evening, when, according to invitation, we were in the study playing the mischief with everything that came under our hands, a slight breeze from the west window fluttered and raised the curtain, and revealed the picture to me by the dim light of the study-lamp. I, of course, did not know who it was intended to represent, but it was always connected in my mind with the solitary path to the church-yard; and I always thought of her as the Mary of the little gray stone; yet I never spoke of it to any one—not even sister Ruth. It seemed something sacred, something which I ought not to know, and that the knowledge thus accidentally acquired ought not to be divulged by me.

But the pleasantest thing of all was, when Uncle Tom came down into the kitchen of a winter's evening, and told one of the beautiful stories which he could relate so well. Ah! no one could tell stories like Uncle

Tom. He would enter into the subject so earnestly that we took every thing for truth, and laughed or cried as the nature of the case demanded; and many a time, in the midst of a sad passage, my father has let the fire go out of his pipe before it was half smoked, and I have seen the tears stream down sister Ruth's cheek, and heard her sob as if some great misfortune were hanging over some one of us; and I have known Uncle Tom's voice to grow tremulous, and his lip quiver, as if something in the narrative lay near his heart, but by a powerful effort he would always master his feelings and go calmly on with his story.

I shall try to report some of these stories at second hand, narrating carefully as my memory serves always in Uncle Tom's words; but they will be nothing so good as when he, with his low musical voice and earnest manner, related them to our little family, who in listening silence formed a half circle around the huge walnut logs that blazed and simmered on the kitchen hearth.

It was the last night of December, and the north wind howled around the chimney, and the icicles clattered on the eaves and dropped against the casement with a tip-tap, like wayfarers asking admittance. A great fire of logs was blazing on the hearth, and the half circle was almost formed. On one side of the fire-place sat father, double-shotting his black tobacco-pipe. Next him was mother, just turning the heel of a stocking. Sister Ruth occupied the next chair, and she was very busy working a washwoman's register on the top of a bachelor's pincushion; beside her sat the bachelor for whom this piece of domestic goods was working. He was a cousin, and bore the family name—Charley, we called him. He and Ruth seemed to enjoy each other's society very much, and passed the greater part of their leisure time together. My place was next to Cousin Charley, and on my left hand the vacant arm-chair was waiting for Uncle Tom—to complete the family circle.

At length the door opened, and the pleasant old man appeared. He entered rubbing his hands and smiling most benignantly. Every chair moved about an inch, as if to make room for him, though each one knew there was room enough already. Father lighted his pipe, and mother turned the heel; sister Ruth left off her embroidery in the middle of "shirts," and Cousin Charley gave his chair a hitch nearer to her, while I sat quite still. Even the blazing logs on the fire gave an extra hiss and flare, as if they, too, were making preparations to listen attentively. Uncle Tom, with a few pleasant words, and a great many pleasant smiles, took his accustomed seat and commenced the evening entertainment in these words:

"About five miles from Boston, on one of the great thoroughfares leading to the city, there used to stand an old-fashioned country-seat. It was placed somewhat back from the road, and screened from the dust by a thick-set hawthorn hedge, which grew as straight and regular as brick-work. The walks within were laid out with the same regularity and neatness, and lead with many a labyrinthine turn through the whole premises. Now it took you by an oval pond, where the bright scales of gold fish glanced in the sun; now among flower-beds formed into Catharine-wheels and gothic crosses; then away among groves and trellises almost impervious to the sun. There were a great many beautiful

things that I shall not attempt to tell you of. Everything was beautiful, and proclaimed a wealthy proprietor, even to the silver plate on the front door, bearing in bold writing-hand the name, 'John Maynard.' He was rich—John Maynard was a retired merchant. In the full flush of commercial prosperity his beloved wife had fallen into the quiet sleep of death. After that business grew irksome to him; he could not bear the busy hum of the city; the home where he had been happy was so no more to him; and taking with him his oldest and most trusty clerk, he, with his only child Alice, removed to this quiet spot. The care of his property was left almost entirely to his tried and honest clerk, David Deans; his own time was occupied either in his study or in the society of his daughter, who, being an only child, was, of course, indulged in all her little whims and fancies, until she had assumed the reins of government, and was nearly spoiled.

"One evening Mr. Maynard, or Old John, as he was familiarly called, sat on the western piazza as the sun was setting. He looked the hale and hearty old gentleman, one before whom care and trouble would vanish like the thin spiral clouds of cigar smoke, which ever and anon he puffed from between his lips. Yet withal he had a look of determination, something which said he would have things his own way when he desired it; and yet he had a way of gaining his ends so pleasantly and adroitly that no one knew his intentions until they were accomplished.

Puff, puff, there he sat smoking away and thinking of something very pleasant, no doubt, for a smile would occasionally play round the corners of his mouth, and he would rub his hands together with infinite satisfaction.

"Soon a light step was heard in the hall, and his daughter, Alice, appeared.

"Everybody said Alice was a beauty; and so far everybody told the truth. Her dark hair and dark eyes and delicate complexion would win many a heart that had sworn eternal hostility to her sex. And then she was as full of life as of beauty, and had such winning ways, that nothing could resist her. She inherited from her father a slight vein of wilfulness, and it was really a pleasure to see them contending together, Old John in his humourous, quiet way, bringing up irresistible arguments, and she dashing them all to pieces by the most illogical processes imaginable; and he would generally laugh and let her have her own way.

"'Papa,' said she, 'why did you send David Deans away? I'm sure it was very cruel of you. He has lived with us so long, and is so quiet and industrious! I'm sure it will break his heart. And then, besides, his poor sister will have to go to service again. It is too bad, I declare—'

"'Now don't, Ally,' said old John, passing his arm quietly round his daughter's waist, and talking in the best humour imaginable, 'don't trouble yourself about David. What do you know about business? You take care of the women-servants, and see that we have tea on the table by seven o'clock exactly, for I expect the new clerk every minute. I'll take care of David—'

"'I know I shan't like the new clerk,' said she, pouting.

"'Well, who wants you to like him, little minx,' said Old John, at the same time drawing her closer to him, and giving her a hearty kiss.'

"'But I shall hate him,' continued she, determined to be obstinate.

"'Well, hate him if you will,' replied her father, not in the least angry; 'but I can tell you he is a very lively fellow, and not accustomed to be hated by the ladies. However, you had better hate him. You must reserve all your love for Harry Wilson, you know.'

"'Oh, that dreadful Harry Wilson,' exclaimed Alice, struggling to throw off her father's arm, by which he still held her in close confinement. 'Pray don't talk of him again.'

"'And why not?' said Old John; 'he is to be your husband, you know.' And a smile, half merry, half serious, played over his features as he said this. 'His father and I were old schoolmates, and he would die of grief if he thought we were not to be brothers after all.'

"'His son and I were never old schoolmates, at all events,' exclaimed Alice, still struggling, but in vain. Old John held her fast, and his merry face settled into a serious, earnest expression, as he added—'Besides he once saved my life.'

"Alice answered nothing. There was something in the manner in which he said these words, as well as in the meaning of the words themselves, which completely subdued her. The tears beamed in her beautiful dark eyes; she threw her arms round his neck, and rested her head on his shoulder; her long black locks streamed over his bosom—yet she said nothing.

"Old John drew her closer to him, and kissed her tenderly.

"'There, Ally dear,' he said, 'we won't talk any more about it now. I know you will do all you can to make your old father happy.'

"Still she said nothing, but clung very close to him.

"She was a good girl, was Alice, only a little wilful.

"'A servant entered, announcing Mr. Davis. This was the new clerk.

"'Conduct him this way,' said Mr. Maynard.' 'Come Ally, don't let him surprise us in a family quarrel. We must make his first impressions good ones.'

"'Things were put to rights in less time than it takes to tell of it, and the new clerk approached them.

"'Glad to see you, Walter,' exclaimed Old John, grasping the new comer's hand, and looking a cordial welcome. 'Ally, this is Walter Davis, the new clerk.'

"Notwithstanding her determination to hate him, she smiled very pleasantly as he took her hand, and her welcome word was said with a very good grace.

The new clerk was apparently about twenty-two years of age, rather tall, but well formed; he was dressed in a very plain suit—becoming his situation; and yet there was something noble about him for all that. You could see it in the firmly compressed lips, the deep, thoughtful eye, and the easy, manly bearing. He certainly was not the person one would choose to hate.

"Alice was much surprised at his general personal appearance and de-

meanor. Her ideas of a clerk were all formed from the quiet, unpretending David Deans, who had almost grown old in their service. She forgot that the new comer was at present a visitor, not yet having entered upon his clerkship. At the tea-table, too, she observed how perfectly easy and composed he seemed. He could answer questions without blushing, and ask others without stammering. There was a straightforwardness about him which seemed to win upon her father wonderfully, and he never seemed in a more pleasant mood than then. There was something in his manner so dignified and gentlemanly that she, too, could not help respecting him, although in her good-night to her father she added, 'I'm sure I shall hate him for taking poor David's place.'"

"Wait a bit, brother Tom," interrupted father—"pipe's out."

"Well," said Uncle Tom, "while brother Bill is lighting his pipe, we will glide over two months and make ready for a new chapter."

Chapter II.

"Two months had passed away, and affairs went on swimmingly at the country-seat. Old John seemed to find his new clerk a remarkably pleasant companion, and passed much of his time in the little counting-room. He was fast growing into the good graces of Miss Alice too; for true manliness will always find its way into every heart. She began to like him very much, and seemed pleased to have him near her; and indeed would sometimes meet his advances more than half way. Perhaps, like a dutiful daughter, she followed her father's example, and liked the clerk because he did, or perhaps she thought he must be very lonely, and took compassion on him. How this may be I cannot tell; but I do know that she liked him, and liked him very well too, as might be seen by any one who observed her. She often walked in the direction of the counting-room, which stood at some little distance from the house, and frequently sat with her embroidery in the trellised arbour that overlooked it. The flowers, too, which always ornamented her parlour-mantle, were generally gathered from the beds in this part of the garden, although they were not half so fragrant or pretty as those which grew nearer the house. Indeed, she had found it necessary once or twice to open the counting-room, and actually go in when no one but the young clerk was there; and at such times he received her with such a frank, cordial greeting, and talked so pleasantly to her, that she would gladly have changed her arbour boudoir for this little room, crowded with business and ponderous ledgers as it was. And once, when the clerk left her for a moment, she actually climbed upon the long-legged desk-stool, to see if it were really as uncomfortable as it looked to be; at least so she said, when he, returning suddenly, surprised her on that high perch. But he helped her down so gently and gallantly, that she would have been willing to try the experiment often, even if it were as uncomfortable as it looked.

"She was always delighted whenever Walter requested the pleasure of her company through the grounds. She would take his arm without any unnecessary coquetry, and full of life and love they would thread

every walk of the labyrinth, not excepting the Catharine-wheels and the gothic arches. In the grove they would listen to the songs of the birds, and together wonder what they were saying to each other, and invent many strange translations, interesting to none but themselves. They would stand long on the edge of the pond, and Alice leaned heavily on the clerk's arm, you may be sure, as they watched the gold fish darting across the little basin so rapidly that the whole surface of the water seemed marked with red lines. He gathered flowers for her, too, as they walked leisurely along, and each bouquet thus formed was, to her, a whole book of love, each flower telling its own particular tale. As the sun touched the horizon, they would climb up the arbour, while the birds sung their "good night," and watch the bright colours grow and fade upon the western sky, and build landscapes and cathedrals and cottages of the ever-changing clouds.

"Yet in his conversations with her, Walter was never sickly sentimental or flattering. He always spoke just what he felt; and sometimes a plump, downright honest thought would find itself clothed in in words which many would call coarse and ill-bred; but from him they came so frankly that she never thought of such a thing, but liked him the more for them. He never flattered her, never told her how beautiful she was, but his whole manner was a tacit acknowledgment of her beauty, truer and plainer than words could express it. And Alice was as simple, and talked as plainly to him as if he had been a brother.

"O, those evening walks were beautiful to both, but they were laying a foundation for something deeper and more lasting than common friendship, notwithstanding Harry Wilson and the two good fathers. Their natures were gradually blending into each other like two neighbouring colours of the rainbow, and the line between them would soon become extinct, and a separation must be the destruction of both. It was very strange that Old John, with his brotherly intentions towards Harry Wilson's father, didn't observe this, for he often surprised them earnestly conversing in the sunset arbour, long after the dews had begun to fall and the birds had ceased their evening song.

"He must indeed have been very dull and stupid not to observe that something was going on between the two young people that would play the deuce with his darling project; but no, he didn't seem to; for he was never in better spirits than then, never half so talkative or playful. He evidently did not think his cherished scheme was about to miscarry.

"One evening he and the clerk sat on the piazza together. The parlour windows were open, and Alice sat at the piano and played to them. Old John began to talk about the business transactions of the day, and seemed particularly delighted at certain good news which he had heard, and which he had just finished relating to the clerk.

"'Remarkable, isn't it?'

"But he might as well have talked to the plaster statue of Neptune which stood on the green before him as to the young clerk. He was either listening attentively to the music, or else his thoughts were far away, for he took no notice of what Old John said to him, but sat silent, his head leaning upon his hand and his eyes fixed upon vacancy.

"'Hey! what's all this?' exclaimed old John, starting up and

shaking the clerk's arm. 'What! dreaming by moonlight! A bad sign—very bad sign—too romantic by half! Here, Ally—Ally! come here directly,' he continued, shouting to his daughter.

"Walter started up, and would have prevented him, but he continued to call, and soon the piano ceased to sound, and Alice made her appearance.

"'What do you want, papa?' she asked.

"'Here is this fellow,' he answered, 'falling asleep in the midst of our conversation; dreaming by moonlight! I want you to keep him awake.'

"'I beg pardon, sir,' said the clerk, attempting an excuse, 'but I was thinking—'

"'O, but that won't do," said Old John, 'I was talking. However, I will tell you how we will make it up. You shall sing that duet with Alice; the one you sang last night, and mind you don't go to sleep before it is finished, or—' and he finished the sentence with a shake of the finger.

"'I will undertake it willingly,' said the clerk.

"Walter moved his chair closer by the side of Alice, and took his seat. But there was still a difficulty, neither of them could determine on the right pitch. Alice ran and struck a note on the piano, and returned sounding it all the way. She sat down, and her hand involuntarily fell upon Walter's; he pressed it in his own, and the duet commenced.

"Both the words and the music were very simple; they were the expression of love, pure and holy; and never did they sing better. Walter's whole soul was thrown into the words, and his heart beat to the sounds his lips uttered. A slight pressure of her hand expressed to Alice how truly, how deeply he felt the beauty of love, and her voice trembled as she sung, adding still more to the music.

There was silence for a short time after the sound of their voices had ceased. It seemed Old John's turn to dream now. The beautiful music had called up old happy scenes to his mind; perhaps the thoughts of his youth and first love were leading him far away; for he sat silently, with his hand drawn across his eyes, as if to shade them from the moonlight.

"Alice approached him, and drew her arm around his neck. He started as if from a trance, and said—

"'That was well, very well. I like that music. There now, Ally, you and Walter take a walk through the grounds. I'll light a cigar, and sit here by myself, and—and dream! hey, Walter!'

"Alice left him with a kiss, and taking Walter's arm they disappeared round an angle of the building, and walked onward to their favourite arbour. Everything was silent around them; the glowing leaves hanging motionless upon the trees, and the many-coloured flowers, all seemed listening, as if to some revelation of the night. The fish-pond was one entire sheet of silver: not a ripple disturbed its peaceful surface, and the soft moonlight streamed through the chinks of the vines and gothic trees, and checkered the pathway and the floor of the arbour, as the sunbeams shining through stained cathedral windows rest on the pavement. The arbour was their chancel, and there the two lovers stood side by

side as if before an altar; and there Walter told Alice how deeply, how truly he loved her; how often he had sat alone since they had known each other, and yet not been lonely, for her image had always been present to comfort and counsel him; how he had longed for the time to come when he could make this confession to her, when he could press her to his bosom as the dearly beloved one.

"Alice did not speak. She was always silent when she felt most deeply; but her silence was singularly eloquent. She did not attempt to withdraw the little hand which he held so tightly. She did not try to remove the arm that encircled her waist. Her head lay upon his bosom, and she wept for very joy.

'Now what had become of Old John's brotherly scheme? The rainbow hues were now completely blended.

"Soon after the two lovers had turned towards the house, Old John came stealing cautiously through a neighbouring path, where he had been an accidental, though perhaps not an unwilling listener.

"'Good,' he exclaimed in a half whisper, rubbing his hands and smiling most merrily, 'I shall hate him, I am sure,' he added, mimicking Alice. 'Good!' And again he rubbed his hands and smiled with infinite satisfaction.

Chapter III.

The summer had passed away, and autumn was spreading its rich mantle of yellow leaves over the trees and shrubs of the old country-seat. The birds were collecting together in troops, for their journey to warmer lands, and their songs above the arbour were sadder than when we last listened to them. The golden fruit hung temptingly upon the trees, and on the smooth surface of the fish-pond floated many a withered leaf. The year was growing old, and its rich covering of foliage was becoming grey and falling off, yet in the hearts of Walter and Alice love was as green and as warm as on the bright summer evening when they made their mutual confessions.

They had not yet made Old John their confidant; they were waiting for a convenient season. And he, though he must have known something of their intercourse, never asked any questions, or seemed at all curious about the matter, but conducted himself in his usual quiet way. Indeed, he did occasionally speak of their close communion, but always in a merry, jesting way, and no one could suspect him of knowing how affairs really stood with them. At least his knowledge did not make him unhappy, for the merry twinkle was still in his eye, and the smiles still played round his mouth. In the little walks and excursions which they took together, Alice was always assigned to the clerk. Old John said he preferred to walk alone; then he could swing his cane in any direction without being scolded, and could climb over a fence, instead of going half a mile to find a place to crawl through, or a stile, for the convenience of a lady companion. Walter, as may be supposed, was very willing to free him from this incumbrance, and did not mind the half-mile walks in search of a stile, as long as Alice was hanging on

his arm. They had a great many things to talk about, which were of no consequence to any but themselves, and were glad of the opportunity to remove out of earshot, which this stile-hunting afforded.

One morning the clerk appeared equipped for travelling. Business of some kind or other called him, for a short time, to another part of the country.

He and Alice were alone in the breakfast-room. He explained to her the necessity of his departure, and consoled her with the assurance that his absence would not continue more than a week at the most. He had just time to place a plain ring on her finger, and steal one tender, silent kiss from her rosy lips, when Old John entered, announcing the coach at the door.

In a few minutes he was seated in the vehicle. Good-byes were repeated, and soon he was rolling away on the dusty road toward the city.

Alice stood at the window and watched until the top of the coach had disappeared behind an angle of a road, and the last sound of the rumbling wheels had died away. Then the thought and feelings that had followed him as far as the senses could guide them, seemed to fall back upon herself, and she felt oppressed by the silence and utter solitude that reigned around.

That was a weary day to Alice. This was her first love, and their first separation. Her father was busy with his affairs, and could not attend to her ; so she was thrown entirely upon her own resources, and heavily the hours dragged along in mournful procession.

Often days had passed and she had not seen Walter but for a few moments, yet then she knew he was near. And now she sat down and tried to fancy him sitting quietly at his desk ; but it wouldn't do—she knew better. She walked down by the counting-room and gathered the flowers as she had often done before, but they had lost their fragrance and their colours seemed faded. The gold-fish stood still in the pond, and she mistook them at times for the leaves that lay in the water ; they too had faded. She sat in the pleasant arbour, and looked westward over the beautiful landscape, but a veil seemed drawn before it, and the rich and variegated hues which, dolphin-like, the forest had assumed while dying, to her eyes, seemed blended into a dead, cold brown. So true it is that the sense takes its tone from the soul.

So the day passed, and the belated evening came slowly on.

"Do, pray, Ally, put off that sad face," said Old John to her, as they sat at the tea-table. "Why, you look ten times more woful than the Italian beggars fresh from an irruption of Vesuvius. Do try to smile a little."

She did try to look cheerful, but at first it tasked all her powers, yet her father's raillery and merry laugh were not to be resisted, and in a little while the cloud seemed to have passed entirely away, and she was as cheerful as ever. Sometimes she would fall back into the silent, thoughtful mood, yet it was only for a moment, and the evening passed pleasantly. Then came the affectionate kiss and the kind good-night.

To Alice it was a good-night, indeed. Good angels watched by her pillow, and her dreams were beautiful. One time she was walking along the garden paths, and heard the birds singing sweetly above her

side as if before an altar; and there Walter told Alice h[illegible] truly he loved her; how often he had sat alone since [illegible] each other, and yet not been lonely, for her image h[illegible] sent to comfort and counsel him; how he had l[illegible] come when he could make this confession to h[illegible] her to his bosom as the dearly beloved one.

"Alice did not speak. She was always [illegible] deeply; but her silence was singularly el[illegible] to withdraw the little hand which he held [illegible] to remove the arm that encircled her [illegible] bosom, and she wept for very joy.

'Now what had become of Old Je[illegible] bow hues were now completely ble[illegible]

"Soon after the two lovers h[illegible] came stealing cautiously throu[illegible] been an accidental, though p[illegible]

"'Good,' he exclaimed [illegible] smiling most merrily, '[illegible] icking Alice. 'Good!' [illegible] with infinite satisfactio[illegible]

[illegible] ear face pic- like to be but all w mys- teriously atre, and from the l beckoned her never s, and while never visit her. ary a "little minx," ast was waiting. Then nd Alice awoke. nerself, in amazement. There fairy's gift of happiness; and the e to breakfast.

[illegible] before she could collect her scattered senses [illegible] she had just waked from a strange dream, and [illegible] of her father calling her. When the truth did [illegible] she laughed immoderately, and could not help saying [illegible] "it was *very* funny."

The summ[illegible] mantle of y[illegible] seat. Th[illegible] much past her usual hour of rising, when in her simple warmer [illegible] dress she appeared at the breakfast-table. we last [illegible] Ally, dear, I thought you never would come down," said trees [illegible] father. "I have been waiting this—I don't know how long, and lea[illegible] you—I don't know how many times. The omelet and coffee are b[illegible] as cold as Greenland, I'll be bound."

"It isn't so very late, papa, is it?" inquired Alice; "besides, I have had such a funny dream—O, it was perfectly delightful."

"Well, never mind, dear; pour out the coffee before it gets later."

She poured out the coffee, still thinking of her strange dream. It was so funny that she could not help thinking of it; but her lips would never have wreathed that happy smile if she could have known the trial that awaited her.

"Ally, do you know what day to-morrow will be?" he asked, while his face wore a very doubtful, half merry, half serious expression. It was something like the sun trying to break through a fog, for he tried to look cheerful.

Alice paused a moment as if in thought, then suddenly exclaimed, "I declare, it is my birthday, and I had almost forgotten it. It was very good of my dear papa to remind me of such good news, after I had kept him waiting so long for his breakfast," she added, playfully.

"But do you know who I expect to morrow?" he continued.

It was her turn now to look doubtful and perplexed.

"Yes, Ally," he said, "this afternoon Harry Wilson and my old schoolmate, his father, will be here. You must save all your good

y, for I expect you will fall in love with him at first

h much pain that Old John made this announcement,
as cheerful a manner as possible, for he knew the
on his daughter. He seemed to make it more
than pleasure, as if it were something which
ater; and more clouds gathered about his
een there since the death of his wife, when
Alice. The cheerful smiles vanished from
vent, and came and went, and at length
embled and her voice quivered, as she
rful remark.
n, for my sake; won't you, Ally,

—so faint that it might have been "no,"
and pleading some excuse, left the room.
ms," said her father, after he was left alone, and
some invisible friend. "Bad business!" and whistling
rain of a doleful tune, he also left the room.

Alice, poor Alice, she felt lonely enough as she sat alone in her little room. Thoughts of the dream that had made her so cheerful but a short time before, now pressed like an incubus upon her breast. She knew how much her father was attached to his old schoolmate, Mr. Wilson, and how much he desired the union of their two families. It had long been talked of, but always as something which was about to happen at some distant, indefinite time; and though many years had passed since they first began to talk of it, it still seemed as indefinite and far from accomplishment as ever; and she never thought to trouble herself about it; but now the event seemed to spring up like a phantom directly before her; and so sudden had been the announcement that she knew not what to do.

And now the hours seemed to glide by as if they were double-winged. The old entry clock seemed to her as she sat in her silent chamber to tick faster and faster until at last it broke into an actual gallop. If *he* were only here, she thought, as her eye fell upon the ring which the clerk had placed on her finger. And more than once she determined to go down to her father to confess all; then she thought of the old schoolmate that had saved his life, and her courage failed her.

She started as the clock tolled eleven.

It was past noon, and Old John was waiting anxiously for her appearance in the drawing-room; and his heart beat with strange emotions as he heard her light footfall on the stairs.

She was very pale when she entered the room, and the traces of recent tears were in her eyes. Yet she had never looked more beautiful, never more lovely. She was dressed in simple white, and a single white rose was braided in her dark hair. Old John could not see her thus dejected without being moved, and the dark cloud spread over his countenance. She saw it, and assuming a cheerfulness which she did not feel, drew her arm around his neck, and kissed him affectionately.

"There, Ally, dear," he said, "don't be cast down. It will all

head, and saw the flowers in their most beautiful dr[illegible]
the pond, and it was all alive with gold-fish, a[illegible]
seemed drawn with red lines; sometimes they [illegible]
tures—trees, gardens, and villages seemed to [illegible]
a moving diorama. All the people she ha[illegible]
moving about there, some doing one thing [illegible]
happy. As she looked attentively, the [illegible]
teriously calm, and the red lines to di[illegible]
it began to grow troubled, circular [illegible]
rolling toward the shore in every d[illegible]
middle of the pond a most beau[illegible]
her near. The fairy gave her [illegible]
to part with it; for she said [illegible]
she wore that upon her finge[illegible]
Then a loud voice under w[illegible]
and bid her come down i[illegible]
she disappeared, the w[illegible]

"Was that a dre[illegible] [illegible]ne rushed into [illegible]ept like a child—but
was the ring on h[illegible] [illegible]eelings found a happy re-
voice was still call[illegible] [illegible] away, and the sun shone in all

It was a lon[illegible]
enough to real[illegible] [illegible]the room like a madman, and declared he
the voice w[illegible] [illegible]g half so pleasant in all his life.
dawn upon [illegible] [illegible]y cruel of you, dear papa, said Alice, kissing him
repeatedly [illegible] the first effusions of joy were over.

It w[illegible] [illegible]it was, Ally, dear," exclaimed Old John, willing to be
mornin[illegible] [illegible] anything now. "I know it was. But you are such a wilful
her [illegible] that I was afraid you wouldn't like him, and I had set my
c[illegible] it. I have been tempted more than twenty times to confess
the whole, and ask your forgiveness, when I saw you look so miserable.
Yes, Ally, I came very near spoiling the whole this morning at break-
fast. But never mind, it's all right now; confess, isn't it?"

Yes, indeed, it was all right! And Alice, in her silent, eloquent way, soon convinced him that she thought so.

Again the door opened, and Harry Wilson senior entered. He knew the whole affair, and had only waited on the outside until the first scene should be over.

Cordial was the greeting between the old schoolmates. Smiles, congratulations, and merry words passed freely; every eye glistened with joy, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

"Shall I enter that note at five or six per cents.?" asked some one at the side door. There stood David Deans, with a pen behind his ear and another in his hand—his usual way of ornamenting himself—and looking as blank and cool as if nothing had happened.

"Don't enter it with any per cent., you old miser!" said Old John, patting him familiarly on the back. "We don't charge interest this year."

David walked off, with a broad grin operating powerfully upon his countenance.

He understood the trick, did David.

a sweet dream under each pillow that night; and the ich Alice thought to be miserable, was the happiest of

other Bill!" exclaimed Uncle Tom, "if you ain't dust and ashes."

e you are right," answered my father, somewhat careful examination of his pipe.

passed, and we all went to bed with happy

G" PUMPKIN STORIES.

cucumber story, where a Rhode of imported guano, and put it into a ich he dropped into the hill a dozen cucum- ad no sooner done than a cucumber vine made its ing the man to drop his hoe and run for life, as the ast curling about him, like a serpent. After he had run for quarters of a mile, more or less, his legs became so entangled with the vine, that he fell to the ground, and was unable to extricate himself. Finding himself in such a "precarious situation," he at once endeavoured to obtain his jack-knife from his pocket; but when he put his hand in said pocket, he found *a big cucumber already gone to seed.*

An old gentleman "down East" related the following as a "set off" against the above. He is a Connecticut specimen of the New England school:—

"In my garden, where, I dare assert, a body might dig four-and-thirty feet, and there find the same rich soil, more powerful than seventeen cargoes—yes, seventeen thousand cargoes—of your guano, I have seen wonders. It has been my family garden, it was my father's, and even his father's father's; in short, it has been a family garden more than a century. Well, when I was a boy, I was hoeing one morning, with my good old father, in the garden, for a breakfast spell. I happened to be hoeing round a pumpkin vine, and was about to dig it up, when the old man said, 'Stephen, don't dig it up, my son; let it grow, and see what it will eventually become.' I obeyed, of course, yet could see nothing so very wonderful about it.

"Now, don't you think," said he, earnestly, "that in time the vine grew so as to run over the north end of the garden wall, on the outside of which a very heavy ox-sled had been placed flatways, so as to keep it out of the sun during the summer months. This pumpkin vine eventually passed right under the sled, thence over another wall, thence through a cabbage patch and orchard, thence over a piece of meadow a hundred and fifty yards wide, thence down a long hill, and at last crossed a stream of water four rods wide. Now the soil of the garden being of such a powerful and unsurpassed nature, a pumpkin in time got under the sled; and it got to growing at such a thundering rate, as to raise

that heavy ox-sled an inch every night! In a very short period of time it had got the big sled on a *pize*, and we were obliged to prop it on the weak side, so as to keep the mammoth sled from tipping over. One day an old sow was looking for ground nuts on the opposite side of the stream, when she espied the pumpkin vine, and tracked it to the water's edge; thence, by some mystic movement, she crossed the stream *on the pumpkin vine*, and coursed it along, until she found the pumpkin itself, when she went at it deliberately, and ate four-and-twenty days out of it. One night my father fearing that we were to have an old-fashioned black frost, he ordered all hands, and invited the neighbours to lend a hand, to get the mammoth pumpkin under cover. Well, we got the big stone drag down to the scene of action, and, after a while, two yoke of oxen and one horse made out to get it up to the back door. It was so big that it was an impossibility to get it in, so we took it round to the front door, which, as you have observed, is a wide old-fashioned one; and here we were obliged to rip off the door-casings, and then the pumpkin just rubbed through, on a tight squeeze at that. Well, sir, it was weighed right in this big square front room, after a fashion; and allowing a good honest Connecticut weight, it weighed just *twenty-three hundred and seventeen pounds!* And in ten days, don't you think, full fifteen hundred people came from here, there, and yonder, to see this wonderful pumpkin! Now *whar* is *poodle* Rhode Island after that?"

This is a hard story, but it is far surpassed by the following "whopper," also related by that same old Connecticut farmer. He says:—

"Man may ascend mountains, and dive into the bowels of the earth; but after all his travels, the States of Connecticut will be found ahead. Now I'll just tell you another story, to show you the wonderful power of Connecticut *soil*. When spring came round, a nephew of mine happened to be down here on a visit from the northern part of the State, and when he got all ready to go home, I made him a present of a dozen of these pumpkin seeds, knowing that the soil on any part of his small farm was very powerful and rich. I couldn't spare him no more, as I had even sold some single ones as high as a dollar and seventy-five cents a-piece. Wal, my nephew went home and planted a dozen hills, one seed in each, and eventually up came the vines, and on they grew rapidly; so much so, that the fellow's eyes began to stick out like two peeled onions in a pail of water, for it seemed as though the vines were bent to run all over creation.

"In the fall of the year I visited him, having a pretty fast nag, full of the sap of life, and it took me just nine days to reach him. Well, I had'nt been there fifteen mintes before up drove, in haste, the widow Holmes, who lived about a mile and a-quarter right north of my nephew's farm. Says she, in a passion, 'Be you going to take your pumpkin vines off my premises, or do you want me to destroy them?' Of course I at once mistrusted, and asked right off what all this meant; when I soon found out that the trouble was all about the *pumpkin seeds I gave him to plant!* She told my nephew that she should't come again, and off she drove as spunky as a north-east wind. Now you see, the pumpkin vines were running miles and miles in length, and the very devil was to pay with the neighbours. One would come from one

way and complain, and another from this point of the compass, until my nephew wished them all in Halifax—

"The *soil* must have been very, very rich?" said I, in a sober tone, interrupting him in his remarks.

"Oh yes, oh yes!—altogether richer, if anything, than my family garden. Any how, I can soon show you the power of Connecticut *soil.* When I got ready to start for home, I rode down the long lane and soon passed on to the turnpike. Well, 'Gid' my young horse had'nt more than struck the turnpike before I observed, along the road wall, a very thrifty pumpkin vine, which I knew to be one of my nephew's, as the place where he had endeavoured to 'fence in' the plaguy vines, when they first came up was visible to the eye. I drove on, whistling in my natural way—and after going a few miles, darn my eyes, there was the pumpkin vine! This puzzled me; I at once reined up 'Gid,' and away I rushed it over the Bunkhard-good turnpike, expecting to pass the *end* of it every instant. Well, now," said he, "don't you think I didn't pass the *end* of that pumpkin vine until just about twenty minutes before the hour of four in the afternoon! On I drove, and when night overtook me, I put up at the Dutch Tavern. On the second morning, off I started again; but lordy! I *smelt* the pumpkin vine in a wink of a jiffee, just as soon as I struck on the turnpike. At it we went, and it was near sundown before I overtook the *end* of it. Before stopping for the night, I drove on some nine miles ahead; but when I pushed for home on the third morning, lo, and behold! there was the pumpkin vine! Then," said the old man, vehemently, "I was wrathy, vexed—yes, mad. The way 'Gid' did take up his legs was a caution to any of your Third Avenue horses, now I tell you. He spun out full sixty-five miles that day; but to do our best, we didn't overtake the *end* of the pumpkin vine till just about twilight. I began to feel a little frightened, as well as being mad; yet knowing the almighty power of real Connecticut *soil,* I drove along, endeavouring to keep it off my mind as much as possible. On the sixth day I didn't overtake the end of it all. On the seventh, I conquered just about dusk—then drove on eleven miles ahead before I put up for the night, intending to have a good *start ahead of the vine* on the morrow; but you see," said the farmer, "it would make out to *pass me at nights while I was asleep!* And I swear the pumpkin vine would have beat me home if a *stout black frost hadn't killed it on the ninth night!*"

THAT DREADFUL MUFF.

The merry, merry sleigh bells, how joyously they jingle, through wood and dell! How much quicker beats the heart of the maiden, as she listens to the appoaching sound! There is a romance and enthusiasm about a sleigh ride in the country, that pertains to no other species of locomotion. When you have a pair of spirited horses, a neat little sleigh, a warm buffalo robe, and a warm-hearted little Yankee girl

nestled in it close by your side, it is perfectly irresistible. There is music in the silvery sound of the bells as they ring out clear and full in the frosty air; there is poetry in the bright stars, that sparkle with a lustre that almost rivals the light that beams from the eyes of the little angel at your side; there is love in her heart and yours, and where there is music, poetry, and love, there must be happiness. Who could resist the inevitable impulse to make love to a rosy-lipped, bright-eyed, merry-hearted maiden, under such soul-subduing influences? The most unsusceptible of human hearts would be unable to resist the melting influence of the tender passion under such trying circumstances. Old bachelors that have for many years remorselessly withstood the golden arrows of cupid aimed at them through bright eyes, have finally during a sleigh ride "surrendered at discretion," acknowledged the supremacy of woman, and become useful members of society,

But I have a story to tell, though a brief one. In the "Old Key Stone State" they have capacious sleighs, every thing there being designed after a broad-brimmed Quaker model, somewhat modified perhaps by Dutch ideas of taste and comfort. It so happened that a demure little Quakeress, who concealed in her meek blue eyes a world of fun and mischief, had two ardent lovers, upon neither of whom she had consented to bestow her hand and heart. A sleighing party was projected in the village, and the two rivals contrived to secure their seats, one on each side of the coquettish little Quakeress, their object being no doubt "to prevent the winds of Heaven from visiting her cheek too roughly."

This lady was provided with a most capacious muff, "whereby hangs a tale." Confidential conversation must of course have been rather limited under the circumstances; and it occurred to one of the rivals (who by the way was a firm believer in magnetism, and charming, especially where the little Quaker beauty was concerned) that if he could contrive to put himself in *rapport*, or "spiritual" communication with his fair friend, by introducing his hand into her muff, he should have a decided advantage over his rival. As his hand timidly approached the muff, that enveloped the delicate digitals of the Quakeress, it trembled as if under the effects of gal-vanism There was at first some preliminary toying, and scarcely perceptible approaches; then an almost indistinguishable pressure, and finally a tremendous squeeze! The first kiss of love has fired the heart and hand of many a poet-lover with rapturous enthusiasm; but that first, warm, thrilling pressure of two hands, which have met for the first time in love's embrace, seems to complete the magnetic circle, and to form a telegraphic connection, which transmits from heart to heart the lightning of love! The perfect beatitude of our hero we shall not attempt to describe; suffice it to say that his whole soul was glowing in the tips of his fingers, and there holding blissful communion with the spirit of the sweet little Quakeress. But happiness is proverbially brief. Alas! that knowledge should e'er bring sorrow. Our hero proved the truth of that oft quoted line,

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The little Quakeress put a sudden extinguisher upon the new-born

Colonel Crickler's House.

hopes of our hero, by saying, while her soft blue eyes were sparkling with fire and mischief, "Friends, if you have squeezed each other's hands long enough, I will now trouble you for the use of my muff!" The ludicrous truth at once flashed across the minds of the rivals—they had been caressing each other's *paws* for the last half hour! The quicksilver of their hopes fell far below zero. But they had been equally *done*, both completely *sold*; so that was some consolation at least. Right merrily rang the bells, whose music mingled with the joyous peals of laughter, as the party rode home that night. "The spirit never moved" either of the rivals to meddle with the muff of a Quakeress afterwards; indeed they were always mum whenever the word was mentioned, and it has been said that they even lost their relish for muffins at breakfast, which they never recovered.

COLONEL CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the origin of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois, for five years, and from the first of their acquaintance there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms revealed the latent flame; and Col. Crickley, having followed a fat buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his sons cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones; and then, by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, whither he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barston was with him on the waggon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion—

"What a beautiful mark Colonel Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is."

The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road.

Involuntarily, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the waggon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse.

"Beautiful!" muttered Drake, lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy."

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barston, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"I wont tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I wont shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too nigh. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer, I'd let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

"The old man stammered in some confusion—"That you, Colonel? I—I was tempted to, I declare! And as I said, I'll give five dollars for one pull."

"Say ten, and it's a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the hoss wuth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About fifty."

"Gad, Colonel, I'll do it! Here's the money."

The Colonel pocketed it, muttering—"Hanged, if I thought you'd take me up!"

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his waggon, and drew a close sight on old Roan. Sam Barston chuckled. The Colonel put his hand before his face, and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred!

Drake stared at his rifle with a face black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? Fus' time you ever sarved me quite such a trick, I swan!"

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting," observed the Colonel, in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? Its a lie!" thundered Drake. "I can shoot—"

"A horse at ten rods!—ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look yere, Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the *horse* can," sneered the Colonel. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

"Here!" he growled, "I'm bound to have another shot, any way."

"Crack away," cried the Colonel, pocketing the note.

Drake *did* crack away—with deadly aim, too—but the horse did not mind the bullet in the least. To the rage and unutterable astonishment of the hunter, old Roan looked him right in the face, as if he rather liked the fun.

"Drake," cried Sam, "you're drunk! A horse at a dozen rods—oh, my eye!"

"Just you shut your mouth or I'll shoot you!" thundered the excited Drake. "The bullet was hollow, I'll swear. The man lies says I can't shoot! Last week I cut off a goose's head at fifty rods, and kin dew

it again. By the Lord Harry, Colonel, you can laugh, but I'll bet now thirty dollars I can bring down old Roan at one shot."

The wager was readily accepted. The stakes were placed in Sam's hands. Elated with the idea of winning back his two tens and making another ten into the bargain, Drake carefully selected a perfect ball, and even backskin patch, and beaded his rifle.

It was now nearly dark, but the old hunter boasted of being able to shoot a bat on the wing by starlight, and without hesitation, he drew a clear sight on old Roan's head,

A minute later, Drake was driving through the grove, the most enraged, the most desperate of men. His rifle, innocent victim of his ire, lay with broken stock on the bottom of the waggon. Sam Barston was too much frightened to laugh. Meanwhile the gratified Colonel was rolling on the ground convulsed with mirth, and old Roan was standing undisturbed under the trees.

When Drake reached home, his two sons, discovering his ill-humor and the mutilated condition of the rifle-stock, hastened to arouse his spirit with a piece of news, which they were sure would make him dance for joy.

"Clear out," growled the angry old man. "I don't want to hear any news; get away, or I shall knock one of you down."

"But, father, it's such a trick."

"Confound you and your tricks."

"Played off on the Colonel."

"On the Colonel?" cried the old man, beginning to be interested. "Gad, if you've played the Colonel a trick, let's hear it."

"Well, father, Jed and I, this afternoon, went out for deer—"

"Hang the deer! come to the trick."

"Couldn't find any deer, but thought we must shoot something; so Jed banged away at the Colonel's old Roan—shot him dead!"

"Shot old Roan?" thundered the hunter, "By the Lord Harry, Jed, did *you* shoot the Colonel's hoss?"

"True sir, true."

"Devil!—devil!" groaned the hunter.

"And then," pursued Jed, confident the joke part of the story must please his father, "Jim and I propped the hoss up, and tied his head back with a cord, and left him standing under the trees exactly as if he was alive. Ha! ha! Fancy the Colonel going to catch him! Ho! ho! ho!—wan't it a joke?"

Old Drake's head fell upon his breast. He felt of his empty pocket-book, and looked at his broken rifle. Then in a rueful tone, he whispered to the boys—

"It is a joke! But if you ever tell of it—or if you do, Sam Barston—I'll skin you alive! By Lord Harry, boys, I've been shooting at that dead hoss half an hour, at ten dollars a shot!"

At that moment Sam fell into the gutter. Jed dragged him out insensible. Sam had laughed himself almost to death.

AMERICAN WATERING PLACES.

Watering-places in the United States—like birds—differ somewhat in species. If an aristocracy is observable, it will be found at the summer lounges, where the patricians seem to brush up their sense of republican *hauteur*, though they may lay it aside on again entering metropolitan brick-and-mortar. Why a trip into the green avenues of nature should invoke a latent or artificial dignity—as the case may be—we are denied the knowledge; though certain it is that foliage and folly in this respect seem to go hand-in-hand. We have known very industrious, kind-hearted, innocent men at home to "change in a single night"—like Byron's Prisoner of Chillon—to mere human lumps of starch, with a ponderousness of self-complacency truly alarming. They squinted over their cravats, and contracted their optics, till, poor things, they seemed lamenting a perspective ophthalmic operation, and fretted secretly in consequence.

Like the British railway-carriage, we must divide the watering-places of America into three classes—first, second, and third. The first class includes a variety of mineral springs, rustic maisons, leafy alcoves, and sequestered mountain retreats, in various states remarkable only for being extremely out of the way, and consequently never popular with the million. This delightful fact is seized upon by the *soi-disant* aristocracy, who, tickled out of their wits to think they have found spots where the "vulgar creatures" never go, box up their kids, and whistle their spaniels off to perhaps the most isolated, cheerless dens that could well be imagined. This is the violent, purse-proud class, who, with a genealogical notion tainting their minds that they descend from some blundering old swag-bellied baron, or perhaps, when abroad, were entertained at dinner by a civil English nobleman, take it into their heads to make laughing-stocks of themselves by a perpetual exclusiveness; the only good coming from which is that general society is but little distressed by their tyrannical assumptions. The most poignant trouble this class seem to have is to find people as good as themselves with whom to associate; and their whole life is expended in one protracted regret that nature does not grow suddenly fastidious, and bring into the world only such supremely delightful people as the bleared approval of their taste may endorse.

The second class come under the head of what is called in New York the "cod-fish aristocracy," or butterflies of Japonicadom. These infest during the summer months such places as Saratoga, Newport, Sharon Springs, Niagara, Lake George, and the White Mountains. Without the absurd superciliousness of the *classe première*, they have their idiosyncracies of dignity, and peculiar ideas of life, all of which they bring into full play the moment they leave home. The heads of such families are most generally harmless old gentlemen, who, after a long life of servitude to the desk, have realized fortunes by speculations in the staples of commerce, or been favoured by the blind goddess in

the department of Consols and Three-per-Cents. But though their nasals may be very high in the air, the second-classers are not positively enclosed in a magic circle. There is still a *hiatus* which can be entered; and once within the limits, fair treatment can at least be looked for without apprehension of disappointment. Here, too, we find match-making mamas with their daughters, manœuvring chaperons, young gentlemen of leisure just from an Italian tour, mousing bachelors of moderate incomes, in white cravats and brown wigs, superannuated fops, fast young men of reputed property, promising middle-aged lawyers, divines of flowered and budding reputation, and in short, all the elements of what in reality forms the *better class* of the various cities of the Union. Here and there may be observed an author who has made a *hit*, a newspaper correspondent of a fashionable gazette, and once in a great while a second-rate star in the dramatic hemisphere, who, having for half-a-dozen years continued to get his name in large letters on the bills, has clustered a few dollars, and started forth with his eminence as a passport, in the hope that society will honour it with a *visée*.

The third-class watering-places are the few days' enjoyment of men about town, shopmen, storekeepers, the odds-and-ends, the anybodies and nobodies of society—people who have just time to take a "little run" and back, as if they were in pursuit of a creditor, and anxious to hurry home with some intelligence either good or otherwise. The very best of this order, and almost escaping the classification, were it not for its proximity to two important Atlantic cities, and the extreme cheapness of the conveyance, superinduced through enterprising rivalry by unmitigated steam-boat companies, is Cape May. The very bottom of the list would be, perhaps, Coney Island, near metropolitan New York, which is during a short season of two months as grotesque a spot as could well be conceived in any part of the world. This latter place is one sought for a piece of reckless fun—where toilettes are neglected, shirt-collars worn or not, just as the individual may choose, and where, seemingly, everybody is determined to be gay or frivolous, rakish or violent, just as the whim may strike him. There are no upper or lower strata here. The "one-person-as-good-as-another" doctrine is enforced to the letter, and *airs* are punished with the same promptitude that the knout is brought into Russian requisition when the Czar feels himself piqued. Here there must be no cloudy ideas of superiority, or creakiness of tread: it offends the hale-fellows well-met, and these are perilous people to excite. Their very gaiety is danger here; and hence it follows that a certain jaunty looseness of equality is the reigning characteristic which every comer *must*, and is usually willing to fall in with.

To better illustrate the local distinctions of the society of the three sub-divisions, let us present the reader with an outline sketch of each component:—

I.

The "blood of all the Howards" inspire us! We have a duty before us, the daintiness of which would make point-lace flutter, and

cause the patterns on Singapore cashmere to dilate with dread. Walk now, *sans* angularity! and tread with a speciality of step, to indicate your breeding. Let your *mouchoir* be true cambric, and consistently scented; and your diadems real. Give way to plush; damn practical republicanism; talk of your crest; and keep your neighbours at a distance. We feel ourselves able to the task, and a drawing-room door opens invitingly to us. But stop—where are we?

At SHAKSPERIA!

Where on earth is SHAKSPERIA?

A select covey of the birds of adorable plumage have issued stock, and jointly constructed a series of villas, and formed a fashionable town, exclusively for their own entertainment. They have purchased the ground for the area of a mile, and laid out parks, drives, promenades, and lounges, on which ordinary flesh and blood must by no means trespass. The stock is owned by recognized breeding—people who have that in their veins that will stand the test of analysis. Every purchaser must receive the approving stamp of at least two-thirds of the club of directors, and by this refinement of precaution no dreadful wolf of a *parvenu* gains access to the select fold. Contented luxuriousness floats in the atmosphere, and little cherubs in sky-blue tunics serve as hall-porters.

We have called the place SHAKSPERIA; and each tiny thoroughfare is christened after male characters in the plays of the immortal bard. The feminine names, from a capricious sense of respectful condescension, apply to the residences. In fine, as will be seen, SHAKSPERIA is a spot of fashionable fancy, where the severely-verified may move in a sphere of their own creation, and feel remote from the intrusion of commonplace vitality, that they hold incompatible with the happiness of human existence.

Let us step into the *salon* of Ophelia Terrace. It is a small apartment, appointed in a style of elaborate elegance. Every article of furniture contains a pithy saying of the play, from which the character is taken that denominates the house. The chair-backs are eloquent in sententiousness; the velvet of the *conversaziones* blush an expression of philosophy; the fringe of the music-stool falls gracefully beneath a line familiar to the world; while the mirror-frame breaks into a reflective sentence that has caused scholars to marvel at the genius that gave it birth. On a column of veined marble, in a niche prepared expressly for its reception, is a bust of the Bard of Avon—not the delicate, tapering, *spirituelle* cast commonly found at the image-vendors, but a copy of the veritable bust in the chancel of Stratford Church—a substantial head, without unseemly angles, and rounding into a dainty double-chin of episcopal conformation. Suspended by silken cords on the richly-papered walls are two pictures of celebrated actresses, in the character of Ophelia; while over the mantel is a delicious crayon of the aforesaid young lady, evidently copied from a series of the heroines of Shakspeare, and really executed with great taste. A number of Swiss views, a steel engraving of the Castle of Chillon, and a few books scattered over a pretty, bright, walnut chiffonnier, complete the most [illegible]ble features of the apartment.

A merry laugh is heard in the ante-room, and then a mingling of voices. The next moment the door opens, and a group of three ladies and two gentlemen enter, and dispose themselves about the apartment.

A smooth-faced, Cologne-bottle-looking young man, habited in a suit of black, with a bunch of charms hanging to a most elaborate watch-chain, and a moustache that assumes a changeable aspect in every point of light it is viewed, with a gait between a crawl and a walk, at length contrives to seat himself on a lounge. His *vis-à-vis* is a blooming young lady with very blue eyes, the beauty of which she seems to be aware of, as young ladies generally are, by the way.

"Ada, you've no idea of the magnificence of the Alps," remarks the dandy, in continuation of a conversation they seemed to have had before entering; "next to Niagawa Falls they're the sweetest things I ever gazed on."

"I should so like to go to Switzerland, Bluette!" observes the young lady with almost a sigh; "Pa has been promising to take us ever since we returned from Paris, but Mama thinks the journey will affect Hector's health, and she won't hear of leaving him behind."

"How howwid!"

Mr. Bluette, among other accomplishments, has a fashionable habit of converting the *r* into a *w* for the sake of variety. He is not a resident of Shaksperia, but a New York exquisite on a visit to the Dadleys by express invitation.

"Do you think that your mama would consent to go, if Hector was not in the way?" inquires he.

"I'm confident. Isn't it too bad, dear Bluette?"

"Why will you make me so happy by calling me *Dear?*" says the beau, toying with an owl with pink eyes on his chatelaine. "You're a provoking chawming creature to do it—that you awe!"

"Fie! Mr. Bluette!" simpers Miss.

Hector, the reader will be so kind as to remember, is a little pampered, plump, long-eared poodle, on whom Mrs. Dadley seems to have centred her entire affections.

"I've an idea, Ada dearest!" remarks Bluette; "I should like to coax your papa to visit Geneva next summer. I'm going with Lady Fanny Bracelet, who is now making a tour in the South; and when she returns, if we could arrange it to all go together, 'twould be delicious?"

"How charming! O that provoking, naughty Hector!"

"My deaw cweature," says Bluette with more energy than he usually managed to infuse into his conversation, "I'll do a despewate action. Don't be alawmed now—Hector shall no longer be an obstacle to your happiness."

"Good gracious! Bluette, what do you mean?"

"Never mind, deaw—depend on me, and next summer sees us in Geneva."

Miss Ada is just in that particular state that young ladies will sometimes get in. She does not know whether it is better for her to remain silent, or prosecute her inquiries further. Satisfied, however, that "dear Bluette" could do nothing very rash, she bestows a glance of

sympathy on her admirer, and is about to go off into a sweeping denunciation of animal pets, when her mama approaches her.

"Ada, dear!" remarks Mrs. Dadley, bearing the doomed canine in her arms, and speaking in a low tone, "Can't you entertain us with a piece? Hist! Hector is almost asleep, and a little music would so put his nerves to rights. Oh, Mr. Bluette, would you believe that a ferocious tom-cat nearly slew my beauty this morning! He's been quivering like a leaf ever since, poor dear! Come, Ada, darling!"

"Now, Mama, how can you ask me? You know Dr. Mortem said my bronchia was in a perfect blister. Now Ma-ma!"

"I'm certain just one song won't affect it. Dear little Hector will be so thankful!" urged Mrs. Dadley.

"Hang Hector!" thought the young lady, and it is most probable she would have urged her excuses had not Bluette in a soft voice seconded the request in her ear.

"Now, Mama," says she, approaching the *tabouret* with an affected *ennui*. "This is cruel, when you know the condition of my throat. Dear me! what shall I sing?"

"That pretty thing from *Si j'etais Roi*," suggests Mrs. Quiggles in a patronizing tone. "I heard it in Paris last year—one of Adam's sparkling efforts."

"By Adam, did you say, Mrs. Quiggles? Good gracious! how primitive it must be!" drawls Bluette. "Not to be facetious at all, may I ask is the plot laid in the Garden of Eden?"

"Really, Mr. Bluette, how shocking!"

"Yes, I'm aware—but I never knew before that Adam was a musician, though I always supposed that, like most other ladies, Eve sung."

"*Si j'etais Roi* is over at Florence's. Kate wanted to shew it to Georgina Bradford, and 'Hermione Lodge' is in quite a *furore* about it," remarks Ada.

"For my part, I could never tire of the 'bolero' from Joanita: it's a great pet of mine, and little Hector always seems to like it," says Mrs. Dadley.

"The serenade from Don Pasquale is my standing favourite," observes Mr. Hooper, a rich Wall-street stockbroker—cold, cunning, and merciless on 'Change. He would be called a "trinket" of society instead of an "ornament."

"I'm weak enough to weport in favour of a plain ballad," cries Bluette, toying with the third finger of his left-hand lavender kid glove.

"Good gracious! Mr. Bluette!" cries everybody save Ada, "where is your taste? Dreadful!"

"Lady Bracelet assured me in New York that they are again growing very populaw in England. When I take up my flute, which is very seldom, I always toot the tunes and sing the words to myself."

A subdued laugh around the apartment.

Ada at length hits upon a song, which she sings with considerable taste and expression. It is one from Dickens's *Bleak House*, by Jeffreys, of London, and flows gracefully to a melody by Glover. Everybody is delighted with its charming simplicity and sweetness.

"Bravo!" cries Mr. Hooper.

"Very fair!" exclaims Mama, observing that it has had a drowsy effect upon her fat fondling.

"Quite admissible!" says Mrs. Quiggles condescendingly, who is a stickler for the French compositions. She adores Auber; and thinks Halévy a second Mozart.

"Consummate!" drawls Bluette. The delivery of the word occupies at least thirty seconds, and almost overpowers him.

When Ada resumes her seat, Bluette, who has been reading his aunt's common-place book, strolls off into a strain as to what we are indebted to *accident*, and contends that Pythagoras owed the invention of music to the sound of a blacksmith's hammer.

"Are there many balls talked of in New York next season?" inquired Ada.

"I've not heard of but ten, and two of those are to be *masqué*."

"How delightful!"

"I shall go as a nobleman of the court of Louis XIV."

"And I as a *débardeur*, changing to a sister of charity. I like the lights and shadows in a ball-room."

"I shan't change—it's such a bore."

Ada is pretty and *piquant*, without being decidedly beautiful. She is always *bien chaussée, coiffée*, and that is saying considerable for girls in America. It is evident that Bluette is somewhat captivated, for he just dropped a "love-tinged" remark in a low tone, which of course we shall not be so inconsiderate as to repeat.

Miss Quiggles and Mr. Hooper are still talking of music, though the gentleman does not know a flat from a sharp, except he were severely tested in a business capacity. Mrs. Quiggles, without a musical education, has been twice to Paris, and attended the opera in various parts of the world because it was fashionable to do so. She has a vague notion that the French composers are the authors of every great work produced; and consequently talks freely of Auber's "Norma;" hopes that Grisar will live to write another opera as clever as his "Somnambula;" builds great expectation in Halévy, as he was the author of the "Prophète;" and regrets that Adolph Adam does not endeavour to rival his own efforts in another "Don Giovanni." Mr. Hooper knowing little out of his Pactolian *sanctum*, listens to all of these errors in blissful ignorance, and quite agrees with Mrs. Q. in all of her views, operatic and otherwise.

Mrs. Dadley is holding forth on the shades of several pieces of ribbon she has purchased to adorn her pet's neck, and expressing herself very disrespectfully of one William Shakspeare, because he said "Physic to the dogs!" it being her opinion that calomel and curs were never intended for each other.

Bluette dawdling from the *bal masqué* costumes, next touches on Byron, and thinks that Childe Harold, Manfred, and the various heroes he created, were all very well, but that a single remark he made in one of his letters surpasses anything he ever said or did.

"What was that, Bluette?" inquires Ada.

"He thought Walter Scott a vewy gweat cweature, and longed to get 'tight' with him."

II.

The people that we are constrained to call the "second classers" will feel themselves highly provoked at the classification; but as there is no help for it, we must endure their anger, and *allons*. We are forced to rank them thus, because with their aristocratic pretensions, there is still that absence of severe exclusiveness that draws the line creating the division. Saratoga, Newport, and Niagra, are all famous in their way. Little is done beyond dancing, dining, bathing, and dressing. People go here—at least there is a tacit understanding that such is the case—for recreation and quietude. Of recreation, human nature seems to differ. What is one's man's bane is another's beatitude. We are inclined to regard the American watering places as social conventions, where people from all parts of the country unite to kill time in whatever mode may most agree with the temper of the parties in question.

Newport is the *ne plus ultra* of the second order of fashionables. It is looked forward to and talked of by the beauties all winter. "Our next season at Newport" is a consolatory phrase calculated to allay griefs and banish sorrow. The last part of June—when the opera managers are announcing their last nights, and gay young gentlemen are seen in white palotots in the parks—finds the pleasure-seekers on the wing. The "Ocean House" is a scene of confusion from morning till night. Stout old gentleman with wife and three daughters in travelling dresses, worn out with the heat, come tumbling into the great hall, met by a black servant who pokes a register under the aforesaid old gentleman's nose before he has yet got off his gloves. Now arrives a knot of young bloods from New York city, the major portion of whom are walking canes and hair—not forgetting the omnipresent seal rings. Ah! don't they intend to play hob with the hearts of the belles, provided they have any hearts to be tortured. Sombre bachelors, dashing widows, regular Lady Gay Spankers, buxom and buoyant, marriageable daughters, and just married daughters—for honey-moons are spent here by impulsive couples who wish to plunge into a whirl from the moment the knot is tied—all converse and become acquainted, or move in cliques to frown down on their neighbours, just as it happens.

The attempt to keep up a fashionable character and appearance of *ton* does not only last for a few days and then gradually evaporate. They do not arrive with a frown and depart with a giggle. The ladies from the first look well to their toilettes. European travellers call them phantoms of Paris; but let the Yankee aristocracy alone for getting up appearances when the humour strikes them. They may not have as many fringes as a high-bred dame of the *Rue de la Paix*, or assume as much lace as a Neapolitan songstress. Neither will the hair be as artistically dressed as if done by a Boulevard hair-dresser, or as many velvet knicknackeries about the skirt as a London belle would contrive to attach; yet with these absent adornments we can bespeak for them a "goodlie presence."

The bathing periods of the day at the American watering place present rather a novel feature. The beach for perhaps a mile is skirted with small ill-shapen dressing houses used during the season, and stand-

ing all winter like a row of bleak gloomy sentinels as forlorn as Savoyard packmen. At eleven o'clock in the morning, a number of sunburnt women in crumpled old bonnets and careless costume, are hurrying from one house to another with baskets of towels and armloads of bathing dresses, which they distribute with surprising celerity. Soon after, groups of most fancifully dressed people will be seen emerging and plunging into the white foam of the surf, disporting with the billows, and kicking the waves head-over-heels in a manner enough to make old Neptune, or Venus, or a select committee of Amphitrites, rise from their dripping mansion, and politely request that such vagaries with the water be instantly discontinued.

The spectacle is really a curious one. There are five hundred bathers dressed in every shade and variety of colour—blue tunics over yellow trowsers, crimson coats with mulberry overhauls, moon-tinted pantaloons with jackets of purple. No carnival ever presented so wild and grotesque a medley. Rome! abandon thy laurels; and Venice! hide with shame in thy own gondolas; for ye never produced so bewildering a saturnalia of costume! Keeping, consistency, and harmony are sacrificed. The very fishes must waggle their little speckled tails in curious admiration, and the sun, 'the great orb itself,' seems to wonder what is going on, that man (and woman) kind have thrown off the garb of common sense to revel in the motley habiliments of agonized fancy.

To see long troops of fifty and a hundred bathers all plunge in the boiling surf hand in hand is an exciting picture. The waves dash over their bright dresses, and the next moment they appear dripping like sea deities after an elemental Waterloo. This hydro-frolic is immense fun for the young people, especially when a timid companion shows a weak point in the water. How they shriek when their mouths fill with brine, or leap to the rescue if the strong waves should carry one from his feet! Some one's hat is floating yonder on the waters, one moment dancing on the topmost wave, anon sinking into an abyss of spray. Now for a race among the juveniles—away they go like a band of young otters, plunging, plashing, and shrieking in the wildness of the excitement, much to the horror of matrons and governesses on the sands, who are in momentary dread lest they get beyond their depth, to never more be sent to bed on *terra firma*.

The lapse of two hours sees this gay assembly of bathers seated in full *toilette* at the grand table d'hôte. What a change! White neckerchiefs and dress coats instead of Mandarin pea-jackets and Joseph's garment of many colours. The ladies have laid aside their oil-skin headgear, and braided and curled their locks in the most bewitching of fashions. Saucy little Cupids are pointing their arrows with mischievous grace in every direction. A regiment of black waiters in the snowiest of 'chokers,' and the woolliest of caputs are on active duty to bear off the 'courses' —as a matter of course. Knives and forks are up and doing; plates undergo changes; epergnes crowded with camellias and chrysanthemums prevent smiles from being seen; napkins are unfolded, and magnums of Amantillado and Bordeaux lead to rosy pools in brilliant goblets, much to the satisfaction of contented *bon vivants*. Joyous young gentlemen slyly ogle plump misses on 'tother side of table, and sigh for a flirtation

in *that* quarter, and mince a *vol-au-vent* simultaneously. Brown of New York espies Jones of Boston for the first time, and whispers to his wife that Jones stands much better, or *vice versa*, than he did three seasons before. Table talk, piquant anecdotes, and curt critiques on made dishes, fly every—which—way, until the diners seek the spacious drawing-rooms, where coffee will be served.

Now the pianos come in for a sad share of flagrant musical abuse. Tall Vastabellas of imposing stature, and pretty little Parvulas as piquant as those fancy little figures one sees on French *bon bon* papers, sit down and agitate the ivory keys. Tip-top boarding-school *bravuras*, and love-lorn ballads of the violent sentimental cast, form the main stock. Tinkling tortures, with now and then an *étude* as a relief, assail us on all sides. Bits of operas, fragments of Stabat Maters, bars of popular tunes, and slices of dance music follow one another in confused succession.

What a distinction in good and bad music. One soothes the heart, and fills it with pleasure: the other confuses the nerves and agitates the soul. One is the invention of the Gods, the other of fiends. Commend us to melody: remove us from dissonance!

The gentlemen, or that portion of them who prefer what are called *manly pastimes*, withdraw from the *salle-à-manger* to the bowling and billiard-rooms, to tempt fortune at "ten strikes," and learn how often they can 'pocket the red.' When wearied here, they drop in late at the 'hops' in the drawing-room, with a fresh curl in their whiskers, and a pair of kids that have not for a long time seen daylight. Midnight finds its way along, as usual, after interminable dances, polkas, *tête-à-têtes*, flirtations, vows, promises and engagements; and so ends the day at the Second Class Watering Place.

III.

Coney Island is the Napoleon of the third-class watering places, from its approximation to the great metropolis. It is a "convenient distance," and like all convenient distances, is overrun the moment June denotes that we must prepare for the heat of July. It is the goal of a delightful drive from New York, whither every tradesman who can brush up three-minute horse-flesh repairs at least once a week, to indulge in an hour's sport.

Well-to-do people, therefore, go to Coney Island for a bit of fun, while "the million" affect the surf from combined hopes of health and pleasure. The beach affords a grotesque medley in the season. Loungers, idlers, fastmen, rowdys, swellmobsmen, police officers, fireboys, and butchers, all cheek by jowl and callously indifferent of each other. They are watching the bathers plunging and curvetting in the tide—and most extraordinary antics are to be witnessed.

We need not tell the reader that but few of the softer sex are seen at this *locale*. The silver-slippers long since gave way to the unpolished Wellingtons; though now and then may be seen the portly dame of a butcher, from home for a day, in yellow satin, with a bouquet of hollyhocks, or a group of slipshod daughters of Erin without any defined notions of propriety.

Coney Island's firmest *habitué* is the New York fireboy. He is usually a thick-set, full-necked person, with a predisposition for tobacco, and the usual indulgencies that that popular weed engenders. He wears crape on his hat, though he may not have had a family bereavement for many years; a red flannel shirt, blue coat, with large brass buttons, no-coloured trowsers, turned up three inches over the boot, and a neckcloth thrown jauntily over his shoulders, terminating in a convulsive careless bow, which no other class of person could hope to accomplish. He wears his hat—a broad-brimmer—over his forehead at a rakish angle, uses strong anethemas, excited or not it does not make much matter, and talks in a loud, unrestrained, reckless tone, from mere habit. His expressions are peculiar to himself. When a wager happens to be the subject of conversation, he freely offers to "bet his pile" on whatever he may fancy. He calls a fight a "muss;" confesses if he did not enjoy the luxury of a street row once in a while "he would spile;" terms, in very un-Lothario-like phrase, his lady-love his "Old Lizee," and remarks (meaning that he will one of these days get married) that "he's agoin' to be slung afore long." The object of his adoration is the engine company to which he belongs, or favours with his commendation. It is perilous to say a word in his presence that would challenge his opinion, as there is no point on which he is so irritable as the merits of "de machine." It is one of his boasts that he has been at all the great fires within the past ten years of his life, and his warmest hope seems to be that he may not miss those to come in the future ten. He goes to all "de company's balls" with his Dulcinea, it being the only annual occasion in which he will consent to appear in white gloves. He appetizes "pork and beans," regarding that old-fashioned dish a great luxury, and bitterly objects to dining "in courses." Maraschino and curaçoa are out of his latitude. He drinks brandy-and-water, and believes it worth all "de fancy fluids" ever invented.

The drinking saloons at Coney Island reap an abundant harvest during the season. The admonitions of Father Mathew are exchanged for the examples of Father Bacchus, and a man is not considered in "prime order" until he has made several excursions to Decanter-dom. "Come and take something" is the popular phrase of invitation, and "something taken" is undoubtedly the universal result.

The water revels here exceed in wildness any that can be found in the union. Thousands rush and plunge into the surf with the ardour of war-horses. The fireboys turn summersaults, duck each other, acrobatise, play leap-frog, and flounce about like a school of mad porpoises. Some with no fear of pulmonary distresses, and awed by no recollection of "rheumatics," dash in with their clothes on, and come out dripping like fountains. Wicked wagers and ridiculous taunts incite absurd feats of aquatics which one would think mermaids and tritons could only accomplish. Bottles of spirits are carried into the sea and drunk while each bather is covered, like Tantalus, just to the lips. Showers of pebbles are thrown into the air to induce one grand and simultaneous dive to the bottom; and in short a thousand wild capers are committed at this wassail at the water.

There is very little done in the way of drawing-room gossip or evening parties. The gist of the visitors "come like shadows, so depart:" here this morning, and gone with the sun. Perhaps those that remain may whirl through a polka-quadrille, or indulge in a shambling hoe down *à la* quadroon. Moonlight walks on the beach are by many per cent. too placid for the Coney Islanders. Skimming pebbles through the white foam may do for a change, but it grows wearisome after a few attempts. To see these third-classers in their glory, they must be viewed before Hesper kisses the strand. Night seems to add an alloy to the general hilarity—the waves subside and the boisterousness cools down. If you should ever take a notion to see life in this quarter of the world, "go early," as the play bills say, and get a front seat.

A ROW DOWN THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

The passion of young New York is for horses—fast horses—two-forty on a plank road. Dr. Johnson, also a member of Old England, a staid and venerable man, thought that there was no pleasure in life equal to a rapid drive over a good road, in a well appointed carriage. Young Greece and young Rome seem to have been of the same opinion, "whom it rejoiced to raise the Olympic dust on the chariot ground," said Horace. There seems to be some mysterious connection between political pre-eminence and horse flesh; for, still the delight of modern England is in her hunters and racers, as much as in her "wooden walls;" and the pride of young New York, as I have said, reaches its height only when, in airy vehicle, it skims along, over road of plank, at the rate of a mile in two-forty.

For my part, if I must have a pet, of all living things, give me a boat!—a creature that does not kick, or eat oats, or gnaw the stable, or run away, or catch the glanders. A boat, 'tis true, does founder sometimes, like a horse; but, take it for all, it is as safe on its keel as its rival on its legs, is four times as cheap, and, to my taste, ten times as delightful. There is no choking and blinding dust on the glittering pathway, over which a boat glides and dances; and the noise of the tiny waves that break around its prow, how musical compared with the clatter of hoofs and the whirl of wheels. It is wonderful that, with our beautiful bay, our beautiful rivers, and our exceedingly spacious ocean only ten miles off, the people of this island metropolis are not more addicted to aquatic excursions. If I could succeed in transferring to paper a mere tithe of the enjoyment contained in our little craft, on its last trip down the bay, I doubt not that horses would at once fall in value, and boats rise in price, so eager would every one be to partake of the same unmatchable delight.

It was an impromptu excursion. All such should be, for the pleasure of anticipation proves generally to be so much subtraction from the pleasure of realization. We were sauntering down Broadway, about nine o'clock in the morning, and entered at length the Battery. That fresh

fragrance of spring, never experienced later in the year, was blown sweetly and gently towards us, from off the green, by the southerly breeze under the cloudy sky. The grass was of that peculiar vivid greenness which must be seen in early spring or never, in this parching climate. The trees had leaved, and had also the delicate hue and tender freshness which leaves only know in their infancy. The bay spread out bright before us, and Governor's Island was a mound of emerald in its silvery and broad expanse; the very flag that floated on the tall, white staff, looked more distinct and brighter-coloured than usual. Men were busy in preparing the awning over the entrance to Castle Garden, for the "last Concert in America;" but every one else was moving slowly about, in silent enjoyment or placid meditation. Two huge ships, freighted with hope and hundreds of emigrants, were "coming up," under big-bellied, fleecy clouds of canvas; and the Staten Island steamboat, with red painted hull, and hurricane deck, party coloured with light bonnets and black coats, was just rounding the farther end of the Battery, and nosing her way past the fleet of schooners and sloops that lay at anchor there.

"What a day for a sail!" said the lady.

"And why not have it?" was the husband's quick, responsive answer.

In two minutes, we three, the pair and I (an odd one), were bargaining on Whitehall raft, for a boat for the day.

Twenty-five cents an hour, or a dollar and a half for all day, is the charge, provided you do not require the attendance of a man. For provisions I beg to recommend sandwiches and porter (till the Maine law passes). Both of these articles are satisfying and cheap. Pleasure ought never to cost much money; and as to their satisfying nature, I may observe that the wind that blows through the Narrows has a prodigious effect upon the appetite, particularly if you row yourself down there, to meet it. Look in the almanack before you start, to see how the tide is. If you select the right day and the right hour, you can go down with the tide, and return when it returns. I know, by frequent experience, that for amateur boatmen to row against the tide of New York bay is rather more toilsome than agreeable. You may expect blistered hands and aching bones for a week after, if you attempt it. But with the tide, it is as easy as lying. Another thing; go, if possible, with ladies. They are the charm of such expeditions. There is something despicably selfish in the practice of a pack of men going off in search of the agreeable, unaccompanied by those who have a right to share every rational pleasure, and without whose enlivening and refining presence scarcely any rational pleasure is to be enjoyed.

We stepped on board, and pushed off into the stream, just as the South Ferry boat came out of her dock, and the "rollers" tossed our light little craft about in a manner which gave us a pleasant sensation of being afloat. We rowed steadfastly over towards Governor's Island, and were soon in the "chops" that roar and boil just off the nearest point. Those chops are caused by two tides coming in contact—so we concluded—and they make a very obstreperous quarrel of it. A dozen good strokes of the oar, however, and we were in smooth water again,

with the chops behind us. We went close along the island, without committing the audacity of landing. It did not appear to be very densely inhabited, or to be very nicely kept. There were one or two soldiers visible, guarding the metropolis against foreign and domestic foes, and a few in undress lounging about in uneasy idleness. The old fort looks anything but hostile, and has the forlorn aspect of a pile without inhabitant, to ruin running. Long may it be before it has occasion to look otherwise!

When we had half circumnavigated the island, we steered for the shore of Long Island, saw southernmost Brooklyn and the Atlantic docks, and made the pier of Greenwood. From that point all the shore is rural and beautiful, and we rowed lazily along close in land, mile after mile, till we were within hailing distance of Fort Hamilton. From the place where Brooklyn loses itself in the country, as far as the Narrows, there is now a succession, nearly unbroken, of cottages and country seats, some of them extremely elegant, and all having a situation which, for beauty and convenience, I believe to be unsurpassed in the whole world. There is a marked change in the style of buildings. Columns are going out, and taste is coming in. The new houses are less pretentious, more quiet and home-like. Instead of gawky, white, wooden palaces, we have pleasant, rural cottages—a great change for the better. Consider the manifold beauties of the scene spread out before us, as we floated along under the lofty shore near the fort.

There is the bay, which, in the lower part, is narrowed to a breadth of two miles or less, and has the secluded effect of a river. Ships of every nation and every kind are passing and re-passing in fleets, at every hour of the day. Opposite, Staten Island rises, like a mountain, from the water's edge, and its spreading slope is covered with towns, villages, and mansions. Look through the Narrows, and there is the ocean; turn your eyes in the other direction, and you behold the bay with its islands and ships; and behind you are beautiful residences with lawns, gardens, blossoms and flowers. Superlatives are dangerous, but I say boldly, that I have never witnessed, in any part of the world, a more animated, a more various, and, I may add, a more splended and magnificent scene. It is only a few miles off, and very easily accessible; yet comparatively few of the people of this city have ever beheld it. We exhausted our stock of adjectives and interjections, in trying, vainly trying, to express our delight, and then began to think of—luncheon.

Fastening the boat, and disembarking, we walked along the shore, ocean-ward, and spied a little negro boy, perched upon one of the lower branches of a dead pine, looking so exactly like an ape, that, if ours were an ape-producing country, we should have announced him to be a member of that tribe, without a second thought. But no, he was human. With ready alacrity, he assisted in procuring supplies; and when we met him, an hour after, and asked him what he was going to do with the shilling with which we had rewarded his exertions, he replied, with an immense grin spread over his black visage, that "his mother had put it away on the top shelf, and that his sister was going to buy him a drum with it next Saturday."

Was he not human? The answer rebuked our conceit finely; for, as we stood over the little hut under the bank, in which the "top shelf" was, we had been moralizing about it, thinking whether or not existence, on *such* conditions, were desirable—whether the trees and cattle are not more worthy of nature than *such* people, etc. etc. They were foolish thoughts. The top shelf and the drum project showed us that they were so. There may be homely virtues in that homely home, better far and rarer than any we can boast. We asked the young gentleman what his father's business was; "he has no business," was the reply: "he works on the road and gets fish."

He said his sister went to school, and that he was going "bime by." We gave him a short lecture on the advantages of knowing how to read and write; then re-embarked.

On our return, we were lucky enough to have a fresh breeze directly astern; and the husband, who is a desperate Yankee, and up to every sort of contrivance, managed to rig the lady's shawl into a sail, and away we scudded up the bay, in luxurious ease. How we danced over the little billows! What perfect delight! Passing through Buttermilk Channel, we encountered some more "chops," and discovered that the shore of Governor's Island there is even more untidy, and less governmental in appearance, than the shore seen from the Battery. By five o'clock we were standing, once more, safe and sound, on the Whitehall pier; and the most delightful of excursions had become—historical. Let me strenuously advise the reader to give two-forty a rest, and to improve these shining hours of spring, by getting up a party for a "row down the bay."

HE OBJECTED TO A WIFE.

Uncle Eben Pike and his nephew, Timothy Belknap, were sitting one evening in the cosy library of the former, both of them apparently reading. Uncle Eben had lived just fifty years, and having past the best part of that time at sea, he had never done so ungenerous a deed as to take a wife, therefore the end of the first half century of his existence found him a hale, hearty, and jolly bachelor. Timothy Belknap was only twenty-three, remarkably good-looking, the son of uncle Ben's only sister, and, as his mother had been long dead, he was the only near relative the old man had; and, considering that the latter was immensely rich, the position was far from an unenviable one.

"Tim," said the old man, laying down his paper, and shoving his spectacles up over his brow, "I can't stand this any longer. You've got to give up. I'm going to set the example."

Tim laid down *his* paper, and gazed at his uncle inquisitively.

"What example?—going to bed?"

"To bed! No, you young fool."

"What is it then? What have I got to give up?"

"Your foolish idea about getting married."

"O, bah! Don't, if you love me, uncle, mention that subject again. I can't hear it."

"But you must hear it. You must get married. I'm not going to have my property dissipated away by a young bachelor spendthrift. Do you understand that?"

"Most certainly, for you know such a thing is not likely to occur. I am not dissipated."

"But you will be. Tim, you *must* get married. It'll make you happy."

"You were never married, Uncle Eben, and you are the happiest fellow alive."

"I was never married, because I have always been at sea."

"Well, I am going to Europe next summer, and so I'll wait till I return before I take a wife."

"No; you must get a wife and take her with you."

"What! take such load on my shoulders? Have a wife tugging at my heels all over Europe? Really, you must be joking."

"I am not joking, young jackanapes, but I mean just what I say. You have stood out long enough, and I wont bear it any longer. Now I'm going to set you the example, and you've got to follow it."

"You don't mean that *you* are going to get married?"

"I do."

"Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho—he-e-e-e! You, Uncle Eben, with your half-bald pate. Bless my soul, what an *inamorato* you would make!"

"You needn't laugh, Master Tim, for I tell you the truth. I am determined to get married."

Now although Uncle Eben was fond of his joke, yet he often spoke seriously, and however absurd his present avowal may have appeared, Timothy knew that he spoke the truth in right down sober earnestness.

"But tell me, uncle, have you fixed upon the happy female?"

"Of course I have."

"And proposed?"

"Yes—and been accepted. The affair is all arranged."

"And who is she?"

"You know her well—Augusta Maynard."

"Why, she is a young girl," uttered Timothy, seeming to have been surprised into a thought.

"So much the better," was Uncle Eben's answer, and it was accompanied by a chuckle of satisfaction. "I am going to be married in less than a month."

"Well, I wish you a deal of happiness, but I must say Augusta Maynard has a curious taste."

"Impudent! what do you mean? I am worth a dozen dapper jackanapes like you. She's got a good taste—full as good as the woman that takes you, at all events. But you can find a wife yet, and I want you to do it. You shan't have one cent to go to Europe with till you are married. That'll fix you, Master Tim."

This seemed to be a clinching argument, and as the old man delivered himself of it, he replaced his spectacles on his nose, and took up his paper again.

Timothy Belknap also took his paper, and behind its hiding surface

he plunged himself into a deep thought. Augusta Maynard had been his schoolmate and his playmate, and although he had never thought of such a thing as loving her, yet he now began to think how kind and good she was—how beautiful she was—how she laughed, and sang, and danced—and then he compared her nineteen years with his uncle's fifty. The thing seemed impossible, yet he knew that Uncle Eben never lied, and that what he once said, he would stick to.

"Pooh!" thought Tim to himself. "What do I care about it! Let him marry her." And having thus thought, he began to read.

On the afternoon of the next day Uncle Eben rigged himself up in his best, and went up the road towards the pretty cottage where lived Augusta Maynard. We cannot tell what peculiar crochet it was that got into Timothy Belknap's head, but sure it is that he watched his uncle as he left the house, and then crept along under cover of the trees till he saw him enter Augusta's cottage. Then he stood and looked at the door that had closed upon the old man, and as he turned away, he distinctly said, "*Pshaw!*"

A week passed away, and during that time Uncle Eben took Augusta out to ride four separate times. He was surely in love, and of that fact Tim was convinced; but then Tim didn't care—O, no.

"Tim," said the old man, on the evening of the day that he had carried Augusta to ride for the fourth time, "we shall have company to-morrow, my boy. Delightful company."

"Ah." That was all Tim said.

"Yes. Blow my old timbers, but Augusta is a splendid girl. *She's* coming, Tim, to stop a week. She's going to fix up her duds here—her duds to be married in, Tim."

"Yes—well," returned Tim.

"Glorious creature!" resumed Uncle Eben, and then he rubbed his hands in perfect glee. "Tell you what it is, Tim—you shall wait till after I am married, and then, when you see how happy I am, you'll take it easier, my boy."

"Thank you; much obliged." Then Tim pretended to read.

The next day Augusta Maynard did really come. She was a laughter-loving creature, with sparkling blue eyes, sunny ringlets, rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and the ruddy glow of health and goodness overspreading all. During the afternoon, she went with the old housekeeper all over the mansion; and in the evening, when the moon shone and the stars twinkled, she walked with Uncle Eben in the garden. Tim heard them laugh and talk, and he allowed himself to be curious enough to wonder what they were laughing and talking *about*.

When they returned to the house, Tim was invited to join them in the sitting room, but he felt like a fool all the time he sat there. Augusta never looked so pretty and so bewitching in his eyes before, nor did his uncle ever look so ugly. (Yet Eben Pike, Capt., was an uncommonly good-looking man.) Tim tried to converse, but half the words stuck in his throat, and the other half didn't mean anything; yet Augusta smiled at every thing he *did* say, and seemed not to notice what he did *not* say.

When Tim retired to his rest he lay for a full hour an

his *aunt* that was to be. At the end of the hour he said "*Pshaw!*" and then managed to fall into a dreamy, troubled sleep.

Things went on swimmingly. Uncle Eben was head-and-ears-over in love, and one day Tim caught him in the very act of kissing Augusta. This was too much for the young man's nerves. Those ruby lips seemed to him like thick hanging clusters of the most luscious grapes, from which dropped the very nectar of the gods: and to see Uncle Eben plucking them!

"Pshaw! what do I care?" muttered Tim, as he turned away. "And yet," he continued, as he stood alone upon the verandah, "if I *must* have a wife, I think *she*——O, poh!"

It was a most lovely evening. The moon was half way up to the zenith, as round as an apple; the stars were twinkling in saucy glee, and the gentle, balm-laden zephyr was as soft as the breath of a seraphim. Tim was walking in the garden. His hands were clutched nervously together, and various ejaculations fell from his lips, all to the effect that he had fully made up his mind to some desperate undertaking. Soon the sound of a melodious voice fell upon his ears, and he stopped. It was Augusta's voice, and she was alone in an arbor of honey-suckle and woodbine. Mr. Timothy Belknap seemed to waver for a moment, but for a moment only.

"I *will*—by the immortal piper, I will?" And thus ejaculating, he rushed recklessly towards the arbor, and in one moment more he had fallen upon his knees at the feet of Augusta.

"Mr. Belknap! Sir! What does this mean?" gasped the frightened fair one.

"Don't go away. Don't go," urged Timothy, in passionate accents.

"But what does this all mean? You frighten me, Mr. Belknap."

"Say not so, Augusta. O, say not that I frighten you. No, no—I love you—madly—to distraction, and I go not from hence till I know my fate. Angelic creature, do you not, can you not love me in return?"

"Rise, sir, rise. Don't remain there upon your knees. O, if your uncle should see you thus."

"My uncle! Mention him not. He would rob me of you—he would grasp from me the being whom I adore—he would pluck out the very apple of my eye—he would—"

At this point, Mr. Timothy seemed to feel uneasy in his kneeling position, and he arose and sat down by the side of Augusta, and managed to gain possession of one of her hands.

"Mr. Belknap, I do not comprehend you. Your uncle has not interfered with you. You never spoke to me of this before."

"Never *spoke*, Augusta; but ah! the lips can never tell the tale of such a love as mine. The heart—the *heart* holds it too sacred. But I must speak now. I cannot see you another's. Look at my uncle—he is old, too old to be your husband. I, *I* must make you happy. I have loved you long and truly, but I dared not tell my love till I found myself thus driven to it. Ah, your hand trembles—there is a tear in your eye—you *do* love me."

"Let me go, sir—let me go. It is wrong for us to be here—very wrong."

"No, no, I cannot release you till I know whether I am to be happy or miserable for life. Could you not love me?"

"Ah, Tim—Mr. Belknap, I mean (she trembling violently), I have made a solemn promise to your uncle of my hand."

"But such a promise is not binding, dearest Augusta. You did it under a mistake. You knew not then how madly I loved you. Queen of my soul—bright sunlight of my existence, recant the vow, and be mine."

"O! this is cruel! (sob, sob.) O! why had I not known of this before! (sob, sob, sob.) Let me go, Timothy."

"Never! never! Those deep sobs—that heaving bosom—this trembling hand, tell me that I am beloved. I am, I know I am. We will not be miserable."

"Ah! 'tis too late now."

"It is not. With such love as *ours* it is never too late."

"But I am to be married to-morrow night."

"Then you shall marry me."

"Timothy!"

"I mean it dearest. You shall be mine. I will get a license to-morrow. We will take a coach and leave town. We will be married. We will be happy. Dispel not the heavenly vision, dearest. O, you must be mine—you must, or I shall surely die with a broken heart!"

Gradually had Augusta's head been inclining towards Timothy, and now it fairly rested upon his bosom.

"O, Timothy," she murmured, in broken accents, "it would be wrong thus to deceive your kind uncle. He has been very good to me, and when he offered me a home beneath his roof, I freely accepted it; but I will own—"

"What, dearest?"

"That—that—I thought I should be near to—to—you."

"Divine creature! you *shall* be near me—*ever* near me."

Tim clapsed the fair girl to his bosom as he said this, and whispered into her ear his whole available vocabulary of love. He entreated, he implored, he prayed, he promised, and he swore; and she—wicked girl—listened to him!

They remained there in that arbor for half an hour, and when they came forth they were actually smiling with joy and hope! Now to have seen them there, who would have dreamed of the wicked, deceitful plot they had arranged!

The next day all was life and animation in the mansion. Uncle Eben was literally dancing about with joy, the servants were hurrying to and fro, the cooks were bustling about in their white aprons and paper caps, and the kitchen was streaming with the grateful odours of every thing that the culinary art could produce. Market men were coming and going, messengers were sent hither and thither, and even the very atmospheric seemed fragrant with the preparatory hubbub of coming events.

"Don't you envy me, Tim?" asked Uncle Eben, as they met on the verandah.

"You do really seem to be making yourself happy," returned the dutiful nephew.

"Happy! I never was so happy in my life. Ah, my boy, you don't know what it is to be on the eve of matrimony."

"I don't wish to know more than I know at present."

"And what do you know at present?"

"What I can judge from the effects it produces on you," returned Tim, slightly turning away his head to hide the feeling that he knew must be showing itself upon his face.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Uncle Eben, at the same time slapping Tim on the shoulder. "You've got a wise criterion in me. You'll turn over a new leaf in your mind when you see me cosily snuggled down with my wife."

"Very likely, uncle."

Tim did feel a little regret in view of what his good uncle was doomed to suffer by way of disappointment, and after the old man had turned away he commented upon the subject with himself:

"How the old fellow will rave when he finds I've stolen his bride! But he has literally forced me to it. He swore that I should marry, and now I'll take him at his word. He should not have brought Augusta here. It's astonishing that I never before discovered how I loved the sweet creature. Egad, I don't know as I should have found it out now if I hadn't seen the old man taking her for himself. But I do love her, and she loves me. Suppose she *had* sacrificed herself, without ever discovering that I returned her silent love! 'Twould have been horrible—she'd have been miserable; but now I shall make her happy. Who can blame me?"

Thus reasoned Timothy, but still he could not make it appear exactly right. Uncle Eben had been kind to him, and now he was going to repay him in base treachery; but love outruled the qualms of conscience, and Timothy felt strong in his determination.

The evening came, and as the twilight began to deepen into night, Augusta Maynard glided from her chamber. She knew that the minister had arrived, and that all were looking for a wedding to come off in the old mansion, but she hesitated not. She trembled as she heard the voice of Uncle Eben, but drawing her mantle more closely about her, she glided out upon the verandah and down into the garden. Stealthily she crept along the gravelled walk, passed thoough the wicket at the foot of the enclosure, crossed over the road at a point where a thick clump of willows shaded and concealed the view of the highway, and here she found a carriage in waiting. Timothy caught her in his arms and helped her into the vehicle, and then seating himself by her side, he seized the reins and then drove furiously off.

"I fear we are doing very wrong," murmured Augusta.

"Not at all. But we are going to be happy," returned Timothy.

"But I fear your love will cool."

"Never, dearest."

"You will think I am fickle, thus to leave your uncle and elope with you."

"Never, Augusta. You loved me when you did not love him. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Timothy."

"And you will ever love me?"

"Ever."

"And I will be ever a kind and loving husband."

Augusta seemed much excited, for she trembled, and moved nervously in her seat. In one hour they had ridden nearly ten miles, and that distance brought them to the house of the clergyman they sought. The reeking horse was secured to a stone post by the gate, and then Timothy conducted Augusta into the dwelling; but he had the mortification of finding that the clergyman was not at home.

"He'll be at home in a few moments, sir," said the woman who had come to the door.

"Then we must wait," said Tim, turning to his runaway companion.

"I'm afraid to."

"Will you show us to a private room, ma'am?" asked Tim.

"Certainly, sir. He'll be at home before long."

Our anxious couple were conducted to the "private room," which proved to be the front parlour, and here they sat themselves down to await the coming of the man who was to make them "one." Fifteen minutes glided away like so many hours, but no minister came. Tim tried to talk, but both he and Augusta were too nervous. The former began to pace the room, while the latter pecked off the corners of the leaves of a religious magazine that she had taken from the table. Ten minutes more were dragged off by the minute hand of the clock, and said ten minutes seemed to have reached into the next half year.

"Will he *ever* come?" uttered Tim.

"Hark! Yes. There is the sound of his waggon wheels," exclaimed Augusta, seeming to be relieved of an immense weight.

And so it proved, for ere long a waggon drove up into the yard, and shortly afterwards the minister himself entered the parlor.

"Thought you were never coming," said Tim, after the civilities of the evening had been passed.

"Better late than never, young man."

"Perhaps so. But now I wish you would marry us as soon as possible."

"Ah, yes—certainly," returned the clergyman, with a merry twinkling eye. "Got your license?"

"Yes." And Timothy produced the document.

"All right," said the minister. "Now you will please join hands, and you shall be married as soon as you can wish."

Tim stood by the side of Augusta, and took her right hand.

"You, Timothy Belknap, promise to take the woman whom you hold by the hand to be your lawful and wedded wife, and that you will love, cherish, and protect her through weal and through woe, so long as you both shall live."

"I do," responded Tim.

The minister then put the same formal question to Augusta, to which she readily responded, though in a fluttering tone.

"There," continued the minister, "in view of your mutual pledges, I hereby pronounce you Mr. and Mrs. Belknap, *husband and wife*—married according to the laws of the State!"

At that very instant there came a merry peal of laughter from the next

room, and on looking up Tim noticed what he had not noticed before —that there was a twinkling eye peeping through a crack where the door was ajar. He was then thunder-struck. He felt the hand of Augusta trembling violently in his own, and he gazed into her face, expecting to find her blanched with terror. But she didn't look anything like it. The minx was actually shaking with laughter!

Tim had no chance to speak, for before he could collect his senses the door was thrown wide open, and his eyes were greeted with a full front view of Uncle Eben Pike, and the widowed mother of Augusta!

"Ha, ha, ha—ho, ho—he, he—ha-a-a-a!" roared Uncle Eben, as he held his shaking sides.

"Why, Tim—ha, ha, ha—what *have*—he, he, he—you been doing?"

Tim looked at his young wife.

"Forgive me, dear *husband*," she murmured, laying her hand upon his shoulder with a most affectionate look. "You asked me to do it, you know."

"Of course he'll forgive you," said Uncle Eben. Tim was bewildered.

"Didn't you tell me that *you* had solemnly promised your hand to my uncle?"

"Yes, dear Timothy, but it was for *you* that he wanted it. He was courting me for his nephew."

"Come, come," said Uncle Eben, taking his nephew by the hand, "you are securely noosed, and you must own that you did it yourself."

"But with a little of your help, uncle," returned Tim, with a smile.

"Yes, I own that I helped you to a wife. You are like a great many people I have seen before—they can never be persuaded to push themselves ahead in the world except through envy. They always want what they see others are likely to enjoy; but unlike them in one respect, I know that you have gained a treasure that cannot fail of being to you a source of lasting benefit."

"Uncle Eben, I believe you," cried Tim; and he proved his assertion by clasping his wife in his arms and kissing her.

"Now," said the old man, "you'll have a companion to go to Europe with you. I knew that Augusta loved you, and I knew, too, that you loved her, only your foolish whim wouldn't let you discover it. I came here with our good minister, to see you undergo the operation, and I must say, Tim, that you stood it nobly. But come, the marriage feast is waiting at the mansion, and we'll go and discuss it."

The party left the minister's house and turned back towards Uncle Eben's mansion, where they made night echo and bound again with their merriment. Uncle Eben was half crazy with joy, but he was no more happy than was Timothy Belknap, for the latter had had all the romance and excitement of an elopement without any of its disagreeable consequences; and, moreover, he found himself in the undisputed possession of one of the handsomest and best wives in the world.

SARATOGA WHIMSIES.

"I declare the effrontery of some people is unbearable," said Mrs. Major Jones, as she fanned herself violently at Saratoga, one day during the height of the season. "*Who* is this young man that makes himself so conspicuous? Captain Carden he calls himself. The captain of some canal boat or river sloop, and nothing more, I'll engage."

"Yes, ma'am," said the other old lady whom she addressed; "no doubt you are perfectly correct. He looks vulgar in spite of all his airs."

"I vow," replied Mrs. Major Jones, "Saratoga is becoming entirely too common. In the old times, when you and I were young, Mrs. Brown, and when nobody could come here except they were wealthy, Saratoga was properly select and exclusive; but now it is positively vulgar."

"Ah! dear me!" said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh, "I remember when folks came here with their coaches-and-four, and half-a-dozen servants. But now-a-days, since railroads have come in, butchers and bakers, and all sorts of low folks can get here as well as their betters; and the consequence is that young ladies of birth and breeding often find themselves dancing with tailor's apprentices. The Lord knows what we are coming to!" And Mrs. Brown, in imitation of her grand friend, Mrs. Major Jones, fanned her fat person violently also.

For Mrs. Major Jones was, *par excellence*, the great lady of the house. Her husband held a commission in the army, and had rendered himself conspicuous in the Mexican war; and on the basis of these two things the wife placed her claims of exclusive gentility. She was lean, shrivelled, and ill-dressed; yet nevertheless she set the fashions to a crowd of foolish imitators. She continually talked of the effrontery of the vulgar, yet displayed her own by monopolizing at table the choicest fruits and the dessert. In the public rooms she turned her back on the merchants, tradesmen, and mechanics, who, with their families, were visiting at the hotel, declaring that, for her part, she considered that such sorts of people had no business to thrust themselves into the society of the higher classes; yet, in early life, Mrs. Major Jones had been a washer-woman, and had been married almost literally from the tub, by her husband, then a private. Uneducated and common-place, she was just the person to have her head turned by prosperity, and hence her airs.

But there was another reason for the dislike which Mrs. Major Jones entertained toward Captain Carden. From the very day of his appearance at the Springs he had attracted the notice and almost monopolized the time of the lovely and accomplished Miss Fitzarnold, the heiress of the season. Now Mrs. Major Jones had a gawky, sandy-haired nephew, who, in virtue of holding a lieutenant's commission, and being entitled to wear a uniform (a right which he exercised on every possible occasion), thought himself possessed of the exclusive claim to Miss Fitz-

arnold. When we have said that the young man was as ill-bred as his aunt, and scarcely less ignorant, it will be readily understood that with a woman of sense and merit (which the heiress was) he would have had no chance, even if all rivalry had been absent. But both he and his aunt chose to attribute the coldness and ill-concealed contempt with which Miss Fitzarnold treated him, to the arts of Captain Carden; and Mrs. Major Jones accordingly only waited for her revenge.

An opportunity came sooner than she had expected. While she was conversing with Mrs. Brown, the heiress came in; and, sitting down at a centre-table, took up a book and began to read. Miss Fitzarnold was attired in a riding-dress, and was apparently waiting for some one. Jealousy whispered to the aunt that the intended cavalier was Captain Carden, and she determined immediately to fix a barb in the heart of the young girl.

"Ah! good morning, Miss Fitzarnold," she cried, raising her voice. "How d'ye do? I am glad, my dear, to find you so charming. I did not notice you at first, or I would have spoken sooner; but the fact was, my child, that we were just talking of a certain personage, and I was hinting his sad story to my dear friend, Mrs. Brown."

What made Miss Fitzarnold colour so guiltily? How did she know to whom the speaker alluded? But, after a moment's embarrassment, she replied to the salutation of Mrs. Major Jones; and, assuming an air of innocence, inquired whom the speaker meant.

"I mean Captain Carden, my dear," replied the old intriguer, fixing her keen grey eyes on the young girl, "of whom nobody knows anything, and about whom everybody is talking. I was just saying," she continued, giving a meaning look at Mrs. Brown, "that there was a Carden, a private in the regiment, when my husband was at Monterey last summer, who would have been shot for cowardice and desertion if General Taylor had not said that the fellow was too worthless to have good lead wasted upon him; and who, in consequence, was well whipped and then drummed out of camp. Do you know the first name of this young man?"

Her hearer turned red and pale by turns, and this though striving to appear unconcerned. Not unaware of the speaker's habit of abusing everybody, Miss Fitzarnold still felt that there might be truth in this story. Her lover had come to Saratoga entirely unknown to her, and begun an acquaintance, through the facility of introduction common to watering-places. This acquaintance had rapidly ripened into an intimacy, how rapidly the poor girl now shuddered to reflect! Usually guarded in her relations with the other sex, the heiress for once had allowed herself to be remiss. The truth was that the handsome person, fascinating manners, intelligent conversation, and exhaustless fund of anecdote picked up in his voyages over the world, had made an impression as sudden as it was profound on the hitherto untouched heart of the young girl. She had yielded herself to the delicious happiness of this stranger's society, without stopping to think. But now, at these words of Mrs. Major Jones, she awoke from her delusion. What did she know of her lover? Even if the person alluded to by the speaker was not Captain Carden, and of this she felt certain, for surely one

seemingly so brave could never have been a coward, still her lover might be an impostor. She had been taught suspicion, as all heiresses are, and she trembled to think what a gulf she was escaping. These reflections passed rapidly through her mind while Mrs. Major Jones continued speaking.

"Perhaps you don't know his first name?" said Mrs. Major Jones, maliciously enjoying the distress of her hearer.

"Oh! yes, ma'am," answered Miss Fitzarnold, rousing herself; "yes, I believe—I think I have heard—in short, ma'am, I remember," she said, assuming all the distance she was capable of, "that it is Henry."

"Henry!" almost shrieked Mrs. Major Jones, lifting up her hands in well-affected surprise, "the very name. And now I think of it, the culprit was, according to my husband, a tall and rather good-looking young man, with dark eyes and hair, and had been a barber's apprentice, who had robbed his master's till and then enlisted. I have no doubt it is the very man. To think, my dear Miss Fitzarnold—to think, my good Mrs. Brown, what an impostor we have been harbouring in our midst! Positively my nephew should horsewhip him out of the town, if the dear lad would not demean himself too much by doing it. But what is the matter, Miss Fitzarnold—are you ill?"

"No, I thank you," replied the heiress, feebly, rising, and trying to smile. "It is only a rush of blood to the head, to which I am subject, and which makes me dizzy for a moment when it comes. I will give up my ride, and go and lie down. By dinner I shall be perfectly well."

The door had scarcely closed on her retreating form, when Captain Carden looked into the room. Not seeing Miss Fitzarnold, he ventured to ask if she had been there; on which Mrs. Major Jones answered that she had, but subsequently had gone to her chamber, intending to remain until dinner.

"And did she leave no message?" the Captain asked.

"None," was the reply.

The young officer looked momentarily angry, then darted a keen glance at the speaker, and finally turned carelessly from the apartment, and was heard on the piazza humming the popular air of "Old Uncle Ned." Some lovers have a habit of humming comic tunes when they are puzzled or mortified; and Carden was one of these.

"And was this young man really drummed out of camp?" whispered Mrs. Brown, when he had departed.

"There was a Carden, or Marsden, or Arden, or some such name," replied her companion, "and it's just as likely to be this fellow as not. I dare say it is. Wasn't Miss Fitzarnold cut? To think of her having had a barber's apprentice for a beau!" And the malicious old creature laughed sardonically.

Meantime the victim of this base slander had fled to her room; where, casting herself on her bed, with her riding-habit still on, she burst into a passion of tears. "Oh!" she said, at last, between deep sobs, "that I should have been so foolish. Poverty I should not mind, for I have wealth for both. Nor do I care for what they call high birth, for nobility of mind is the true aristocracy of a republic. But a coward—

one who has been whipped! Yet it cannot be. He is all that is pure and high-souled. There must be some terrible mistake. And yet she was positive. But no, it is not the same person; it cannot, cannot be."

She was not, however, happy, in spite of her disbelief; for the question would continually rise to her mind, "*Who* is he?" Oh! how bitterly she repented having allowed her feelings to carry away her judgment! How she accused herself for having loved so quickly, and, as she feared, so foolishly. "But I will retrace my steps—I will see him no more," she said. "I will not even send an excuse for not fulfilling my engagement, lest it should lead to a renewal of the acquaintance. He will take offence at my rudeness, and that will end it. And, to make sure, I will keep my room all day."

The lover fully expected a message from Miss Fitzarnold, explaining her conduct; and when the morning passed without his receiving any, he became incensed. Accordingly, at dinner, though he took his usual seat next to her chair, he resolved to be cold and reserved. But when the meal passed, and yet she did not make her appearance, he became seriously alarmed. When the dessert was over, and all hope of her coming had vanished, he rose from the table, and, seeking her maid, asked if Miss Fitzarnold was ill. "She was," the servant replied.

"Would she be down in the evening?"

"No, she was too sick; she might not be down for a week."

There was something in the girl's manner that piqued Carden, and he turned away resolved to inquire no more. "It is a woman's whim—a piece of coquetry, perhaps—and yet I began to hope she returned my love—fool that I am," he said bitterly; and with this exclamation, vowed to think of her no more.

But the next morning, at breakfast, he looked for her as anxiously as ever. She did not make her appearance, however. About noon, half crazed with jealousy, despair, and uncertainty, Carden resolved to overlook everything, and make new overtures to her. He accordingly wrote on the back of a card a pressing request to see her, if only for five minutes, unless she was really too ill to sit up, or to leave her room. In a few minutes a reply came that Miss Fitzarnold could not grant the interview, though without a syllable in explanation.

In fact she was persisting heroically in her resolution, though with many a heart-ache and many a tear. If she could have asked her lover frankly to tell his history, she would have done it; but her modesty shrank from such a proceeding with a man who had not offered himself. She almost wished he would ask for an interview, in hopes he would propose; but when he solicited one, she shrank, with a woman's true instinct, from the crisis. Five minutes after, she repented of her decision, and resolved to go down to dinner, and thus afford a chance to explain.

But at dinner Carden sat in a new seat, sullen and reserved, nor did he once look at her. It was so, in the evening also, in the public drawing-room. He never came near her, and allowed his eyes to meet hers but once, and then he bowed distantly and coldly. Mrs. Major Jones saw the mutual conduct of the pair, and congratulated herself that she

had separated them for ever. In the course of the evening she heard Captain Carden tell a friend that he was going to leave the next day; and now she saw, as she thought, the coast clear for her nephew.

The awkward yet conceited youth was sitting by Miss Fitzarnold, endeavouring to render himself agreeable to her, but only disgusting her, when the celebrated Commodore C—— came walking up the apartment. Mrs. Brown was on a sofa not far from the heiress, and the veteran, wishing to rest awhile, took a seat beside her before he noticed who this neighbour was.

"Ah! Commodore, how do you do?" said the gossip. "Have you heard the news? Shocking, is it not? To think that such ruffians should get the *entrée* here with people of consideration."

The Commodore looked at her for an explanation.

"I see you are astonished to hear me use such strong language," she said. "But you will be more so when you are informed of all. You see that tall, Bowery-looking sort of a dandy yonder, don't you, leaning against the door, and trying to look like a Corsair."

"You mean Carden. He *does* look out of humour."

"Oh! you know his name. Well, we've found him out. Who do you think he is?"

"Who?" said the veteran, with his peculiar smile.

Every word of this conversation was audible to Miss Fitzarnold, who sat in torture while it went on, colouring and trembling.

"You may well ask who. Well, he is a barber's runaway apprentice, who was whipped at Monterey for cowardice, and afterward drummed out of camp."

The Commodore laughed outright; but, after a moment, said bluntly—

"Somebody has been hoaxing you, I fear, Mrs. Brown."

"No, indeed," she cried eagerly, interrupting him.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"I have it from Mrs. Major Jones, who ought to know, because her husband saw him whipped; and besides everybody to-day says it is true. Ah! here is Lieutenant Jones," she cried, turning to where he sat at Miss Fitzarnold's side; "he will tell you that this Captain Carden is an impostor, and all about it."

"Ah! yes," drawled the youth, thus addressed, and lifting his eyeglass he stared at Captain Carden. "My aunt knows all about it; he is a runaway barber's boy, and any one can see impostor written legibly in his face."

The Commodore rose to his feet at these words. "Young man," he said sternly, "I should do right to confront you with Captain Carden, and repeat your words; and but for the presence of these ladies I would do it. I know all about Carden. He is the only son of an honoured and wealthy Carolina family, a master-commandant in the United States navy, and a captain by courtesy. A braver, nobler, more gentlemanly man does not live. A few years ago he won his present high rank, for it is high for one so young, by capturing a notorious pirate in the West Indies, and that too with the odds in men against him. I can pardon Mrs. Brown for her mistake; but that you, who pretend to be a gentleman, should without inquiry slander a fellow officer, is not to be for-

given. Allow me to say, if you go on as you have begun, you will be no honour to the service."

The old veteran spoke indignantly, for he was a plain, blunt man, and thoroughly despised the would-be coxcomb he addressed. His hearer, obtuse as he was, shrank before the withering reproof. He stammered, hesitated, looked in every direction except at the Commodore, and finally, suppressing an oath, rose and hastily left the room.

The heiress rose too. She was impulsive in all noble deeds, and the moment she heard how she had wronged Carden, she forgot everything except that, in justice to him, she ought to apologise for her late rudeness. She accordingly crossed the room rapidly, and laid her hand on Carden's arm. He had not observed her, and started in surprise. She did not give herself time to think, but said hastily—

"I have been unjust to you. I heard reports to your disadvantage, and—and almost," she smiled winningly, "believed them, I fear. You will forgive me, won't you?"

Captain Carden had almost snatched that fair hand to his lips, before all the room; but recollecting himself, he contented himself with drawing it within his own, and passing out into the piazza. There, after a moment's pause, the pair wandered off in the moonlight.

What passed in the very long walk they took together, never was repeated by either; but when they returned to the hotel they were betrothed for life.

Carden, though aware of the reports to his disadvantage, could not learn from his mistress who originated them. He obtained this information, however, from the Commodore, and, glad to find that there was a man to father the slanders of Mrs. Major Jones, took the promising nephew by the collar in the presence of the gentlemen, after all the ladies had retired, and ejected him from the hotel.

The lieutenant, fearing a horsewhip if he returned, for Carden had intimated that such a punishment would await him, did not come back, and the next morning decamped entirely from Saratoga. He was followed immediately by his aunt, whose star too had set.

Carden and his lovely bride were married the ensuing winter, and spent the first summer of their wedded life at Saratoga; but that place, we are compelled to record, has never since been honoured by the presence of MRS. MAJOR JONES.

TAKING THINGS EASY.

Raymond Warren was a "nice" man—"everybody's clever fellow," as I heard a public man once remark—"a very extensive office," with numerous duties, never discharged. Raymond used to sit in the chimney-corner late, very late, on a winter's night, because he was too shiftless to get ready for bed. But after a while the fire burned low, the glow on the embers faded, and it grew cold in the chimney-corner; then Raymond became chilly, and he would poke off to rest, where his

wife perhaps had been for several hours, endeavouring to recover from the severe fatigue of a day's work, into which had been crowded the greater portion of her husband's legitimate duties. Raymond owned a large farm, left him by his father. It was good land, but the fences were not in repair, and everybody's cattle roamed through the fields; and Raymond's crops were not sufficient to yield the family a decent support. The farm had once been well stocked; but, for want of proper attention, the cattle became poor: the sheep were never folded, even in the most rigorous weather; and many of them died. The wool was never properly sheared and washed; and, when taken to market, it would not bring the market-price. Had it not been for Raymond's wife, who was a business-woman, the family must often have suffered for the common necessaries of life.

Raymond's chores were rarely attended to by himself; but, was a neighbour sick, no man was more willing to work in his place. He was relied upon as the man who would always neglect his own interests, to look after those of somebody else. He could never set himself at his own farm-work; but he was considered an excellent hand when, to oblige a neighbour, he took a job in his field.

It was a bleak morning in mid-winter. Raymond Warren's wife was in the barn-yard, foddering the cattle; Raymond was in bed. The light of a brisk fire which his wife had built shone directly in his face. It awakened him; the room was warm; and Raymond was persuaded by its inviting appearance to arise. He sat down by the fire-place in his shirt-sleeves, and waited for his wife to come and get him some breakfast. As he warmed his feet, he felt that he had reason to congratulate himself on his happy situation; and he said to himself,

"'Taint every man's got such a wife as I have. Here, she's made a good fire; and I'll bet the chores are all done."

The chores were done; and Raymond had scarcely finished his soliloquy, when the useful wife hastened to the fire-place to warm her hands, which had become thoroughly chilled by the cold handle of the pitchfork with which she had been throwing hay and straw to the cattle.

It might be supposed that these occurrences took place early in the morning. Not so. It was ten o'clock when Raymond Warren left his bed. His wife had been sewing for two hours, before she prepared her breakfast; then she urged Raymond, for an hour longer, to get up. He made fair promises, but left them all unfulfilled. She waited until it was nine o'clock, and then, knowing her husband's easy habits, and ashamed to have the cattle unfed at that hour of the day, she determined to attend to their wants herself.

Raymond's first salutation to her, as she stood by the fire, was—

"I wish I had some tea, Sally; but never mind, you've put the things away. A little warm water, with a little milk and sugar in it, will do just as well; and while you're about it, you may get me a little piece of bread. But just as you choose; no matter about it, anyhow. 'Taint every man's got such a woman for a wife."

She might have answered—

"It is not every woman that has such a husband."

But she knew such remarks would only make bitter feelings; and, though fatigued with the violent exercise she had taken, she went cheerfully and prepared her easy, good natured husband a cup of tea and a slice of toast, and then asked him if he would not cut some wood.

"To be sure I will," was his response.

His breakfast over, he took up his axe, mounted the wood-pile, and cut half-a-dozen sticks; when along came a neighbour, who wanted Raymond to accompany him to a saw-mill, about two miles distant, and assist in loading upon a sled some boards which had been sawed for him. Of course Raymond went, and his wife was compelled to cut wood enough to keep the house warm until the following day.

Mrs. Warren was in appearance a feeble woman, but she had endured hardship which would have destroyed the constitution of one much more robust. Day after day her strength failed her, yet she made no complaint. Raymond saw that she grew pale, and was often disturbed with fears in regard to her, but he was too easy to mention the subject, and the useful wife became more and more feeble, until she was seized with a violent cough. Raymond was one day thoughtful enough to speak to the village doctor as he passed their house with his ponderous medicine portmanteau on his arm, and the benevolent gentleman, who had some knowledge of Raymond's peculiar failings, left the woman an innocent tincture, and forbade exposure to the cold atmosphere under any circumstances, and also declared that her complaint was of a character very much aggravated by severe exercise.

For a few days Raymond remembered the doctor's counsel, and as he had respect for the physician, he obeyed him as nearly as his constitutional failings permitted; but soon the wife was again obliged to chop wood and feed cattle, and, taking a severe cold, she faded as would fade the summer rose in a frigid climate.

When Raymond Warren's house was desolate, and his fireside cheerless, he saw what had been his great error during the two years of his married life, and he mourned his wife deeply, it must be said in his favour, both as a helpmate and a companion. He rented his farm, and managed to exist "easily" for one year; but he was a domestic man—he was not satisfied with a childless widower's solitary lot, and he began to look about him for a second helpmate and companion. In a few months he took to his home a woman, who he confidently felt would fill the place left vacant by his first wife. Sadly was Raymond disappointed. A few weeks elapsed and he fell into his old habits with complete abandon. Leaving his own work in a neglected state, he worked diligently one day to assist a neighbour in getting wood to his house, and he returned to his home, late at night, hungry and fatigued, expecting that his wife would have ready for his refreshment an inviting supper. In this hope, he had refused to take supper with the neighbour whom he had assisted. Poor fellow! the kitchen, where was to have been his excellent supper, attended by a smiling wife, was cold and unoccupied. No frugal board was there, and Mrs. Warren was in bed. Raymond was much astonished, but was too good-natured to complain, and silently ventured to explore the cupboard for a crust on which to

satisfy the gnawings of his appetite. Not a crumb was there. It was evident his wife had designed that he should go to bed supperless; and supperless to bed he did go, grieving seriously over his hard lot. He had never before been so badly treated, and he thought it indeed distressing; but yet his disappointment was not sad enough to revolutionize his constitutional good nature, and without a mutter he fell sound asleep.

Raymond Warren did not hear chanticleer salute the morning as it dawned after the night of his grievous disappointment. It was spring-time, and the birds sang under his window, but he heard them not; yet he heard his wife, who had risen before the sun, call him:

"Mr. Warren, here I've been for an hour in the cold. The wood's all burned. It's time I had some cut. If you want any breakfast, you had better get up."

Was Raymond dreaming? Was this a voice of reproach that came to him in his sleep, with recollections of the wife that had gone before him to the spirit land? Not so; it was a voice from the wife that dwelt with him in this sphere of existence, that came to remind him of duties not discharged, upon the performance of which depended the satisfaction of those desires which had intruded visions of feasts upon his hours of rest. All this he felt; still he did not offer to leave his couch.

"Raymond Warren," again said the voice, "you left me yesterday without wood to help a neighbour get wood for his wife; and you went to bed last night without your supper. You'll not get a bite to eat in this house till you bring me wood to cook it with."

"There's plenty of chips," said Raymond in palliation, rising on his elbow as he spoke.

"Get up, then, and bring them into the house," said the resolute wife. "I didn't know you when we were married, but I know you now. I know what killed your first wife. You want to make a slave of me. I'll attend to my duties; but if you don't do your chores, the cattle may starve, and you'll never get a bite to eat in this house, unless you take it uncooked, if you don't cut wood yourself or get somebody to do it for you."

Raymond started bolt upright, and it was not many minutes before he was at the wood-pile. Diligently did he work until he had cut an armful, which, like a dutiful husband, for the first time in his life, he carried into the kitchen.

His wife made no allusion to what had passed between them; and Raymond, although burning with curiosity to know where she had learned what she had revealed to him, dared not commence conversation in relation to it. The train of ills it might revive was fearful to the easy man's mind. His breakfast over, forgetful of its lesson, careless Raymond wandered away from home, his necessary morning labours in his farm-yard unattended to, and his wood-pile unvisited. He returned home at noon, strong in the faith that he should sit down to a good dinner, because he was one of those men who think that a wife should always give her husband a good dinner, whether she have anything to cook or not. Mrs. Warren had enough [illegible] but no-

thing to cook with. However, much to Raymond's satisfaction, when he entered his home, he found the table spread; and he knew he should soon be invited to take a seat near it.

When the invitation came, he hastened to his accustomed seat, lifted the cover from a dish that he supposed contained meat; and, truly, there was meat, but just as it came from the butcher's. Raymond was not a cannibal; he looked at his wife inquiringly; she appeared to be waiting patiently to be served. He lifted the cover of another dish: there were potatoes just as they had been dug from the earth. All the dishes that usually contained victuals were covered. Raymond grew suspicious, and he lifted the covers hastily. There was bread as it had come from the tray; there were turnips that had never been under the influence of fire; there were apples handsomely sliced for sauce; and there were numerous other edibles; but none of them could Raymond eat. He turned for consolation to a cup of tea his wife had deposited near his plate. There were tea-leaves floating in the cup, but the tea looked remarkably pale; nevertheless, Raymond, by force of habit, blew it vigorously to prepare it for his palate. But when he put it to his lips, he found that he had wasted his breath; for the *water* was as cold as when it came from the spring.

Raymond was not a hasty man. He pushed back his chair deliberately, and thought aloud:

"In the name of heaven, what does this mean?"

Mrs. Warren, whose countenance during this scene had worn a sober aspect, now smiled pleasantly, and answered:

"The victuals were all on the stove the usual time."

"It's strange they were not cooked," said Raymond.

"Not at all," replied Mrs. Warren; "there was no wood to cook them with."

In an instant Easy Warren then saw what a "moral" there was in his novel dinner; and, with a keen appetite, he went to work on the wood-pile. He took his dinner and supper together that day, and he remembered that Mrs. Warren said:

"Now, Raymond, whenever you leave me without wood, you must eat victuals that have been cooked on a cold stove."

Many women would have stormed and scolded, but Mrs. Warren knew there was a better way to correct her easy husband's carelessness, or shiftlessness—as the reader pleases.

One day there was no flour in the house, and Raymond was about to go with some neighbours to a town-meeting, when his wife hid his best coat, and reminded him of the empty flour-barrel. Another day, his corn was to be gathered, when a neighbour desired him to assist him with his horses and waggon. It was a neighbour who often received favours, but seldom rendered them; yet Easy Warren could not refuse him. But when he went to hitch his horses before his waggon, he found that one of the wheels was missing. Of course, the neighbour was disappointed. In the afternoon, when Raymond expressed a wish to draw his corn, his wife told him where he could find the lost waggon-wheel.

Thus was Easy Warren's household managed, until he began to

realize practically what the error of his life had been. People said:—"Warren's farm looks much better than it did some years ago." Mrs. Warren never interfered with Raymond's business except when he neglected it, and then she never found fault or scolded, but took occasion to show his neglect to him in a manner which impressed him with his injustice to his own interests.

Raymond's cattle were well cared for, and were in good order. When his fences were down, if he did not replace them, his wife employed a neighbour to make the necessary repairs. His wife took the papers, and read. She knew the state of the market; and, to oblige her, Raymond had his grain in market when the price was highest. Some people said:—

"Easy Warren is a hen-pecked husband."

But he knew better; and he often boasted that his wife was more of a "business man" than he was.

They had lived together peaceably some years, when one day Raymond was in a good humour, thinking over his prosperous condition, and he told his wife: "I'm a woman's-rights man of the true grit. They may say you wear the breeches, if they please: I'm satisfied to have you do the thinking for our firm; and, now I see what a fool I have been, I must make up for my early shiftlessness."

He did make up for his early shiftlessness; and under his judicious wife's training, he became Industrious, instead of Easy, Warren.

Mrs. Warren had the correct idea of woman's rights and woman's wrongs. We commend her management to those who have "easy husbands." Especially do we commend it to those unfortunate women who have earned for themselves the opprobrious title of "SCOLDS."

THAT MYSTERIOUS BAND-BOX.

On the goodly ship Mayflower—not the original craft so unseveringly held by the anchor of events with recollections of the Pilgrims and Plymouth Rocks by any kind of means we would have the reader understand, as we are as far from a Methusalah, we are glad to say—bound for the port of Liverpool, several years since, we found ourselves a passenger in company with a dozen other people of various ages and capacities in life. Among those in the cabin was a fine old lady by the name of Mrs. Jewell, who had inherited some property from a relative in the west; and being the last branch of the family tree left in America, had determined upon visiting England for the purpose of discovering, if possible, an only brother, whom she supposed to be living somewhere in Lancashire, but from whom she had not heard for twenty-seven years, and then only in an epistle of four lines—which letter, by the way, with a sister's fondness she had still preserved and treasured in its gradual obliteration. It was torn, and patched, and pasted, and just hung together; yet there it was, enfolded in her bosom, sacred in its tatters—every word graven on her heart.

She was an odd old lady was Mrs. Jewell, round, rosy, and unsophis-

ticated: full of cranks and whimsies; as humorously eccentric and as purely benevolent as it was possible to be. She dressed in a faded peach-tinted gown, and her hair, which was rapidly silvering, was arranged in a manner entirely *her own*—both hair and manner, for the matter of that, for she had no occasion for a wig; and if ever there existed an old lady who seemed perfectly at peace with all human kind, Mrs. Jewell certainly seemed that very person. Her only attendant was a fat, drowsy maid, who walked about the deck with her eyes half closed, and who was just as happy as her mistress, provided she had nothing to do. Exertion seemed to disagree with her, and indolence and she were on the best possible terms—in fact, we may say, in joint partnership. An effort cost her a pang, while slumber had only to tap at her eyelids to be joyfully admitted. A sad lazybones was Maria Mables.

The only care that Mrs. Jewell seemed to have was that her poor Maria would get sick and be "carried off" by some fever or the other, though she had no seeming reason on earth to harbour the feeling, for the lazy maid was bursting with good health, and her ruddy cheek shone like a great round red apple. But Mrs. Jewell must have a doubt perpetually in her mind on some subject or the other, no matter how often she changed it; and the object of her solicitude when we happened to make her acquaintance was the health of her maid. She kept continually making her swallow ten drops of this or ten drops of that——black, brown, or yellow mixtures—though the poor maid protested she was not ill, and stuck to it that her health would bear the minutest investigation. It was no use, however; Mrs. Jewell's whim had manifested itself in a violent motherly anxiety, and fat Maria was doomed to put up with the consequences.

"There, it is no use of your telling me that you feel well; I know much better than you can hope to," the old lady would say placidly, and stop her knitting to feel Maria's pulse. "Your pulse circulates too quickly for your age, and your tongue is furred at the tip. Bring me up that flat vial out of my basket—now go along, and don't stop staring at that ugly sailor, but do as I tell you."

And in less than ten minutes the maid was a martyr to another ten drops of something brown that would be the saving of her.

When the weather was fine the old lady used to sit upon deck near the wheel-house accompanied by Maria, and a large red band-box, pierced with small holes, about which she seemed to be vastly particular. She was rarely seen without the box, and the box never without her, until it was whispered about among the passengers that the old lady carried her fortune in it, though a remarkably queer place to carry a fortune as all admitted; but eccentricity has strange ways of developing itself, and we agreed that this must be one of its ways—setting all ultra-probabilities aside for the nonce.

And yet she and her red box were so constant in their companionship that there seemed to exist a tacit feeling among us all that it would have been a species of prying profanity to question the old lady as to its contents; though curiosity had been manifested in a variety of forms, from which we plead no exemption.

Could it contain a parcel of old parchment wills about a quantity of unclaimed property; or was it merely the curious repository of a few scattered baubles that her brother had once possessed, and which she was treating with the same devotional care that she bestowed on his old faded letter? Perhaps in the wildness of her fantastic whimsicality she looked upon it as an inanimate friend, and invested it with a dreamy individuality, such as a profound psychologist can only understand. Though the old lady, if the truth must be told, looked very little like a person who ever troubled her mind about such impressions as we have been talking about; certain it was, however, that she regarded her box with no common interest, and still more certain was it that no one ever had to do with it save the maid and herself.

We had been out at sea about a week when she took another whim under her wing, of which we unfortunately were the innocent victim. Not content with dosing her lazy servitor, she one day at dinner made up her mind that our appetite was too extensive, and immediately laid out a series of plans to curtail it, *nolens volens*, just as we might happen to fancy her maternal teachings.

We were being helped to potage—or, in ungarnished Saxon, soup was being given us, and we observed that the old lady followed the dish with her little grey eyes, and seemed revolving something in her mind.

"You'll excuse me," said she, in a strong motherly tone, which rather frightened us at the moment; "but I'm certain that soup is bad for you. I'm confident of it."

We balanced the spoon on our forefinger and looked her full in the face. "Why worse for me than anybody else," we asked inquiringly.

"Your constitution requires solids. Soup is too meagre for your delicate frame," she replied, with imperturbable intentness, which elicited a dozen sly titters around the table. "You want solids, and *very little* of them. Too much food is poisonous to your constitution."

We were never aware until that moment that our constitution was dangerously delicate; and we were puzzled to know why the old lady had singled out our own particular constitution to study in preference to a dozen others around her. We supposed it to be a mere case of fatality, and eat a hearty dinner in her very face. She shook her head deprecatingly, and seemed to be pained at our persistance; but as it was clearly a case of appetite *versus* imagination, we let the former have its way, and it came off victorious.

Finally she put aside her whims with her shoes, and took a new one with them in the morning. Among other sudden discoveries she fancied that the second mate would look well with his hair curled, and advised him by all means to cultivate the fashion; but the tar having about as much notion of ringlets as a sperm whale has of crochet, thanked her for her civility, and assured her "that if he got his figure-head larded and brushed once a week he thought himself lucky."

On another occasion, when the sea was extremely rough, she sat on deck watching the man at the wheel, thinking, among other amiable things, how hard the "poor creeters had to work for their living," when the captain passed by to give some orders at the bow.

"Captain," said she mildly; "Captain, I want to ask a favour of you."

"Well, Madam?"

"You know, Captain, I've a very good heart, and can't bear to have people suffer. Do you see that poor thing?" pointing to the man at the wheel.

"Yes; what of him?" The Captain spoke rather sharp, being in a hurry.

"Well, I can't help noticing the poor fellow. He's got on a damp shirt, and I'm terribly afraid he'll catch cold. Do let me tend that round thing while he runs down and puts on some dry linen!"

It was in vain that a spruce young gentleman, in a white cravat, endeavoured to suborn the fat servant as to the contents of the bandbox. He offered her an electro-plated shawl-pin that wonderfully took her fancy, and caused her to open her eyes perfectly wide (so he avowed in our state room), a feat that her drowsy stupor had never permitted her to execute in our presence. Several schemes were contrived by half-a-dozen of the passengers, whose waggishness and curiosity had so allied, that more than a joke was the object. But they were always defeated; the old lady seemed to be in the way at the very moment the deed was to be done: once, in fact, she caught them with their hands on the lid, and such a lecture and report to the Captain followed as she alone could frame.

But the secret was soon to be revealed. Ye laws of merrie England were destined to allay the inquisitive spirit of enquiry now so generally rife among both passengers and crew. The ordeal was not yet passed.

We touched the shores of Liverpool, and, after the usual bustle and banging, farewells, adieus, regrets, congratulations, and confusion incidental to an arrival, we were directed to the Custom House, in order to superintend the examination of luggage. Everybody looked about for Mrs. Jewell, and after a considerable lapse of time she and her servant made their appearance on deck, bearing the red bandbox, and looking about with evident satisfaction to find the coast so clear. As she approached the gangway at least six of the passengers—who had lurked in ambush for a piece of fun—stepped forward and offered to assist them in carrying the box. She thanked them courteously, though half suspecting the motive that prompted their readiness, and all they could do was to follow her to the Customs, and wink at the maid now and then when she turned around to see if they were making fun of her walk, she having heard one of them wickedly say that "Maria wiggle-waggled like a duck."

At the Custom-house we found a pyramid of trunks, boxes, packages, and parcels undergoing the searching process. The usual number of discoveries were made in the way of tobacco, reprints, and articles looked upon as mildly contraband, much to the annoyance of the owners. We remember one man had his boots stuffed with cigars to such an extent that he could scarcely locomote. One of the examiners—*concordia discors*—an observant, good-humoured official—from some cause, suspected the concealment. He did not affect to notice it, however, but, on a slight pretence, led the fellow about through various

apartments until his little stock of cigars was crushed and ground to a powder. Another youngster—a bardling, *en route* for Venice, to poetize in gondolas—had brought with him at least forty volumes of poets, from Spenser, of "Faery Queene" celebrity, to Tennyson, all of which bore "New York" on the imprints. Notwithstanding the poor rhymester quoted a dozen strong phrases from Shakespeare and Byron to show his contempt, the stony-hearted officers, whom poetry could not reach, took the volumes in charge, and threw them in a heap on a shelf behind the searching-platform.

Mrs. Jewell was in a dreadful way lest they should rumple her caps and laces, and hovered about her trunks in intense alarm. The maid was half asleep, and did not seem to worry herself about one very convulsed bundle that contained her wardrobe. She merely followed her mistress about, maintaining a tight grasp of the bandbox entrusted to her care.

At length Mrs. Jewell's things were announced ready for examination. She furnished the keys of the trunks, and answered the questions that were put to her, the upshot of which was that she had nothing on which she *wished* to pay duty. The trunks were re-arranged, and all pronounced correct, when, as she was preparing to leave, the officer espied the bandbox aforesaid, and called the fat maid to him. She immediately grew pale, and handed it to her mistress, which only served to awaken the official's zeal—no difficult matter where a little fraud is suspected. The old lady grasped the box, and, approaching the platform in the Pompadour style, curtsied in the most elaborate manner—

"If you please, sir," said she, in a tone of distress, "I'd rather you wouldn't open this. I'm only a poor lone widow; and—and"—

"But, madam," said this functionary, taking the box out of her arms, and winking at a brother official who was investigating a dainty parcel of baby-linen that belonged to a newly-married couple, "you must excuse me. It's against the law to pass any covered goods—so run the conditions."

"But, sir, I assure you it's not goods—at least, not of any particular importance. I know her Majesty wouldn't care, if she knew it. O, please, sir, don't open it—don't!"

"But, madam, if it's nothing you don't care about, you certainly can't have any objection to let me see it."

"N-n-no, n-o, no," stammered she; "but, at the same time, there are things that ladies are obliged to take with them that the world isn't obliged to see; and I've been told that what I've got in that box, ships will not carry on any account. O, don't open it, sir, after I've got it so far!"

By this time the officer's duty was not only at stake, but his curiosity was likewise disturbed, and untying the knot on the top of the box, he removed the lid, and out jumped with a terrific leap a huge black tom cat, frightened out of its life at the strange faces around, and alighted upon the contraband poets, causing Shelley, Crabbe, and the rest of them, to tumble upon the floor in a manner sufficient to jumble all the metaphor into one chaotic antithesis.

"O, catch him! Poor Tip! Catch him!" shrieked the old lady. "He's my darling—my pet!"

Instantly half-a-dozen shabby lads, active and officious, made a grand scamper after puss; but he had managed to scent out a nook that defied discovery, and the boys were compelled to give it up as a particularly "bad job." The fat maid, who during this scene was talking to the "white cravat" of the passage, assured him that her mistress was under the firm impression that sea captains were superstitious about taking cats to sea, and had innocently learned that they refused to have them at any price. Old Mrs. Jewell, it seems, worshipped little ebon "Tip," as she named his catship, and had contrived the ventilated band-box, with the view of positively smuggling him across. This was the mystery, then, that a whole ship's crew had been panting to unravel. A villainous black tom cat at the bottom of the secret, and yet no one had been sufficiently profound to "smell the rat!"

The fat maid joined in the hunt, and thought she saw two balls of fire shining behind a regiment of bales in one of the ante-rooms. On examination, the balls of fire were nothing more than a couple of lumps of bright anthracite that the sun had somehow or the other gleamed upon.

The old lady followed her luggage out of the Custom House with a sad expression of face. To lose her pet after all her trouble and concealment on shipboard was exasperating in the extreme. She thought puss very ungrateful to run away from her, considering the pangs she had borne for his safety, and ventured to assert that the next mistress he got would not look after his welfare as she had done from the time he had been nothing more than a wee kitten.

One of the ragged urchins, with a precocious desire to speculate on her misery, followed Mrs. Jewell, and wanted to know what she would give in case the cat could be found?

"Ten English shillings," said the benevolent old creature with a tear in her eye.

"I'll search Liverpool over, but what I has it," said the youth. "I s'pose any black cat 'll do as looks like the old 'un?"

"No, I must have my poor Tip, or none. He's jet black, with a white spot near his right smeller," promptly responded Mrs. Jewell.

These facts were communicated to at least a dozen other speculative youngsters, who, dazzled by the munificence of the reward, went to work in good earnest, and before night the distressed lady was waited on by at least twenty different youths with twenty different black cats, all bearing a prodigious resemblance to Tip, and yet differing somewhat in their feline expressions. The old lady got so bewildered by the "striking likenesses" to her late property, that she could not have clearly recognized the real puss had it in reality made its appearance with the rest of the applicants. In the end, she compromised her feelings by purchasing one and making a pet of it at a hazard, in the hope that it would prove as amiable as her late darling, but ungrateful, Tip.

Lost! a Black Cat.

MRS. SMITH'S FISHING ADVENTURE.

BY JOHN SMITH.

"Will you have a little more sugar, my dear?" said Sarah Jane, seeing that I did not relish my tea.

"A little, if you please," and Mrs. Smith walked round the table, and put some more sugar in—at the same time stooping down and giving me something sweeter—a kiss.

I was sipping my tea, thinking what a fine thing it is to have such a loving, attentive wife, when she said—

"My dear, I should like to go to some place to-morrow—will you take me?"

"Certainly, with pleasure: where do you wish to go?" said I, unhesitatingly.

"I knew you would. You are always such a kind, good husband!" and Sarah Jane threw her arms around me, giving me a most affectionate squeeze, while her eyes beamed with delight.

"But where do you wish to go?" again asked I, feeling confident that Sarah Jane would never ask to go to any place where I might not with propriety take her.

"Why Mrs. Brown has been on a fishing excursion, and said they had so *delightful* a time of it that I said I would go on one. I know *you* are so fond of fishing."

I had promised too much. How could Sarah Jane go fishing? Who would take care of Master John, and the young Sarah Jane, not to say anything of the baby? It was necessary to retrograde, but it had to be done cautiously.

"But Sarah Jane and John—what shall we do with them?" said I, as a commencement.

"Take them along."

"And the baby?"

"Mr. Smith, you would not have me go and leave the baby for a whole day?" and Sarah Jane's eyes looked volumes of reproof at my supposed barbarity,

This was a poser. What could I do? Sarah Jane knew nothing of fishing, but carried away by Mrs. Brown's glowing description of a fishing party, had set her heart on going. On the other hand, colds, croups, fever, and ague, and the ills that children are heir to, stared me in the face, did we take the dear pledges of our love with us. It was a desperate case. I must try on another tack.

"Well, my dear, where shall we go?" I asked, trying to smile.

"We will get a boat and sail down the river, of course!" she replied, surprised that I should ask where to go.

"But I cannot sail a boat."

"You can't sail a boat! and been fishing so often."

"There was always someone with me who understood it. I never went otherwise."

"Did you never sail a boat to Glo'ster?"

I did once hold the rudder of a boat while a party of us ran down to Glo'ster, and had imprudently boasted of it. That was, however, before wind and tide. I gently hinted this fact to my wife.

"Then let us go down with the wind and tide, as you call it," said she positively; "I don't see why you can't do so if you want to."

It was no use to explain to Mrs. Smith the fact that the wind and the tide would follow their own course, and not comply with my wishes. She would hear nothing of the kind. As a last effort I said—

"What if the boat upsets? We will all be drowned."

"Drowned! how you talk! can't you swim?"

My swimming had been confined to the bathing-tub on "Exchange Retreat"—anything more I never dared venture; so I replied that *one* could not support *four* in the Delaware.

"Didn't Jerome, the sailor, save the lives of *one hundred* people in the ocean itself?" said Mrs. Smith, thinking that what a common sailor could do I could easily accomplish. "If you do not wish to take me, Mr. Smith, say so, and I can stay at home;" and her eyes filled with tears, and her face betokened such acute disappointment, that I could not have refused her had it been my life that was at stake.

"My dear," said I, with an affectionate look, "you know that I want to take you. I will go and engage a boat, and you can invite whom you please."

Fortune favoured me, and I soon returned to inform Mrs. Smith that it would be ready as early in the morning as we chose to start, hinting at the same time that we had better be ready at six o'clock, as the tide would be then running down. Mrs. Smith, however, is rather fond of showing off before her neighbours, and could not be persuaded into such an early start. What did she care for the tide? If it wanted to run down, why let it run down. What do you mean by low water? If the water would be too low for a boat to sail in, couldn't we get a carriage? It was no use to tell her that, for hadn't she seen large ships sailing up and down the river at all hours of the day. She didn't care a fig what was going down: Charlotte and Charles were going with us, and that was all we need care for.

At first I was rather dissatisfied with this addition to our numbers, but a second thought showed me that it was a decided gain. Charlotte, my wife's sister, could help to take care of the young ones, while Charles—Charlotte's sweetheart—would, no doubt, be a valuable assistant to me.

Mrs. Smith could hardly sleep that night for thinking of the anticipated pleasure of the morrow, and she rose at an early hour so as to have ample time to make arrangements. As usual, however, the greater the hurry the less the speed; so it proved with Sarah Jane, for though she hurried and bustled, it was to no purpose: the fire wouldn't burn, the steaks wouldn't cook, nor the coffee boil. After more than double the usual time spent in its preparation, Mrs. Smith announced that breakfast was ready. But how different from the morning meal

Mrs. Smith usually invites me to partake of! The steak was most decidedly rare, the coffee had that light colour which lovers of the beverage most dread, though it is a guarantee that it will not affect the nerves; while the butter in the hurry had been set on the stove, and was most certainly more affected by the heat than anything else. Sarah Jane's face was flushed with vexation, while my hopes of pleasure were at the lowest ebb.

I now put on my fishing rig and slipped out to purchase an extra line, and being detained somewhat longer than I anticipated, I found them all ready, including Charlotte and Charles, on my return. Without going in I announced that I was waiting.

Mrs. Smith, all smiles and good humour, advanced, carrying the youngest, and leading the other two. I was astounded. I could scarcely believe my eyes. There was my wife dressed in her favourite light coloured silk frock, her best bonnet, and satin shoes, while the children were arrayed as though for a fancy ball. I've said that Mrs. Smith knew nothing of fishing, and this was proof positive. If I was astonished at her appearance, she was no less so at mine.

"Mr. Smith!" cried she, in the most unfeigned surprise.

"Mrs. Smith!" said I, with equal astonishment, "what do you mean?"

"Mean, Mr. Smith, pray what do *you* mean?" her patience, which had been oozing out for some time, being now fairly exhausted, "do you wish to go out with me in that coat? You look like a drayman."

"Do you wish to ruin your clothes? Couldn't you find a better use for that dress than to spoil it, as you certainly will if you wear it to-day?"

Mrs. Smith drew herself up to her fullest height, and in a tone and manner not to be mistaken replied, "Am I a child, that I cannot decide what is most proper for me to wear? I shall wear what I have on."

To reply would be worse than useless, so I was preparing to start with the best grace I could, when she again asked—

"Are you *really* going to wear that coat?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And those pants?"

"Certainly."

"And that old straw hat, and those big boots, that look like a fireman's?"

"Of course."

"Now, I tell you, Mr. Smith, if you choose to imitate the dress of a housebreaker when you go a-fishing with those rowdy characters you usually go with, I have no objections—it does very well to dress to suit your company; but I wish you to understand that I am not one of them, and when you go with me you shall dress as becomes a gentleman. I will not go unless you do so."

What could I do? Charlotte and Charles were there anxious for the anticipated sport, while Master John was so impatient to operate on the finny tribe, that he was making desperate endeavours to catch fish in the stream that was running from the hydrant. To disappoint them would affront the first two, not to mention the specimen of juvenile

We look observantly.

Side by side are "Barnes's Notes," and Fennimore Cooper's "Spy." "Webster's Dictionary," in pompous maroon binding, stands grandly in the centre like a great general in the midst of his army, surrounded by a domestic novel, by Arthur, the "Representative Men," of Emerson, the "White Slave," by Hildreth, Bayard Taylor's "El Dorado," "People I have Met," by Willis, Longfellow's "Golden Legend," a volume by the poet-painter Reed (T. B., who writes so daintily), and the rear is brought proudly up by a score of charming works by Washington Irving. This is but a tithe. Let us cross the street, and enter the large warehouse that supplies the trade. Men are hurriedly passing in and out, with slips of paper and small blue bags thrown over their shoulders. If we listen, we hear certain "calls" of the clerks that enlighten us on the point in question:—

"Twenty dozen 'Uncle Tom!'"

"Five ditto 'White Slave!'"

"Four ditto 'House of Seven Gables!'"

"One 'Mosses from an Old Manse!'"

"Six copies 'Lowell's Poems!'"

"Ditto Mayo's 'Berber!'" &c., &c.

If we were permitted to examine at the order-list of the various clerks, we should find a score of volumes by transatlantic authors that we have not mentioned. The "trade" say that American books are selling at present ten to one better than native English, with two solitary exceptions. After this candid confession, never let it be asked again—*Who reads an American Book?*

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the greatest literary hit made in England for half a century. At least, so the oldest inhabitants say. The student has forsaken his Æschylus; the mathematician his Euclid; the antiquarian his Fosbroke; the merchant his ledger; the sportsman has kennelled his hounds, and the coquette neglected her mirror—they are all sympathising with poor Uncle Tom. We pass into a railway-carriage for a long or a short excursion, and on the seat in front of us an "Uncle Tom" is undergoing intense perusal. We make a call in society; nobody can be seen; the servants look shy and deny their mistresses, for they are so earnest in watching little Eva, and admiring the spirit of George Harris, that they have left general orders not to be disturbed. We enter a playhouse, only to find what we have been reading re-produced in dramatic form. There is the cruel repulsive Haley, the quaint kind-hearted Chloë, and a group of grinning, woolly-headed youths, trotting about the stage as truthful as life—our only wonder being that nature can be mimicked with such fidelity. We are invited to an evening-party; and some pretty young Miss is asked to sing something new and fashionable. She simpers, turns over her portfolio, and *presto!* we have a song founded on a passage in the popular romance, followed by little eddies of miscellaneous gossip.

"I wonder if poor Mrs. Harris was as badly treated as the book represents!" says one. "I do declare the slaves ought to be set free at once. I only wish I was President of the United States, *wouldn't* I liberate them—I think I would!" says a tender-hearted, though not

extensively-informed maiden, who seems to be under the hallucination that a president possesses as much despotic power as an Indian peishwa.

"How sweetly the character of Eva is drawn—poor child!" remarks another.

"And Mrs. Shelby—if there ever was a Christian darling, she was one!" observes an old lady, with a sigh and secret wish that there were more Mrs. Shelbys scattered miscellaneously over creation.

The magazines, the reviews, the newspapers—metropolitan and provincial—are teeming with extracts from American books. Take up a London literary serial, and your eye rests on a fragment from a New York journal, and you lay it down after just reading an eloquent appeal in favour of the "Cousins" over-the-water. Our literature is creeping into every nook and corner where it is possible for it to get. If you find an old window that, in the absence of the glazier, has been temporarily patched up with paper, and you have the curiosity to examine it, a thousand to one but that it is a bit of some exciting American tale, or a funny yarn of western life, over which a score of heads may have bent admiringly.

Irving, Cooper, Bird, Paulding, Longfellow, Bryant, Dana, Poe, Emerson, Hawthorne, Kennedy, Barnes, Boker, Whipple, Willis, Whithier, Perceval, Holmes, Mayo, Griswold, Mitchell, Tuakerman, Arthur, Mrs. Sigourney, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Kirkland, Margaret Fuller, Miss M'Intosh, and at least ten other American authors whose names are on the "tip of our tongue," are reprinted, and extensively read in every part of the United Kingdom.

What forms a large component in the chat of the smoking-room of the club? at the social party? the literary *déjeuner?* the gossip with tea and buns? the drawing-room *conversazione?* around the cheerful fire of autumn, but the rising literary greatness of the Young Country?

Read the careful *mem.* inscribed on that library tablet. It is a reminder to purchase the latest American book advertised to-day in the colossal columns of the "Times," or the manifold pages of the "Quarterly." Bestow a passing glance at the pile of *tomes* on yonder shelf, and what a phalanx of familiar names we recognize—names that one brief year agone were unknown in England. Ask the extensive publishers what novelty will next grace his catalogue, and an American title will fall from his lips. Pursue your question farther, and inquire how the reprints "go," and he will tell you, "famously!" The tide is changed: the stream of our literature is flowing grandly and magnificently in every quarter of the kingdom—not a confined, shallow, and insignificant current, but a regular Mississippi! The day was, and but a few years back, when only Irving and Cooper found their way into the libraries of the sturdy Briton; while, now, transatlantic authors hold a proud place in the esteem of our worthy sires.

The day has gone by to ask "Who reads an American book?" The question has rather assumed the form—who does *not*? and the taste is spreading rapidly among peers and peasants. The *savans* on their pedestals could not foresee this literary revolution, and sleepily exclaim in drowsy Latin, "*Non equidem invidio, miror magis*"—"How has

this come to pass?" But there is no mystery—the thing is as palpable as sunlight. Genius *will* show itself; and America is boiling over with young blood and enthusiasm. Make way for the books of the Niagara side of creation, and let us have an international copyright!

HOLIDAY TIMES.

We need not tell the reader that the general manner of celebrating Christmas Day is much the same wherever professors of the Christian faith are found, and the United States, as the great transatlantic offshoot of Saxon principles, would be the first to conserve the traditional ceremonies handed down from time immemorial by our canonical progenitors of the east. But every nation has its idiocratic notions, minute and otherwise, and it is not strange that the Americans, as a creative people, have peculiar and varied ways of their own in keeping this, the most remarkable day in the Calendar. The English, more substantial in their perpetuation of ancestral customs, respect the same usages, invest the day with the usual forms, and go on from year to year in the time-honoured foot-prints of the past. The Americans now and then add a supplemental form to the accepted code, characteristic of the mutable and progressive spirit of the people; though there exist the church service, the conventional carol, the evergreen decorations, the plum-puddings, the pantomime, and a score of other "demonstrations" that never can legitimately be forgotten.

Society generally seem to apportion the day. Church in the morning, dinner in the afternoon, and amusement in the evening. The Christmas dinners concentrate the scattered members of families, who meet together to break bread in social harmony, and exchange those home sentiments that cement the happiness of kindred. To-day the prodigal once more returns to the paternal roof; the spendthrift forsakes his boon companions; the convivialist deserts the wine cup. The beautiful Genius of domestic love has triumphed, and who can foresee the blessed results?

Parties, balls, and *fêtes*, with their endless routine of gaieties, are looked forward to, as pleasures are the wide world over, and all classes from highest to lowest have their modes of enjoyment marked out. Preparation follows preparation in festal succession; sorrow hides her gorgon head; care may betake itself to the dreariest recesses—for Christmas must be a gala!

There is generally snow on the ground at this time. If Nature is amiable there is sure to be, and a Christmas sleigh-ride is one of those American delights that defy rivalry. There is no withstanding the merry chime of the bells and a fleet passage over the snow-skirted roads. Town and country look as if they had arose in the morning in robes of unsullied white. Every house-top is spangled with the bright element; soft flakes are coquetting in the atmosphere; and a pure mantle has

been spread on all sides, that fairly invites one to disport upon its gleaming surface.

We abide quietly within our pleasant home on either the eve or night of Christmas. How the sleighs glide by in rapid glee! the music of the bells and the songs of the excursionists falling on our ear in very tunefulness. We strive in vain to content ourself. We glance at the cheerful fire, and hearken to the genial voices around us. We philosophise and struggle against the tokens of merriment without; but the restraint is torture. We, too, must join the revellers, and have a sleigh-ride. Girls, get on your furs; wrap yourself up warmly in the old bear-skin; hunt up the light guitar! The sleigh is at the door, the moon is beaming, the bells tinkle, and away we go!

There is no such jollity on earth as a sleigh-ride. River excursions on the bluest of streams, pic-nics in the floweriest of dells, harvest-homes among the brownest of fields, days in the field or by the brook with trout, pickerel, and all the angler's heart could hope for, are all very well; but they seem monotonous and weary when compared with a dashing old-fashioned sleighing bout. If human kind ever made up its universal mind to be agreeable, certainly it has now. Thousands of sleighs of all patterns like full-breasted swans, antelopes, Poonah bears, and cows of Juggernaut, filled with the gayest of lads and lasses, are skimming through the feathery avenues. A myriad bells on the fleetest horses ring changes that could only denote an excess of merriment. The very air is palpitating with the music-throb wildly sounding far and near. The stars twinkling in a sky unclouded, shed a subdued light on a scene more vivid and joyous than our poor pen could hope to illustrate.

An old Flemish legend was transplanted many years ago on the shores of America, that took root and flourished with wonderful luxuriance, considering it was not indigenous to the country. Probably it was taken over to New York by one of the primitive Knickerbockers, or it might have clung to some of the drowsy burgomasters who had forsaken the pictorial tiles of dear old Amsterdam about the time Peter de Laar—or *Il Bamboccia*, as the Italians called him—got into disgrace in Rome. However this may be, certain it is that Santa Klaus, or St. Nicholas, the kind patron-saint of the juveniles, makes his annual appearance on Christmas-eve, for the purpose of dispensing gifts to all good children. This festive elf is supposed to be a queer little creature, that descends the chimney viewlessly in the deep hours of the night, laden with gifts and presents, which he bestows with no sparing hand, reserving to himself a supernatural discrimination, that he seems to exercise with every satisfaction. Before going to bed, the children hang their newest stockings near the chimney, or pin them to the curtains of the bed. Midnight finds a world of hosiery waiting for favours, and the only wonder is that a single Santa Klaus can get around among them all. The story goes that he never misses one, providing it belongs to a deserving youngster, and morning is sure to bring no reproach that the Christmas wizard has not nobly performed his wondrous duties. We need scarcely enlighten the reader as to who the real Santa Klaus is. Every indulgent parent contributes to the pleasing deception,

though the juveniles are strong in their faith of their generous holiday patron. The following favourite lines graphically describe a visit of St. Nicholas, and being in great vogue with the young people of America, are fondly reproduced from year to year :—

" 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that ST. NICHOLAS soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads.
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of noonday to objects below :
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be ST. NICK.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name—
' Now, Dasher ! now, Dancer ! now, Prancer ! now, Vixen !
On, Comet ! on, Cupid ! on, Donder and Blixen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away, dash away, dash away, all !'
As the leaves, that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. NICHOLAS too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and turning around,
Down the chimney ST. NICHOLAS came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot.
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes, how they twinkled ! his dimples, how merry !
His cheeks were like roses—his nose like a cherry ;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly;
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings—then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle—
Away they all flew, like the down off a thistle ;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
' HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT !' "

A curious feature of an American Christmas is the egg-nogg and free lunch distributed at all the hotels and cafés. A week at least before the 25th, fanciful signs are suspended over the fountains of the bars (the hotel-keepers are quite ideal in their notions), announcing superb lunch and egg-nogg on Christmas day. This invitation is sure to meet with a large response from the amateur epicures about town, who, ever on the *qui vive* for a banquet gratis, flock to the festive standard,—since it has never been found a difficult matter to give things away, from the time old Heliogabalus gastronomed in Phœnicia up to the present time. A splendid hall in one of the principal hotels at this present moment occurs to us. A table, the length of the apartment, is spread and furnished with twenty made dishes, peculiar to the Christmas *cuisine*. There are chowders and fricasees, ragouts and calipee of rapturous delicacy. Each dish is labelled, and attended by a black servant, who serves its contents on very small, white, gilt-edged plates. At the head of the table a vast bowl, ornamented with indescribable Chinese figures, contains the "egg-nogg"—a palatable compound of milk, eggs, brandy, and spices, nankeenish in colour, with froth enough on its surface to generate any number of Venuses, if the old Peloponesian anecdote is worth remembering at all. Over the egg-nogg mine host usually officiates, all smiles and benignity, dispensing the rich draught with miraculous dexterity into cut-glass goblets, and passing it to the surrounding guests with profusive hand. On this occasion the long range of fancy drinks are forgotten: sherry-cobblers, mint-juleps, gin-slings, and punches are set aside, in order that the sway of the Christmas draught may be supreme. Free lunches are extremely common in the United States; what are called 11-o'clock-snacks especially; but the accompaniment of egg-nogg belongs unequivocally to the death of the year.

The presentation of "boxes" and souvenirs is the same in America as in England, the tokens of remembrance having all inseparable alliance with the period. Everybody expects to give and receive. A month before the event the fancy stores are crowded all day long with old and young, in search of suitable souvenirs; and every object is purchased, from costliest gems, to the tawdiest knick-knack that may get into the market. If the weather should be fine, the principal streets are thronged with ladies shopping in sleighs, and hither and thither steeds shoot by, laden with parcels of painted toys, instruments of mock music and septuagenarian dread, from a penny trumpet to a sheep-skin drum. The store-keepers are thriving off the half-yearly savings of countless money-boxes, and the owners of all this chance-collected wealth are only too glad to know there exist such people as toy-men, to take their money at this festal season.

The American tradesman is a rare one for crying up the superiority of his goods, though tradesmen in all civilised countries are apt enough in this respect, for the matter of that. At the holiday times he is thrice clamorous in his assurances and protestations. "Only look at our stock of beautiful toys," says the dealer in *tabletterie*. "Our bonbons and vanillas consume themselves with their own sweetness," urges an anxious confectioner. "Only think how cheap every article of jewellery is to be bought, from a pendologue to a pencil-case," advertises a man of gems;

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l
ıde manners.

ıgroom amusements society has a wealth
We remember the sententious question-
ıise parties, fairy-bowl, and hunt-the-slipper-
ıe vagabond Calathumpians, who employ in
harmonious, from a fireshovel to a stewpan,
demons down under the sea ever dreamed
ıus, by the way, are impudently musical, with
nor chromatics," essaying a Te Deum on a pair
Mater-ing with a vengeance on bone castanets,
ıe shade of Rossini, or any other great composer.

ıcking ...ines are of the motley
ıugh we have had the buoyant
ıas taught the saltatory art,
ıck face, yet we are far behind
omime. A sleigh-ride will tri-
ever rouged his countenance, and
appearance at the very moment that
oat.

popular period among the young folks for
ıng number approach the altar this morning.
-flowers and bridal gifts are admirably adapted
ıonger lease of happiness is ensured from the
the occasion, we are not sufficiently learned in
ınnounce. The Christmas week, however, is a merry
ymoon, as little is thought of than mirth and gaiety
ıng New Year soberly suggests that we should put aside

of pleasing in-door
reunions, the hila-
We can never
their bands every-
causing more din
of-
These Cala-
idea of "time,
tongs, and
no
nothing in fear

'e of humour on Christmas night is the " Reading of the
'ull of poetic nonsense pencilled on cards, being contri-
'mber of the household and a circle of friends, who
-'s amusement. The reader is selected from the
—blue representing one, green another, and
most generally a clever young lady, who is
'on of rompishness and mischief. The
'eclaimer of the mottoes sits under the
der, merrily episoding on their cha-
s she proceeds. If she be suc-
full of sweetmeats, supposed
'r hand, she fails, a pleasant
'y, mostly girls, who are
'ase the heroine into a
to find the rhymsters.
. smart collection of sly
.es, and odd scraps thrown
.ent. Much of the fun there-
game is conducted, a number of
out an animated hour of gaiety, while
.vid would make a very dreary affair of

the sleigh-rides, the bell-melodies, Santa Klaus
egg-nogg and lunches, the weddings and the wil-
tertained, the Americans find no difficulty in enjoying
. Old forms and new notions come in for a share of
, and the young country in a glow of good humour with one
laims, *Le bon temps viendra !*

POOR MONSIEUR HYPOLITE.

The principal difference which occurs in New York to the observing pedestrian between " South " and its nearest neighbour " Front " is, that Front-street has two sides, and consequently two rows of doorways, every one of them, during the entire day, constantly engulphing or ejecting vast quantities of heterogeneous commodities, whereby the latter avenue is rendered so much the worse thoroughfare for the unfortunate wretch that stern necessity or an inquisitive mind—*cupidus novarum rerum*—involves in its dire realities.

Ladies in pink bonnets and brocade dresses do not affect Front-street. Belgian females—basket on arm, short petticoats tucked up yet shorter, so as to be *uterque paratus*, ready for theft or flight—do.

The first appearance of our street to one about to essay its dangers is anything but encouraging. As far as eye can reach, he will behold a long vista of horses and carts, one of each at each door, and two interminable processions of said animals and vehicles, the one setting up with a strong tide, and the other down.

The side-*walk* (what a misnomer!) is covered. Andes of tea-chests and coffee-bags; Rocky Mountains of boxes of tobacco and sugar; Cumberlands of packages containing raisins, figs, and almonds, baskets of champagne from Newark, pipes of old port from up-town distilleries, Holland gin from Connecticut river, fine Amontillado made of sharp Cape wine and boot tops, boxes of Havana cigars fresh from Middletown, and a thousand other articles dissimilar in nature, but similar in their pathway-obstructing effect, cover every inch of ground unappropriated to and unoccupied by the above-mentioned carts and cartmen.

Three modes of progression suggest themselves to the mind of the wayfarer: *First*, by the middle of the street. The principal objections to this are, that among the two rows of horses standing heads outward, many are not blessed with an even temper, and the traveller would probably be completely masticated about once in passing three blocks. Then he would, according to the best authorities, be run over some three times in one block. Lastly, his boots in these strange latitudes would take their departure, working several traverses to his equanimity of mind; for one, at least, would stick every ten seconds in the quagmire of very cohesive mud which has usurped the place of pavement.

Second, by clambering over the carts and their contents. As these vehicles are constantly undergoing a process of being discharged, or else taking in cargo, the chances are that he who attempts this mode will be flattened out, *à la Antoine Ravel*, by a molasses puncheon, or knocked in the head by a flying box outward bound.

As for the *third*, it consists in performing a series of journeys, in at the one door and out at the other, thus getting around your great adversary, and at the same time much annoying the clerks and workmen, whom you will soon learn to look upon as your natural enemies.

The writer would humbly suggest a *fourth*. Keep out of the street altogether, shunning it as you would a dunning tailor or a borrowing friend.

Many a long year ago, when we were in but a semi-civilized condition, before we had either an "aristocracy" or an opera; ere our belles adorned their pretty persons with collars, cravats, and real cashmeres, or our beaux beautified themselves with moustaches and muzzles *à la bison*; in fact, when men and women dressed and lived according to their circumstances, and within their income, and we were altogether in a very degraded and barbarous state of society, there came to our benighted city a precious specimen of Parisian cockneyism, the proprietor of a thousand petite graces, and of the euphonious cognomen of Hypolite Sault-sault.

His ostensible business was to establish an agency for the sale of certain French wines and liqueurs, and to connect with the said agency a grocery, so as to realize a fortune among us *quamprimum*, and return to enjoy it in la belle France. Hypolite, however, had other important business to attend to. He beheld with ineffable disgust the careless mode of dress which distinguished our ancient merchants, and feeling that if he *had* a mission upon the earth, it was evidently in that line,

set himself to work immediately as the great moral reformer of Front-street. The common fate of all reformers befell him, and the very men for whose benefit he dressed himself twice a day within an inch of his life ridiculed his *soignée* toilet—played all manner of pranks with his delicate cane—laughed to scorn his white kid gloves—hinted his indebtedness to the barber in the sum of sixpence (sixpence was the price *then*)—mimicked his lisp and his simper—and finally, to cap the climax of their audacity, called Mons. Hypolite Sault-sault "High Polite Soft-soap," and intimated that he was neither more nor less than an emancipated dancing master, imitating the airs of a petit-maître, and utterly ignorant of the business in which he was engaged.

To be sure, our friend did in a number of little ways convey to the minds of his neighbours the idea that he had a soul above tobacco-boxes, and was betrayed, by his ignorance of the articles in which he professed to deal, into sundry *gaucheries*, for which he was well laughed at.

To prevent a recurrence of such scenes, the Frenchman engaged the services of a clerk experienced in sugars, knowing in coffee, and not to be taken in by pepper; and with his new Mentor ever by his side visited the various auction marts, and made his purchases without any particularly unfortunate results until—— Yes, until—and this was the way it fell out. One bright and sultry morning in June an extensive sale of molasses and sugar was to come off at the corner of Front and Wall-streets. Our friend wished to purchase, but his *fidus Achates* being absent, he was forced to go alone; and feeling his own lack of knowledge, sought, as most men do, to conceal it beneath a very self-sufficient exterior.

Arrayed in all the glories of a new white beaver, coat of light blue and gilded buttons, collar, ruffled bosom, and ineffable pants of lustrous snowy whiteness, boots dark and glossy as the raven's wings, hands encased in faultless gloves of a delicate lavender tinge, grasping in the sinister his pet cane, and in the dexter a huge shining sugar-trier; it is probable that the air of business alacrity and general know-exactly-what-I'm-about-iveness with which he dashed up to the head of a huge puncheon, prepared to punch in his glistening steel to its unfortunate bosom, has been seldom equalled, never surpassed.

We have said that the day was one of especial warmth, and must now add that among the idiosyncrasies of that article of commerce known among us as molasses, by John Bull as treacle, and Jean Crapeau as melasse, is a propensity to conduct itself upon such days in a very reprehensible, outrageous, and extravagant manner, especially if it has been exposed for some hours to a summer sun, and well jolted upon one of those anti-dyspeptic vehicles, a New York cart. We left our friend in a very awkward position, with his hand raised and prepared to plunge his trier into the puncheon, and must hasten to relieve him; but ere we do, let us make a confidential disclosure to our readers. Mr. Hypolite Sault-sault did not know the difference between a molasses puncheon and a sugar hogshead.

The impetuous Gaul plunged his fatal instrument into the thick pine head, and giving it three or four crashing turns, penetrated the arcana

of sweets, then drew out his steel as vivaciously as he had inserted it, little expecting the result. His position was a stooping one, so as to enable him to apply his auger with grace and dexterity. Quick as the lightning flash, and with great force, a huge mass of the irritated and furious molasses dashed in the Frenchman's face. Over he went, and over *him* went the angry flood. The bystanders rescued him half strangled, and, if not exactly in a pickle, looking very like a human preserve. Covered with the fluid, he scarcely resembled humanity, and being refused as fare by a coachman, was forced to employ a cartman to convey him to his hotel.

The molasses affair, combined with the disgrace of being carted through the streets situated as he was, and surrounded by a mob of yelling urchins, proved too much for even a Frenchman's nonchalance. He had very important business in Boston, which forced him to leave the next day, his confidential clerk soon closed his business, and the Gaul, in bitterness of spirit, abandoned our benighted nation.

FINIS.

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